THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

APRIL 30, 1949

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As told to
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

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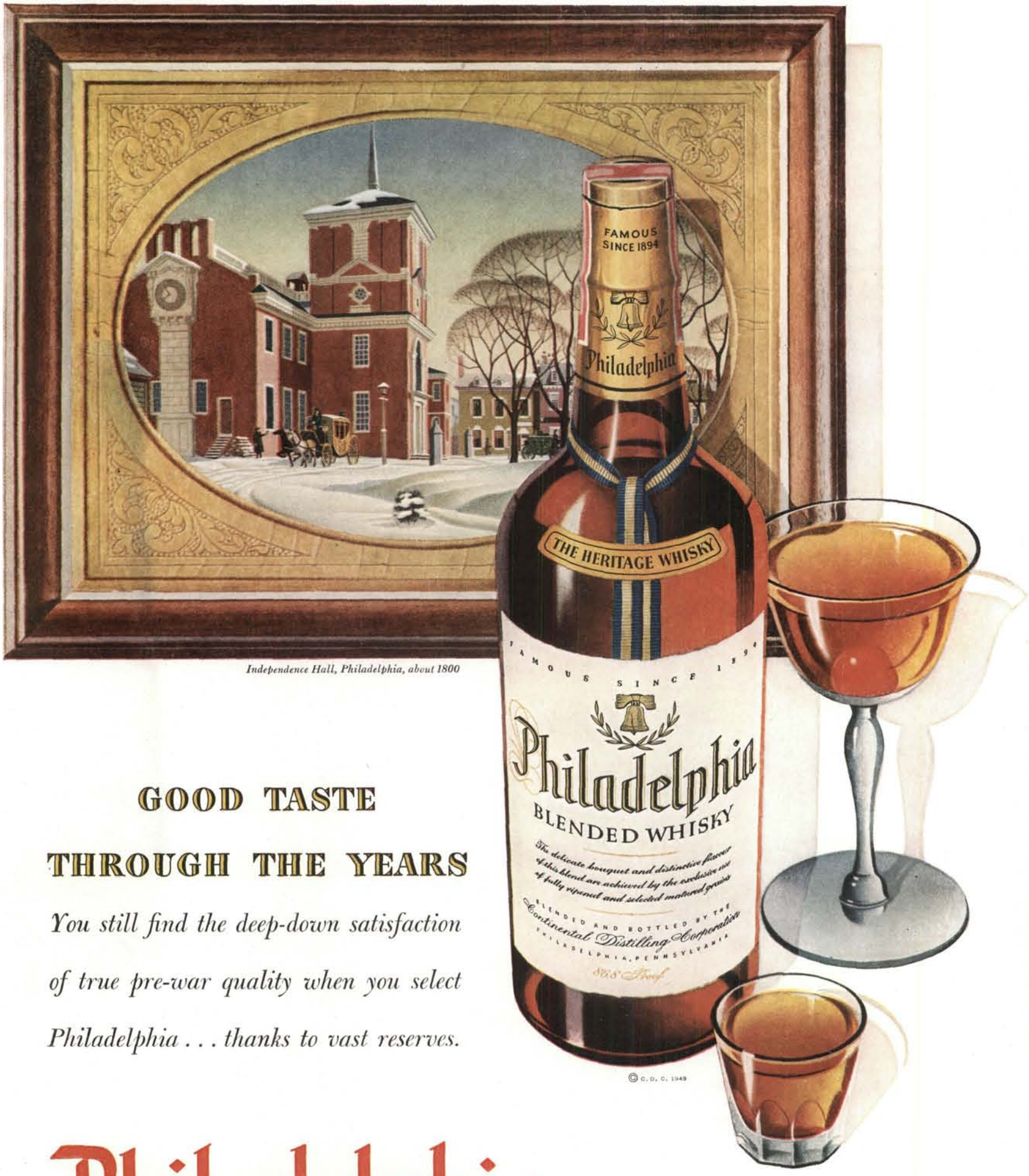
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Independence Hall, Philadelphia, about 1800

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A Guy Can be the Dummy in More ways than One

THEY HAD MET only that evening but instantly the spark was kindled. She thought him most attractive . . . and he knew she was the girl he had been waiting for. The romance might have gotten somewhere if he hadn't walked around and studied the cards in her hand. That finished him with her. He was the dummy in more ways than one.

Don't Be That Way

When halitosis (unpleasant breath) is so common . . . when it can put you in the worst possible light . . . isn't a man downright dumb to risk offending this way?

Why take chances? Why put your faith in momentary makeshifts when Listerine Antiseptic offers a delightful, *extra-careful precaution?*

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, and, lo! your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Stays that way, too. Not for seconds. Not for minutes . . . but usually for hours.

Before any date where you want to be at your best never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's also smart to get in the habit of using it night and morning.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
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says

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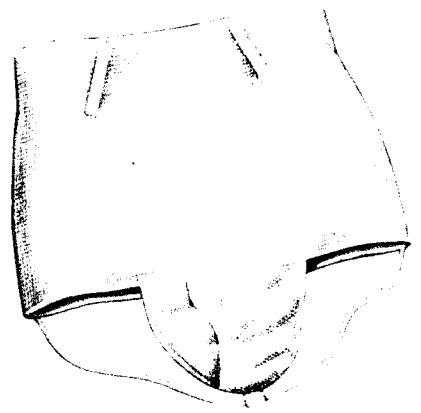
"I stand straighter, feel better, thanks to *Bracer SUPPORTER BELT!"



That's right, Mr. Penrod! Men in all walks of life report that "BRACER" Supporter Belt helps them look trimmer, feel better, helps relieve fatigue.

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Collier's

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The Week's Mail

TURKISH DELIGHT

DEAR SIR: Although the other magazines come to our town, Balikesir, I've been preferring always Collier's. I like best tales. I'm meeting in The Week's Mail that someone is not delighting the cover or anything else but according to me that isn't so at home. I have a hundred and sixty-four issues. I read them repeatedly.

I wish for make progress in my English language. I love the Americans. I'm twenty years old and am attending Thechnique School in Istanbul. Please write me.

FERIT ERÖZKAN, Balikesir, Turkey

ALL-AMERICA BALL DUNKERS

SIRS (PARTICULARLY BILL FAY, Collier's All-America, Mar. 19th):
If Boryla's the WORK HORSE on Collier's new team—
If Erickson's the DRIVER on this hardwood dream—
If Macauley's the top as a sharp FRONT-COURT-FEEDER—
If Beard is a dribble-fast QUARTER-BACK leader—
If Vandeweghe is the SHOOTER with unerring eye—
If McIntyre is the FIREMAN—a good all 'round guy—
IF *THAT* IS THE *ALL*
OF COLLEGIATE BASKETBALL—
New style or old—it's an incomplete team
Without Kentucky's Alex—Groza, I mean!

GIFF THAYER, Louisville, Ky.

. . . Since your committee has seen fit to leave Yale's Tony Lavelli off the team, I would like to refer its members to a good phychiatrist.

Folks say all Lavelli can do is shoot

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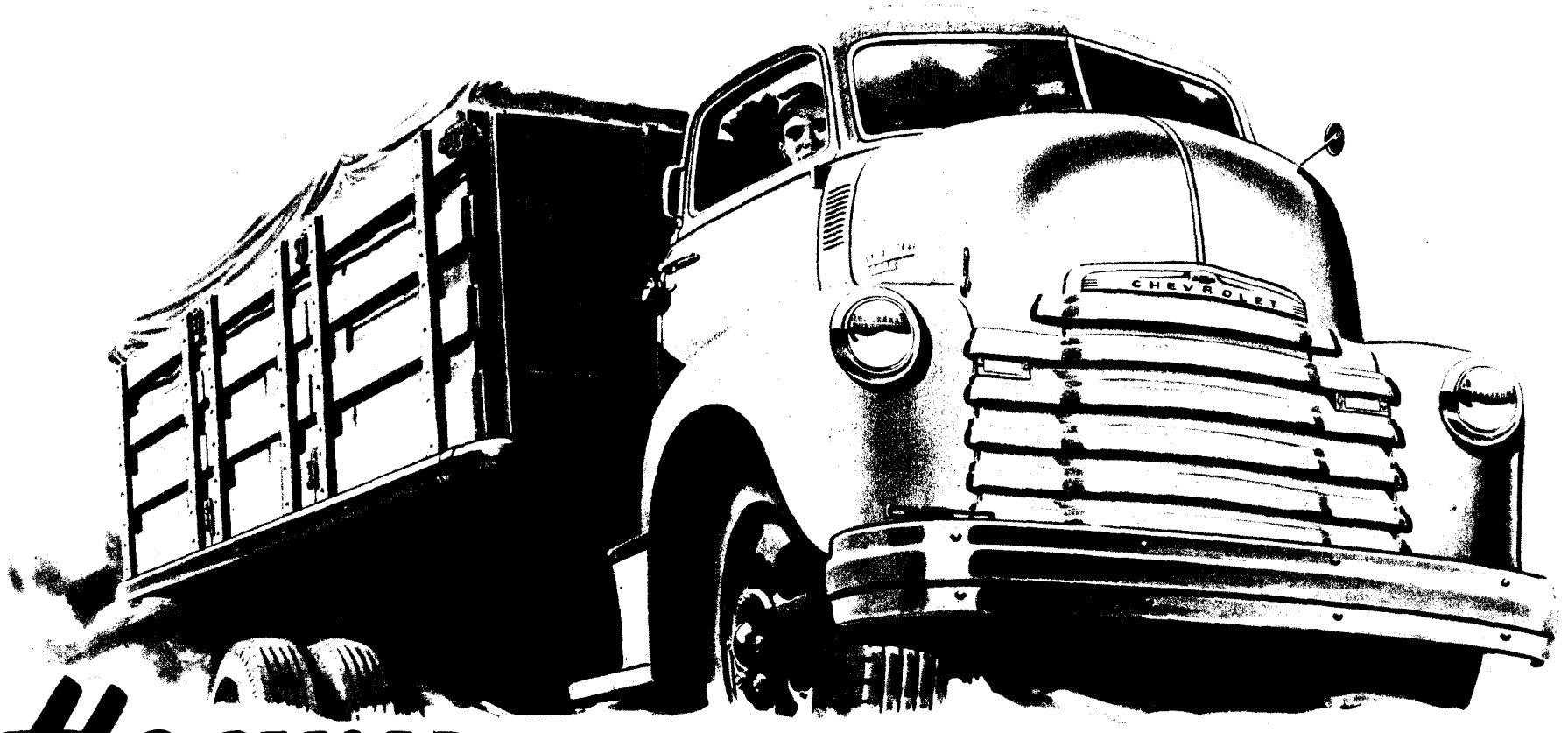

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(and score). That's right. And all Beethoven could do was compose music.

CHARLES ALBURY, Bowling Green, Ohio

. . . A tisket a tasket, can't Groza make a basket? KEITH CHAMBERLAIN, Moundsville, W. Va.

. . . We Kentuckians honestly believe that we have five All-America players—namely our team.

MARILYN WILSON, Covington, Ky.

. . . It must come as a surprise to the many friends of basketball coach Everett Dean, not to mention Dean, to learn he has two heads. The photo captioned for Dean must certainly be that of Nels Norgren, University of Chicago, for Norgren has that kind of a noggin.

Or, perhaps you caught Dean with his toupee down!

ED LABOWITCH, Sacramento, Cal.

That's Norgren—Dean has a well-feathered egg. We shot the wrong head in the right basket.

Dean Norgren

. . . What a team! It could beat Kentucky left-handed. . . .

TED PHILLIPSON, S. Londonderry, Vt.

MEDICAL FEE

DEAR SIR: Re Velie's Is England's Socialized Medicine Working? (Mar. 5th) we doctors would hardly object to a plan similar to the British if first the mines, banks and railroads would be socialized as in England. Naturally that would mean the end of our free, capitalistic system. Furthermore, six months of the British plan are too short a time to draw any conclusion after seeing similar plans utterly fail in several countries of Europe and in New Zealand.

ERNST BURIAN, M.D., Sidney, N. Y.

LOW-DOWN ON HOLLYWOOD

DEAR SIRS: Howard Whitman's What Hollywood Doesn't Know About Women (Mar. 5th) should have been entitled What Howard Doesn't Know About Women and Hollywood. What does it matter if Hollywood girls aren't what they're painted? People go to see shows to be lifted out of the everyday world. B. Grable, Lana Turner and Esther Williams are tops, and I think it's just fine for girls to try to look their best.

Makers of fine cars make them as beautiful as possible; nor do people put farm horses on race tracks.

I'll let Howard Whitman do my worrying about what makes the movie actresses look so beautiful. We will just go on enjoying our movies. We have seen a lot of fine ones here this winter. Ask Warren Phillips!

RAY W. SCOTT, Grand Junction, Colo.

. . . A great big hooray for Howard Whitman. In the last ten years I can name on one hand five good pictures—worth seeing. They were not typical Hollywood canned glamor. Give us pictures with real human interest about everyday persons. Cheesecake pictures become very boring.

MRS. DONALD BERGREN, Excelsior, Minn.

. . . Author Whitman writes of one actress who had both her legs broken and reset because she "looked bowlegged on the screen." I understand the young lady now threatens to sue the doctor. She says her legs aren't what they were cracked up to be.

CHARLES F. LITTLE, JR., Watervliet, N. Y.

THE INHUMAN MALE

GENTLEMEN: I'm getting bored by articles about how inefficient women are—see The Human Female, by Corey Ford (Feb. 26th).

Does our Mr. Ford know how many times a plumber or carpenter or painter comes to the house before he has his tools assembled? The average is three! He comes, makes a neat little list and then loses the list. Perhaps women aren't completely efficient—but to paraphrase an old saying, "The Lord made them that way to match the men!"

MRS. C. H. EISMANN, Grants Pass, Ore.

BUNDLES FOR Ph.D.s

GENTLEMEN: Re pros and cons on Why I Quit College Teaching (Mar. 5th) I made a fairly thorough study of the welfare of our group last year. "Meet Mr. *Average* College Professor." He is married; has two children. He receives a nine-month salary of $3,436; earns $384 on the side; his wife works and earns $380; his children $75. He receives $614 for summer teaching; earns $100 on the side during the summer, receives gifts, usually cash from relatives, totaling $125. He spends $96 for food each month; puts $35 a month into insurance and savings; drives a 1939 Ford. He has a total *family* income of $4,800. He is ashamed to admit the necessity of his wife's employment, his side jobs and the helpful assistance of Dad's checks.

I'm sure Anonymous, Ph.D.'s situation is not typical of the average college campus.

ROBERT L. HITCH, U. of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyo.

. . . Whose fault is it that we college teachers are underpaid?

The Ph.D. has robbed us of our manhood, and we have become too damned genteel to fight for our rights like miners, dock hands and other real men. Until we do begin to act like men instead of browbeaten white mice, I am afraid we deserve just the sort of salaries we get.

PROF. "WHITE MOUSE," U. of Ark.

VIOLENCE, INC.

SIRS: John Foster Dulles' What I've Learned About the Russians (Mar. 12th) should awaken, enlighten and impress the Communist-minded everywhere when he says: ". . . the worst thing about the Soviet Communists is not that they have ideas different from our American ideas, but that they use terrorism, coercion and violent revolution to hurt and destroy those who disagree with them. . . ." L. H. R., Montgomery, Ala.

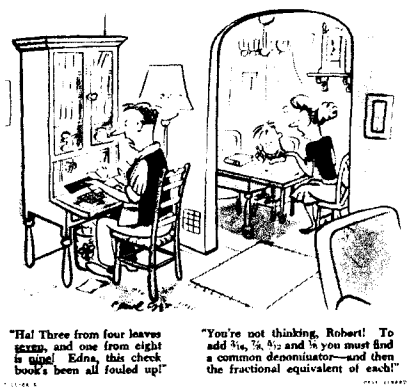
. . . We seem now to know more about the Russians than they know about themselves—except how to make them learn how to play ball with us. . . .

GEORGE DALAJIEUX, Baltimore, Md.

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Thanks a lot for Dave Gerard's cartoon (Mar. 5th). I'm gettin' sick and tired of cartoons, movies, radio programs, etc., where the old man is always the poor, helpless, stupid, blundering, fumbly-fingered idiot that messes everything up, so thanks for a change of heart.

ALEX LOFFLER, Aged 14, Miami, Fla.



"Ha! Three from four leaves SEVEN, and one from eight is nine! Edna, this check book's been all fouled up!"

"You're not thinking, Robert! To add 3/16, 7/8, 1/2 and 1/8 you must find a common denominator—and then the fractional equivalent of each!"

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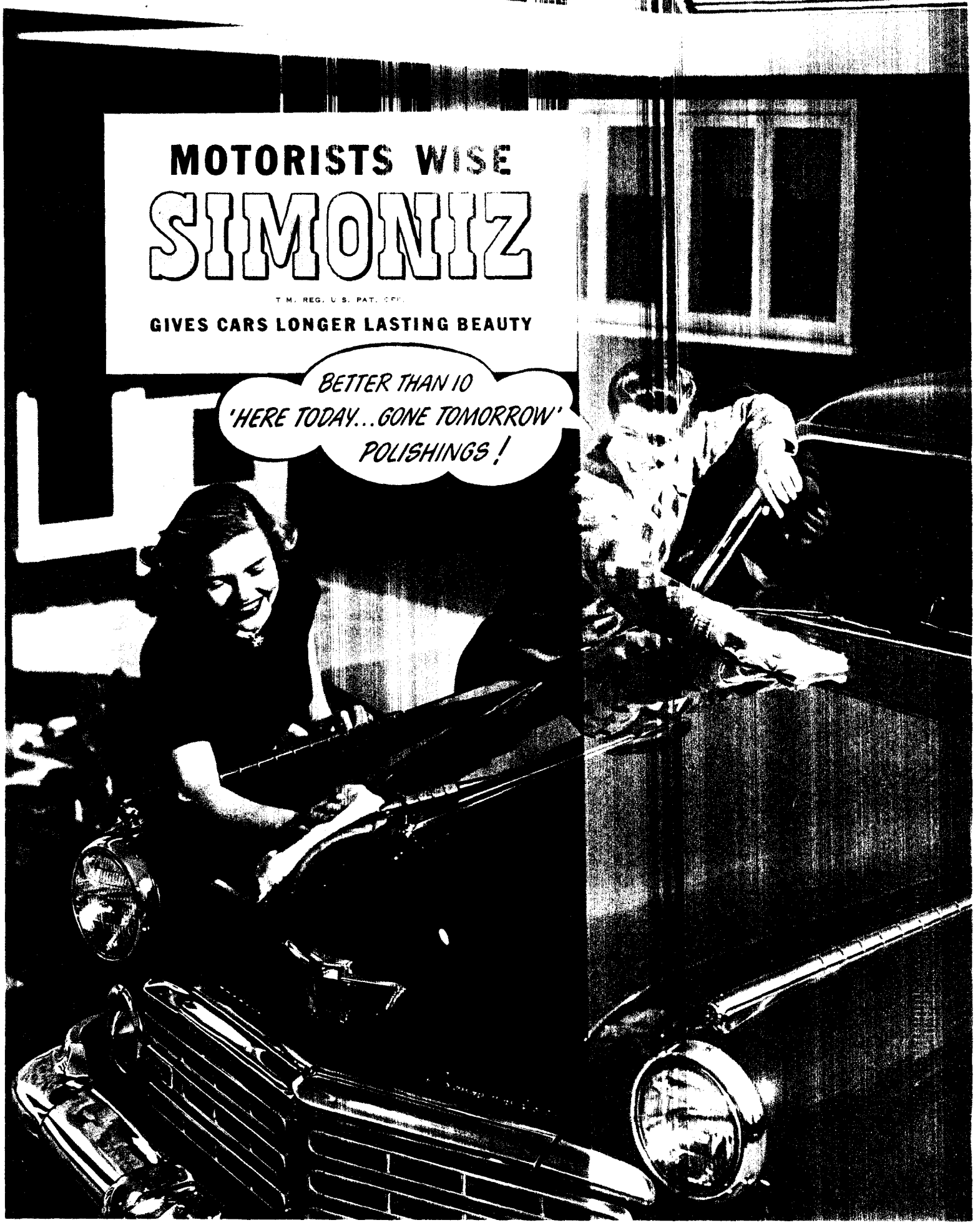

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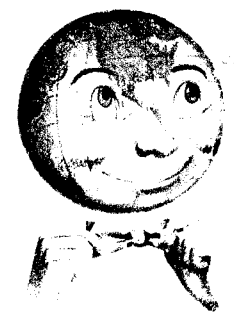

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

To correct an optical illusion caused by the different wave lengths of colors, the three vertical stripes—blue, white and red—in the flag of France are *not* of equal width. They have to be made in the proportion of 100 for the blue, 110 for the white and 124 for the red to make them *appear* equal.

No reformer ever caused so much commotion in this country as Sylvester Graham with his lectures and books in the 1830s and '40s. He antagonized thousands by opposing the use of the commodities they produced or handled, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, liquor, meat, corsets and feather beds. On the other hand, he persuaded thousands to adopt his diet which included bread made of coarse flour, since known as graham flour. In fact, so many people became Grahamites that, to accommodate them, scores of Graham boarding-houses were established and Graham tables were reserved in restaurants. News about Grahamism was also published in a weekly newspaper called The Graham Journal.

One of the greatest physical feats accomplished by a woman was that of Johanna Hasslinger, an Austrian acrobat, in 1900. On her bare hands she "walked" from Vienna to Paris, a distance of 871 miles. It took her 55 days. She traveled ten hours a day, progressing at the rate of 1.58 miles an hour, or nearly 16 miles a day.

Probably the only ship that was on fire during most of its active life was the Titanic, the British liner that struck an iceberg and sank on its maiden voyage to New York in 1912. The fire broke out in a bunker as the Titanic was leaving Southampton at noon on April 10th. It was still burning, four days and 14 hours later, when the huge 46,000-ton vessel went down at 2:20 A.M. on April 15th.—*By Gloria Dunn, Paris, France.*

In 1925 in Munich, Germany, a Franz Tausend claimed and "proved," with a phony demonstration, that he could make gold from lead; and so several prominent men raised a fund of $100,000 to back him. As he had done nothing by 1929, they had him jailed as a swindler. Franz then asked and was allowed to give another demonstration which was held at the state mint and watched by a dozen officials. As a precaution against fraud, he was minutely searched upon arrival and all necessary equipment and materials were supplied by the mint. Within two hours, he produced a tiny piece of gold; but his "secret" was discovered the next day. One of his assistants, who managed to be present, had given him a cigarette containing gold dust. Franz, while working for a moment with his back toward the watchers, had flicked the ashes into the mixture.—*By R. J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

Not long ago, a poll made in this country to determine the relative popularity of Christian hymns revealed that only four constituted the first choice of 20,384 of the 30,000 churchgoers questioned. For every 100 persons who named as their favorite Abide with Me, the hymn that led, 75 preferred Nearer My God to Thee, 57 preferred Lead, Kindly Light and 47 preferred Rock of Ages.

From the death of his wife in 1880 until his own death in 1910, a Major Hook of London managed to collect, through an ingenious trick, the income from a life annuity that had been bequeathed to Mrs. Hook. Instead of burying her, he kept her body in the house, to take advantage of the carelessly worded clause in the annuity, stating it would be paid as long as she was "aboveground."

High in the mountains of Flores Island, off the coast of Java, is a unique set of three crater lakes, separated from one another by thin walls of rock. Owing to the presence of minerals, each body of water has not only the consistency and opacity of paint but also a distinctive color of its own. One lake is ruby red, one is turquoise blue, while the other is colored a brilliant emerald green.—*By E. Bischoff, Batavia, Java.*

The Bureau of Missing Persons in New York still keeps "open" the cases of many individuals who mysteriously disappeared a long time ago. The oldest and, in some ways, the most baffling of these cases concerns Miss Dorothy Arnold who vanished while shopping alone on the afternoon of December 12, 1910. She was twenty-six, a graduate of Bryn Mawr and a member of a wealthy and prominent family which later spent more than $50,000 on a search for her. No relative or friend knew of any reason for her disappearance; and no trace of her has ever been found. —*By Emil Klimack, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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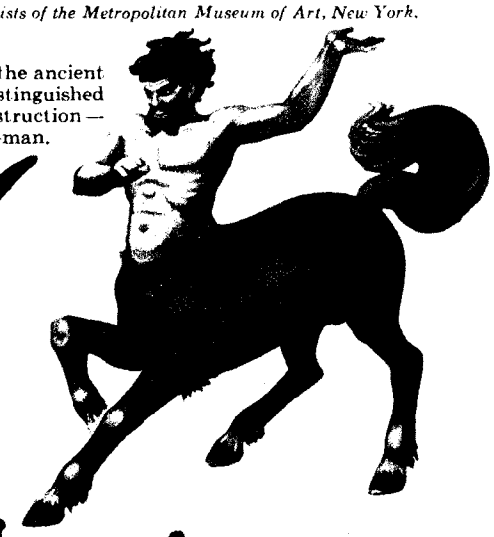
*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A fishtail was the chief characteristic of the lovely **MERMAID.** It was said that if you should meet a Mermaid, she would foretell your future in exchange for a gift.

The **CENTAUR** of the ancient Greeks was distinguished by his odd construction — half-horse, half-man.



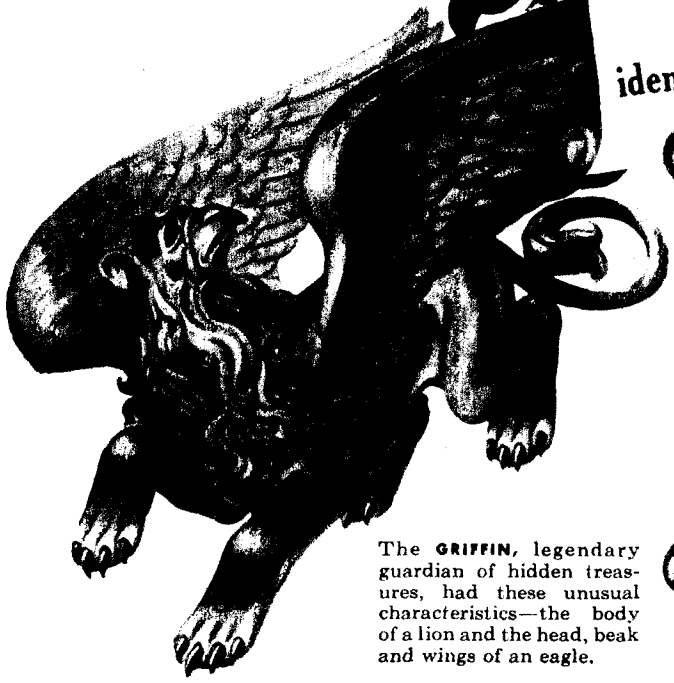
There were many mythical **DRAGONS,** but most of them could be identified by their scaly, reptilian bodies, bat wings, and ability to snort fire and smoke. The Dragon was the symbol of evil during the Middle Ages.

When you see these weird beings

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify them as mythical creatures

A single, spirally twisted horn marked the **UNICORN,** which also had the head and body of a horse, the tail of a lion and the hoofs of a stag. It was believed that a pinch of powdered unicorn horn would render poisons harmless.



The **GRIFFIN,** legendary guardian of hidden treasures, had these unusual characteristics—the body of a lion and the head, beak and wings of an eagle.

When you buy gasoline

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identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

The Greek god **PAN** was identified by his goat horns, legs and feet. He was the protector of flocks and entertained shepherds with music from his famous pipes.

TO MAKE YOUR CAR DANCE WITH POWER . . .

to glide smoothly through traffic and step along the open road . . .

to thrill to the ready power of an engine running its best . . .

ask for "Ethyl" gasoline—high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

"Ethyl" antiknock fluid is made by **ETHYL CORPORATION,** *Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.*

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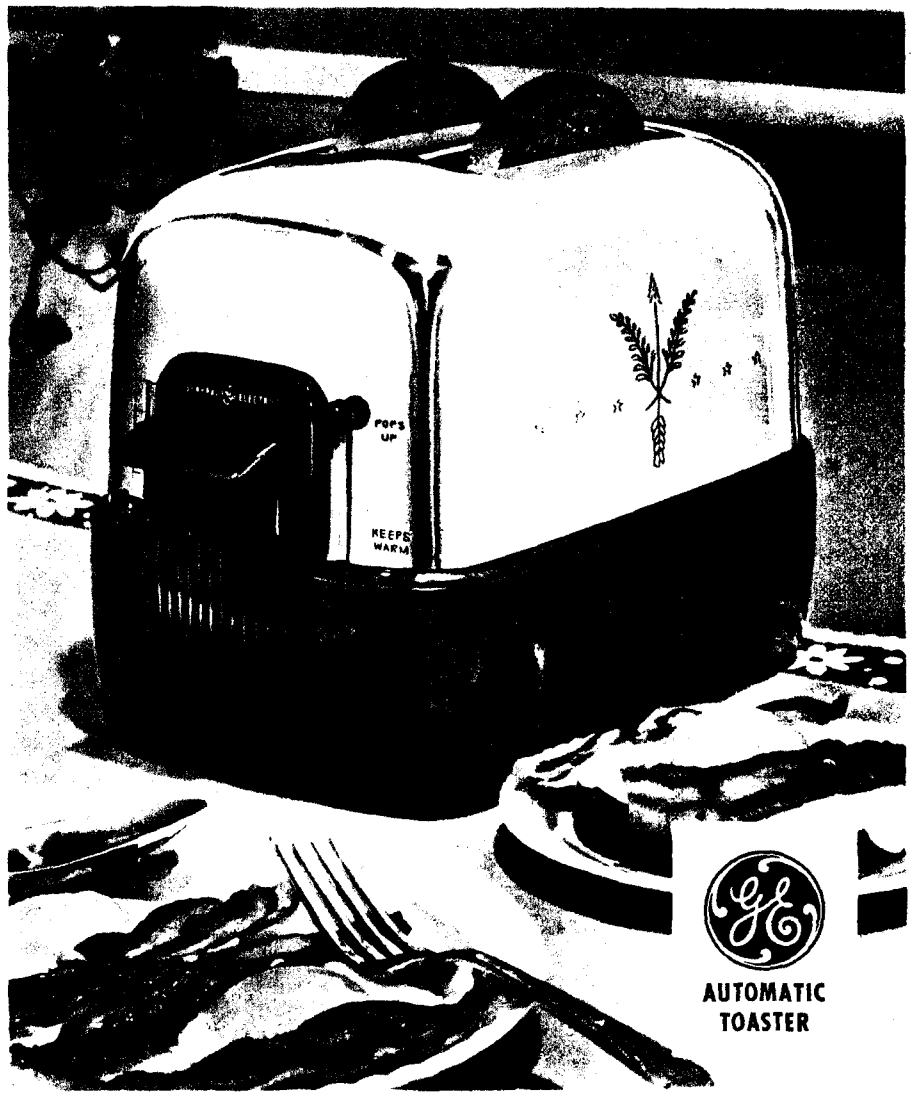


AUTOMATIC TOASTER

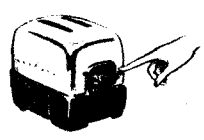
See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your retailer's.

New General Electric Automatic pops toast up—or keeps it warm till you're ready!

Each and every slice toasted to taste.

Light, medium, or dark. Just set the knob—and this General Electric Toaster takes over. Doesn't matter if you're toasting one slice or twenty!

A warming-oven inside your toaster!



Your toast will keep hot and crisp till you're ready for it . . . or "pop up" when done. This General Electric wonder gives you your choice!

So quick to clean!

This General Electric Toaster has a Snap-in Crumb Tray for cleaning that's quick and easy! The tray snaps in and out . . . can be wiped clean in 10 seconds! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

"Toast to Your Taste—Every Time"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *The girl in the apple blossom is New York office worker Mrs. Frank Vanore, a twin married to a twin. "I spotted her in a bus one morning," says Photographer Jack Waters, "and whipped up enough courage to ask her to pose. My wife set up the appointment. We borrowed the hat from a hot-dog stand."*

MR. FRANK RASKY, who advises on The Truth about Mail-Order Marriage (p. 20), believes in getting himself into spots in order to write more vividly about them. When the Vancouver (B.C.) Sun sent him out three years ago (he's a Torontonian) to ferret out some juvenile delinquency pieces, Mr. Rasky posed so well as one that he got himself involved with three gun-totin' teen-age toughs who planned to swipe a car, and crack a safe containing $10,000.

In time he was thrown into jail and his articles got themselves done on the air.

"I even managed to rehabilitate one of the delinquents," says Mr. Rasky. "I gave him my own underwear and pants and got him a job on my paper."

In the case of the lonely heart clubs, Mr. Rasky was so swept away by those Palpitating Ads, he set up to pose both as a lonely young New Yorker and as a writer looking for human-interest stories for magazine pieces. "Since then my mailbox bulges. Prairie widows, divorcées, teen-aged whippersnapperesses make daily offers of anything in return for home and hearth. My good wife, Dorothy, has started looking at me with That Eye!

"By the way, I'm twenty-five, a Canadian, considered lots of fun by those who know me. You also should know the Collier's check was nicely timed to coincide with the arrival this week of our first baby, Franklin. So, ladies, please, don't write me. I'm no longer lonely!"

LAURENCE CRITCHELL thought maybe you readers might be curious about what happened to Jan and Karl after the charming Conquest of Jan (p. 16) took place. Writing from Tokyo, where he's busy with Army tasks, Captain Critchell says Karl earned a battlefield promotion to second lieutenant during the siege of Bastogne. Before the war ended, he went back to Holland once on leave—arguing Jan might not be using the violin after all—and he and Jan were married in Nijmegen just before the regiment was redeployed.

Instead of bringing her to America, Karl returned to Holland, where he is now a teacher of English in Amsterdam. So far they have one girl—little Els, learning to play, of all things, the drums. "I had a card from them the other day," says Captain Critchell. "Jan is giving her first concert at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam on the 5th of May this year. Karl is to be her accompanist."

WILL WORDEN'S records show that The Queen Maker (p. 22) is his eighth in six years in these happy pages. Further, Mr. Worden's records reveal he's thirty-eight, creaking, a graduate—by choice and at times by request—of newspapers from Connecticut to Oregon, an ad agency, and the corps of Pacific war correspondents.

He; wife, Evelyn; Butch, canine; Susie, feline; and Nikolaus, son, live on the leeward shore of Puget Sound—hard by the odors of the pulp mill. But there have been antidotal scents. "At one time or another," he points out, "I've been involved with flower festivals—rhododendrons in Tennessee, roses in Oregon, etc. Have not yet learned to distinguish with any certainty a skunk cabbage from a Johnny-jump-up. This is a very funny business."

Any relationship between the Lily Festival of The Queen Maker and the Puyallup Valley Daffodil Festival of western Washington, in which he has some personal interest, he assures us, is purely coincidental.

"Besides," he adds, "nobody can absolutely prove it."

"THINGS I like to remember," says Jack Cowan, who's been illustrating Pride's Castle (p. 26), "include milking cows and going barefoot on the family farm in Tennessee until eighteen; being emphatically dismissed from art school in Nashville in '39; winning the Walter Perry all-the-works scholarship at Pratt Institute in '41; illustrating an Air Force magazine during the war; and being privileged to live as a civilian in Texas for three full years. Yes, it's true what they say about it. I love the lay of the land there."

Ex-Lonely Heart Frank Rasky works at his lonely typewriter

Other Cowan memorabilia: born in Bristol, Tennessee, 1920; enlisted as glider pilot in the Air Force, '42; got into advertising illustration business thereafter.

Skilled in depicting anything from a lovely form to a precision aircraft tool, Mr. Cowan says of his Pride's Castleing: "The only trouble with historical illustration is that it's much too absorbing to be practical.

"Having fun bringing the vivid past to life is one thing. But those history books you have to read to get the right buttons on the right costumes—a guy could get lost!" . . . TED SHANE

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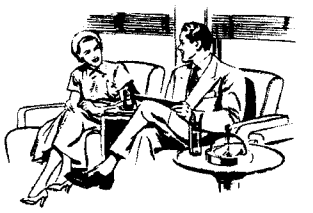
Come on in-the weather's fine

for vacationing on New York Central's air-cooled coaches

Cool and Comfortable! Even in hottest summer, refreshing vacation weather meets you at the door of your air-cooled coach. Lean-back seats invite you to relax. Wide windows charm your town-tired eyes with vistas of river, lake and soft green countryside along the Water Level Route.

Cool and Appetizing! How your summer appetite will perk up in the cool of the diner! How you'll relish those famous New York Central meals! Every dish fresh from a spotless, modern kitchen. Every course served to you with attentive hospitality that makes fine food taste even better!



Cool and Sociable! This summer, you'll find air-conditioned club cars, open to coach passengers, on more New York Central trains. Perfect spot for refreshments and the sociability that's part of train travel.

Cool and Refreshed! Get there refreshed, with a headstart on your holiday. Get home really rested, with all your vacation vim intact! And save both ways with New York Central's thrifty, round-trip fares.

FREE! **VACATION GUIDE** to Niagara Falls, the Adirondacks, New England, New York, Canada, the Great Lakes and Western Wonderlands. Send coupon to New York Central, Room 1334-L, 466 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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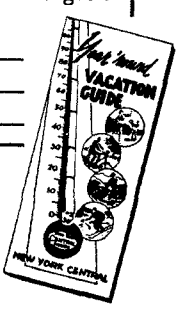
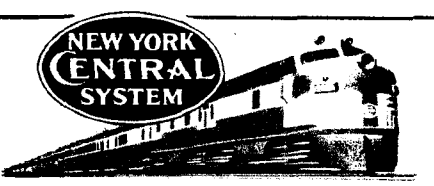


NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Scenic Water Level Route



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Does a Lady ever SLAM the DOOR ?

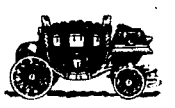
Yes, she certainly does—especially if she's a smart shopper looking at the new cars.

There's no quicker, surer test for sound engineering in car body design—for strong and honest construction—than the sound of a door closing.

Does it make a tinny "plink"? A hollow "bong"? Or does it close against the body with a firm "thud"—a solid, reassuring report of strength and safety?

Make such tests when you look the new cars over. Slam every door, look into each trunk, feel the upholstery and seats. When it's Body by Fisher—you'll be able to *hear* the difference, *feel* the difference, *see* the difference.

When you're "window" shopping—look for plate glass! *Not only those big sweep-back windshields but all glass areas in this magnificent new postwar Body by Fisher are made of safety plate glass. Not just because they are handsomer, stronger—but because you can see so much better, with no dangerous distortion. (P. S.—there's a generous increase in window-space for you to see out of, too!)*

Body by Fisher  – BETTER THAN EVER !

On General Motors cars only: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

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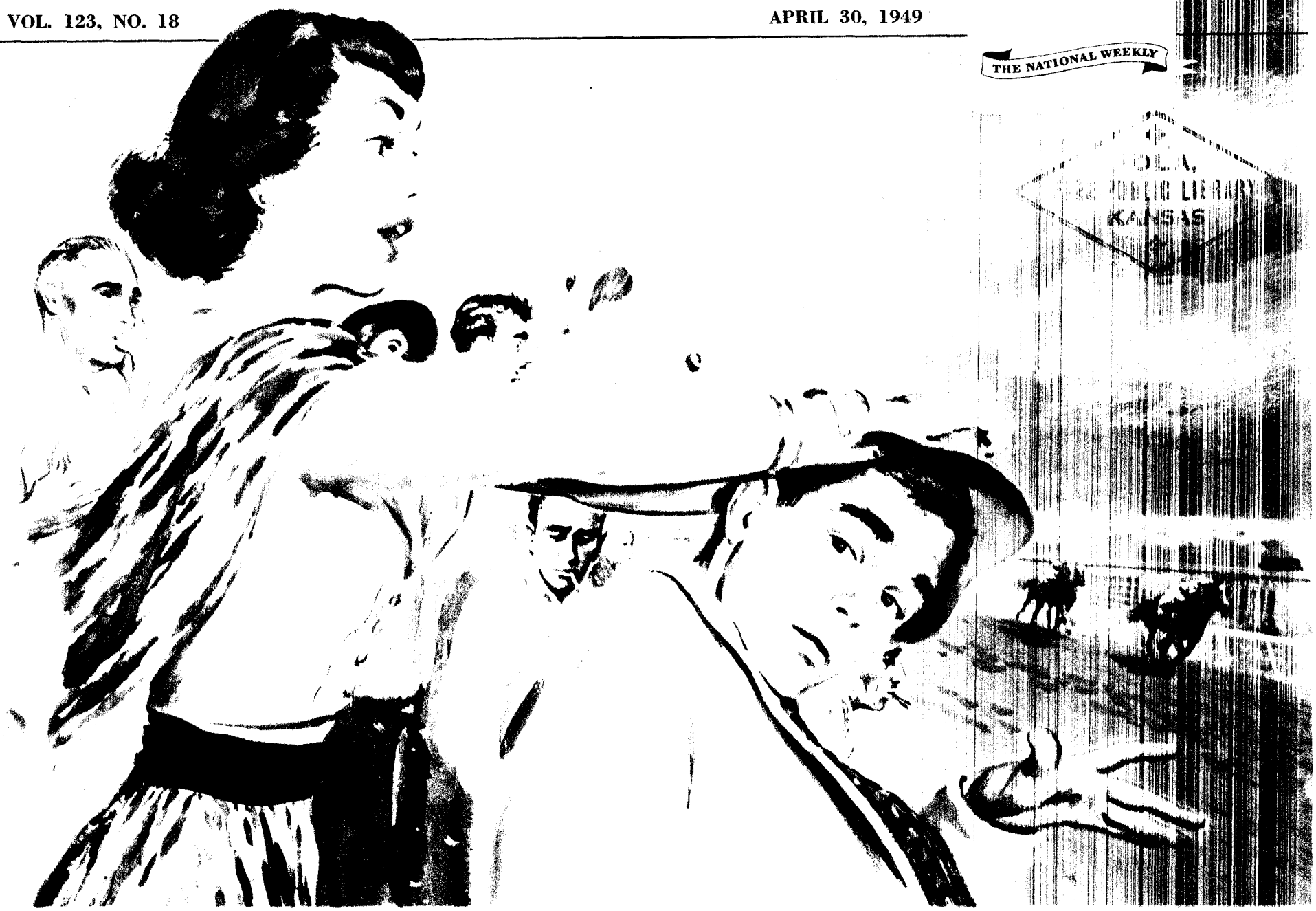
VOL. 123, NO. 18 APRIL 30, 1949

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"Come on, El Ranchero!" screamed the enthusiast behind Johnny. She knocked off his hat and beat his back like a drum. It was a thrilling finish

I NEVER DREAM

Laney knew a good thing when she saw it in a dream. But Johnny was a very real guy with a passion for gambling—and she could have none of that

By D. K. FINDLAY

ON a balcony of the Hotel of a Million Flowers in the city of Rio de Janeiro, Johnny Millmay was having his first vacation in three years and enjoying his breakfast. He breathed the ocean air and looked down on the beautiful Avenida and listened to a girl's voice telling someone about a dream.

It had surprised him, the voice coming out of nowhere. The Hotel of a Million Flowers was full of modern devices, not all of them reliable. There was, for instance, an intercommunication system. When you wanted room service, you turned a switch and spoke to a panel on the wall. This morning when Johnny turned the switch, the girl's voice had come in. She was, he gathered, having breakfast on the adjoining balcony, and she was much more interesting than room service.

"It was exciting," she said, "and as clear as if I were awake. I saw the horses come round the turn with a big bay in front. The crowd was yelling for the bay, when out of nowhere comes this big black Number Thirteen and wins. And everyone yelled and groaned and tore up tickets the way they do when a long shot comes in."

"Number Thirteen," said another voice—likely her father, thought Johnny. It sounded like a father's voice and there was a rustle of newspaper with it. "Number Thirteen in the big race today is El Ranchero, fifteen and one-half hands, black, one white stocking."

"That's the horse."

"Forty-to-one shot. Hasn't a chance, it says here."

"He'll win it. If Aunt Nellie were here, she'd clean up, the old rip."

"Jiggle that switch, Laney. I'd like some more coffee."

The switch went cluck and the voices were cut off, leaving Johnny to think about dreams and horse races. Nine people out of ten, if they dreamed about a horse winning, would rush out and bet on it. The girl had a pleasant voice. He wondered what she looked like. He read what the papers had to say about the big race. The favorite was Mucho Red, the horse of the year. El Ranchero was dismissed as an outsider from the interior—a hick from the sticks. It was a lovely day. Perhaps he would go to the track and have a little flutter. . . .

When the bugles blew for the race for the President's Cup, Johnny had a place on the rail. He had had a look at the horses in the paddock and his money was on Mucho Red. There was some excitement around the stall of Number Thirteen who acted as if he had never seen a saddle before and kept trying to leap out of his place with two grooms hanging to his head.

The horses filed onto the track, led by the favorite. At the end of the line, dancing and prancing and busily trying to throw his jockey, was the hick from the sticks, El Ranchero.

They lined up for the start. The gate flew open

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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Robert Sherwood —*King of English*

By COLLIE SMALL

Spectacularly tall and deceivingly mournful-looking, Robert Emmet Sherwood is a militant liberal whose feeling for the theater is only surpassed by his feeling for humanity. Therein lies his greatness—as a Presidential speech writer, a biographer and eminent playwright

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, the distinguished author-playwright, is a man who has talked with angels. Yet he is persistently described as a tall, slow-spoken and mournful Ichabod.

Under the terms of this special indictment, he is undeniably guilty on the first count, inasmuch as he rises to the spectacular height of six feet, seven inches. This is such an imposing height that the late Robert Benchley, when asked if he knew Sherwood, immediately leaped onto a chair, extended his hand over an imaginary head, and said, "Know him! Why, I've known him since he was this high!"

On the second count—slow-spoken—he is also guilty. His conversation is punctuated by long periods of labored silence, as though he were dragging his words up through his entire body, and at times he gives the impression of being hopelessly lost in what he had intended to be only a short pause. There is a story that a lady sitting next to Sherwood at dinner once asked him, "Do you prefer reliable but dull gentlemen, or fascinating cads?"

With an obvious effort, Sherwood took up the question, mulled it over, outlined his answer, and, turning finally, said, "Well—" That was as far as he got. By the time he could get his mouth open, the lady had left the table and was already having coffee in the drawing room.

On the third count—mournful—he has been maligned. Unfortunately, his countenance is such a gloomy one it was once likened to that of a man wandering around a train wreck, looking for the remains of his loved ones. That was unfair. It is true that Sherwood does not smile easily, but this appears to be the result of a loose connection somewhere between his stomach, which chuckles readily enough, and his face, which is naturally solemn.

Actually, Sherwood is extremely thoughtful and painfully modest, which probably accounts for his failure to go bounding about trumpeting the wit and good humor lying comfortably inside him. In the company of friends, however, he displays an extraordinarily pungent sense of humor. Once, according to his biographer, S. N. Behrman, a colleague asked for a definition of "tenterhooks."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)

Applying his wit and good humor to a forthcoming musical, Miss Liberty, Sherwood (left) works with Moss Hart and Irving Berlin

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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These are the kind of men you'll find in the Israeli Air Force. The author (right) says that the IAF, with very poor planes, easily outfought the Arabs

I Flew For Israel

By JULIAN SWING as told to QUENTIN REYNOLDS

A veteran of our Air Force with Jewish blood tells why he fought for Israel, and why the Israelis, hopelessly outnumbered, won the war with the Arabs. His experiences taught him that the Palestinian Jews have been badly treated by the outside world, and he says, "The people of Israel are the most democratic in the world"

THE Brindisi airport looked nice from the air, and this should have been just another routine landing. There was a long concrete strip, no cross wind, and the Norseman plane I was flying had no bad habits. I got my clearance and circled the field. Then I circled it again and Alfredo Malpine, my Italian-American copilot, looked at me strangely.

I went around a third time and then straightened out, lowered my flaps and made my final approach to land. The controls seemed heavy and the whole plane wobbled sluggishly, but I knew this wasn't the fault of the plane. The white concrete runway stretched in front of me but I wasn't seeing it.

I was seeing the quiet smile on Lennie Cohen's face and hearing Buzz Beurling chuckle as he stepped up into the cockpit. That had been only four hours ago at the Rome airport. There were three Canadian single-engined Norsemen on the field, and we were to fly them to Israel. I was to fly with Beurling, the leading Canadian fighter pilot during the war, but at the last minute we shifted assignments and put Lennie Cohen, the ex-R.A.F. pilot, in with Buzz.

They had taken off for a quick check flight around the field before heading for Israel and on the landing approach the engine backfired; the flame caught the fabric of the fuselage and within four seconds the plane was nothing but a sheath of flame plummeting down.

The airport commander and I ran toward the inferno. Lennie and Buzz were strapped in there. Soon the flames died down and we went as close as we could and saw the two charred bodies. The airport commander turned to me and said, "Swing, your ship is ready to take off."

Dazed, I walked away toward the Norseman, climbed in and took off. It was all automatic. I looked straight ahead, changing course when Malpine, who was navigating, told me to change. Brindisi is down in the heel of Italy not far from Bari. We would refuel there and head for Israel.

They called Buzz Beurling "Screwball," but I never saw anything screwy about him. He was quiet and soft-spoken. He didn't even drink the wine they gave us with our meals in Rome. He earned that nickname when he was flying Spitfires during the war. They say there was no crazy chance he wouldn't take in the air. Lennie Cohen, the Englishman, was quiet too, but he was intense and a great idealist. He believed that Israel's fight was his fight just as England's fight had been his fight.

Instead of seeing the runway as we came into Brindisi I was seeing their faces, but again instinctively I eased the stick back and we hit the concrete strip, bounced badly and then settled. I taxied to the small administration building, climbed out of the ship and went behind the building and got very sick. I leaned against the white wall and looked at my hands. They were shaking.

I leaned there trembling all over, and I knew that I could never fly again. I tried to rationalize my condition and decided I was suffering from delayed shock. The full impact of what had happened to Beurling and Cohen was hitting me now. My rationalizing it didn't make it any better. Like every other pilot who had flown in the Pacific, I'd had my quota of close calls. I'd had them in the Philippines and in flights over Okinawa and Japan, but nothing had ever hit me like this.

I asked for a telephone and called the Haganah representative in Rome. To my surprise he seemed to understand.

"I can't fly," I told him a bit hysterically. "I'm through."

He said soothingly that that was all right, and told me to return to Rome and he'd have transportation for me back to Los Angeles. I flew to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE AUTHOR

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The conquest of Jan

In the old game of love between the soldier Karl and the Dutch girl Jan, all the men were betting on Jan. Disillusioned by war, they wanted her to remain a good girl and to prove that there was something better in life. But Karl laughed at them all

By LAURENCE CRITCHELL

ON QUIET nights in Holland during the early part of that winter, the group of us that lived in a half-ruined farmhouse in the town of Valbourg, about a mile from the front lines, amused ourselves by playing cards or writing letters home or talking about our wives, according to our lights.

There was not much else to do; it was cold and wet out of doors. We seldom saw a young woman in those days—except the Jan ter Linden of this story, and she belonged to Karl.

We saw Jan for the first time one evening about a month before our regiment left Holland. Karl had been playing the violin that night. He played well, with force and color; and Jan must have been passing on the blacked-out road outside.

It isn't hard to imagine what happened: how she stopped there in the rainy blackness, with not a light, not a sign of life around her, listening to violin music from within a seemingly deserted old ruin. She went around to the rear of the house and entered the kitchen door.

We saw her standing there. She was just at the edge of the lemon-yellow incandescence of the gas mantle lamp. With her blue shawl over her head and her soft Dutch features and her worn farm dress she startled us. Our thoughts had been far away on our own women at home.

Karl saw our expression and, still playing, turned to look. He was a handsome young soldier, a German by birth, dark-skinned, dark-haired, dark-eyed; and we could see the girl flush as he looked at her. She turned and fled.

"Finis, comrades," said Karl. And laying aside his violin he went after her.

In the silence that followed, Private Dominick, a small, rather homely Polish boy shook his head. "Finis is right," he said dryly.

We all knew what he meant. Karl Schling was notorious in the regiment for his way with women. We could never tell what it was—his aspect of being a young gypsy, or the cruelty implicit in his self-confidence, or just the feeling he aroused in them. But whatever it was—and it was probably a little of all three of these things, and his deep sensitivity to them besides—they all yielded to him sooner or later. And because they did, he despised them.

Karl was gone only a few minutes. He returned grinning. "This is going to take a little time," he confessed. . . .

We saw Jan about the village after that and always smiled at her as we passed. At first she only lowered her head. But there was a friendliness in her, and after a while she smiled a little in return. Karl became more careful; he pretended a disarming casualness, a friendliness as simple as her own. This had a better effect, and one night when our cook Biffle had prepared a goose for supper, Karl and Jan appeared together.

"Gee," whispered Dominick, awed. "Just like that."

"I better go powder my nose," said Greene.

We were nine soldiers, roughened by much living in the field. Yet Jan was unafraid. She shook hands all around, saying, "How do you do?" to each of us in turn. The effect was so formal it was almost comical, yet there was something in her aspect which suddenly quieted us all. She had remarkable eyes.

She was simple and straightforward. She had the quiet manners of one who could bear great suffering with an uncomplaining spirit. She spoke English adequately, though with the stiffness of the schoolroom. She could not have been more than seventeen, yet there was something quite old about her, quite mature.

As the meal went on the men found themselves glancing at Karl. He was at his most charming just then, which was to say that he was witty, gay, tender, and ironic, the kind of man who is the personification of romance to those women who never quite grow up. For the first time we found him a little revolting. Dominick looked at Karl with a sour expression; so did Biffle and Corporal Antonucci.

However, it was not until Karl brought out his violin that we had any doubts of the girl's self-possession. He played the Auf dem Kirchhofe and Die Mainacht of Brahms. The former with its stern sorrow and the latter with its exquisite nocturnal melancholy had the same effect on Jan that we had noticed when she stood in the doorway the first night: her dark eyes opened wide and she stared at Karl as though transfixed. We could see her hands trembling; she fumbled with a clasp on her dress.

Abruptly Dominick left the room.

None of us could guess what was going on in her mind. She lifted the violin to her shoulder and began to play, the tears streaming down her cheeks

KARL, his attention diverted, glanced at us and then at the girl. She sat quite still now, her hands folded in her lap and her eyes closed. At this, Karl looked back at us and winked.

"That's enough," said Biffle, standing up. He was a thin person, but he was an old soldier and a strong man. "Somebody take the girl home."

The music stopped. Jan, startled, looked from us to Karl. *"Was ist los?"*

He laughed indolently and rose. "They are jealous, I suppose."

Biffle looked at the girl. "He's no good. Rotten. You understand? Rotten."

"Rotten?" she queried, looking at Karl without comprehension.

"Schlecht," said Karl with a soft acidity. "That means I prefer Brahms to boogie." He held out his hand. "Let's go."

Jan relieved the tension of the moment by getting up obediently and shaking hands all around. Then she and Karl went out, and the soldiers in the room—I was their only officer—looked at one another.

"The moosik box," Antonucci shrugged. "That's what gets her."

"Ah, romance!" said the mail clerk, Greene, deliriously.

"Shut up," said Biffle.

Dominick had come back to the doorway. "If I weren't so small—"

"Let him go," said Biffle, turning back to the stove. "The point ain't what *he's* gonna do. The point is, what's *she* gonna do?"

Instinctively we felt this to be right. I suppose we wanted her to prove something to us. For the girl's clear discipline of herself to rise above her own sorrow and make us glad that she was there had given us a dignity, a sense of decency we had not supposed we still possessed.

We waited to see what would happen.

EACH afternoon at about three o'clock the older women in the village formed a line outside our house to buy milk from one of the farmers whose cows were still alive. We now saw that Jan was in the line occasionally. When Dominick and Antonucci went out to carry the full pails of milk for her, they returned with the information that she was a ward, or else a worker, at what remained of the Heldring Homes, a charitable institution.

It was some time before we learned her story. She could play the violin—she admitted it one day when we saw her looking at Karl's instrument—but we could never get her to play for us; she only shook her head and turned away; and once when Dominick was insistent, she fled. This mystified us, and while the men collected their extra rations, their candy, the silk from their invasion parachutes, to give to her, Dominick made inquiries.

This was what he learned.

Jan ter Linden had been the daughter of a music teacher in the city of Nijmegen, about twelve miles south of our village. She was the oldest of five children, three girls and two boys. Her father, like Karl, had been a violinist, a quiet, cultivated, gentle man who had married midway in his life and was devoted to his family. All the children except the youngest boy played instruments, but Jan was her father's favorite because she played the violin with great promise.

In the very first month of the German occupation of the country in 1940, Jan's mother, refusing to be taken from her children, was bayoneted before the eyes of the whole family. The shock to the gentle music teacher was so great that for a while he lost his mind; and though their home had become a billet for German staff officers and they were left with only one small room on the top floor, he began wandering about at night when the children were asleep. To save him from being shot, Jan had to barricade the door and struggle against his demented abuse while the younger children

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH HIRSCH

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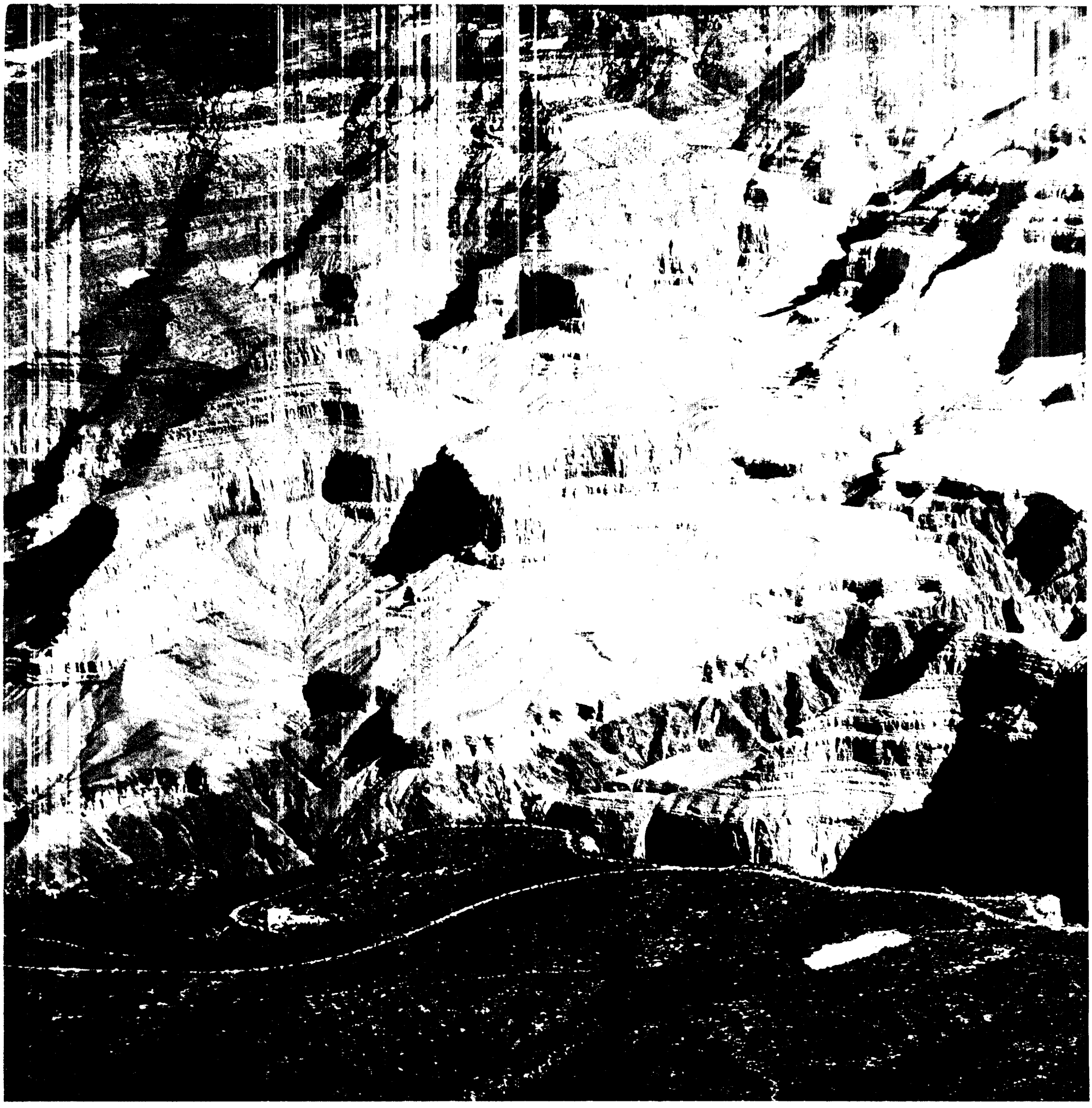

No. 8

Grand Canyon Arizona

THE Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is the most magnificent and soul-shaking sight on the North American continent. It is a scenic wonder that stands above comparison and beyond considerations of local patriotism and national pride.

Set in the earth like a colossal, multicolored jewel, it stretches almost 300 miles, partially rimmed by the pines of the Kaibab National Forest of Arizona. It has been called an overwhelming vision of Creation, a great place to throw old razor blades, a vivid reflection of Paradise. It has inspired new adjectives.

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Except from the sky, as in this photograph made by the U.S. Air Force, there is no way of watching the canyon come into view slowly. On the ground, you step out of the darkness of the forests and there it is: a maze of cliffs and mists and colors a mile deep and, in places, as much as 18 miles wide.

Cut into the face of the land by the tireless Colorado, the canyon is a truly fantastic record of Creation's miracle—the evolution of the earth.

More than 2,000,000,000 years of the world's history have left their marks on its rock walls. There are strata of limestone, sandstone and shale hundreds of feet thick that contain the fossil remains of life and plants that lived and grew in the prehistoric seas and deserts once covering the region. Nearly a half mile down the canyon wall is a rib of rock more than 300,000,000 years old. Here are traces left by monstrous reptiles and the shellfish and insects which preceded them in time. But all signs of life disappear in the next layer of rock.

The dark rocks at the bottom of the canyon are part of the oldest exposed formations in the world. In the beginning, they were simple sediment. During aeons of time this was pressed into rock which was later thrust up, forming towering mountains. Throughout a period of time that can hardly be counted or imagined, the mountains were worn down to level plains which sank below the ocean. Then the cycle began again.

Somewhere in the tremendous movement and the timeless contortions, a tiny, single cell of life started the long, long rise upward, through thousands and thousands of forms, through millions of classes and families and species.

All these things are in the canyon, pressed and preserved in its sides. And there is scenic excitement beyond dreams; the Grand Canyon is, in its splendor, a grandeur unto itself.

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While members of lonely hearts clubs think nothing of glossing up their own biographies, they usually swallow whole what other mate seekers say in their sales talks

ILLUSTRATED BY CASEY JONES

The Truth About Mail-Order Marriage

By FRANK RASKY

Are you on the hunt for a wife? A husband? Don't worry—the country is full of clubs eager to help, for a price. They are known as lonely hearts clubs, and their business is putting mate seekers in touch with one another. But the marital bliss that they purvey is not guaranteed

WE AMERICANS are a marriage-daffy people. Some years ago friends playing a prank on forty-two-year-old Samuel Frank, ex-G.I. of Oakland, California, wrote the governor of Texas that he wanted to marry a Southern belle. After the letter appeared in the newspapers, the astonished Frank was snowed under by 13,000 marriage proposals. His female wooers ranged in age from eleven to 103, with the eleven-year-old enclosing her parents' written consent.

The same sort of deluge followed when Arthur Birnstengel, forty-four-year-old farmer of Grantsburg, Wisconsin, wrote his congressman that he needed a wife to milk the cows, get meals, wash clothes and care for his son, Arnie, six. After that letter got in the papers, 2,000 letters of acceptance barraged Birnstengel's rural mailbox. The writers, either boasting of their innocence or vice versa, included an eighteen-year-old who wrote, "I have run away to get married—send money," a Kentucky lady who bragged, "I resemble Barbara Stanwyck," and a Baltimore woman with seven children and sore feet.

Then there was a ninety-nine-year-old bridegroom, Charles Jeanette, a veteran of the Civil War, who was left at the altar in Old Forge, New York. When the papers carried word of his blighted romance, the gentle old gaffer heard from 30 women willing to marry him, sight unseen.

This obsession for marriage is understandable. According to the most recent Census Bureau reckoning the United States now has 17,712,000 unmarried men and 19,594,000 unmarried women over the age of fourteen, either still single, divorced or

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widowed. Presumably millions of these are lonely folk. Millions are buried in isolated communities. Millions more are natural wallflowers—bashful, self-conscious, unhappy, craving the solace of a companionable ear.

The nation's army of lonely hearts is providing a bonanza currently for more than 500 matrimonial correspondence clubs now flourishing in every state of the Union. Boasting a membership of some 4,000,000, they will be responsible for an estimated 25,000 marriages this year.

According to Ludwig Landy, publisher of Mate, a New York publication which acts as clearing-house for many of their advertisements, the clubs are thriving now as never before. This year the lonely hearts' prolific correspondence, full of pining and rapture, will burden postmen with an estimated 8,000,000 letters. Each club will clear from $2,000 to $14,000 annually. Their combined profits will run well over $3,000,000.

Many Come Under Government Ban

Indeed, the clubs are now shearing such a golden fleece that their mail-order marriages are considered interstate commerce. The Federal Trade Commission has issued "cease and desist" orders against at least 27 clubs in recent years because of their false advertising, and the United States Post Office has investigated and issued fraud orders against many.

The lonely hearts clubs are both a racket and a savior, depending on your point of view. Among those who disapprove of them is Rabbi Nathan Wolf, president of the United States Marriage Brokers Association, whose 270 members, of course, are the clubs' fiercest competitors in the Cupid industry. He denounces the clubs as unlicensed, unsupervised swindles. Since they do not check on the eligibility of their clients, he maintains, they allow pickups and crooks to prey on lonely innocents.

The lonely hearts clubs have even been a convenient source for murder victims. Recently the nation was shocked to hear of the nefarious courtships of Raymond Martinez Fernandez, the toupeed Hawaiian Lothario, whose letters to matrimonial-club members had all the throbbing and false allure of a game hunter sounding the horn for lonely moose. He and his partner in crime, the 200-pound Martha Jule Beck, a registered nurse from Pensacola, Florida, face the electric chair in New York because of the fantastic confessions they made to Michigan police.

They admit they hammered and strangled an Albany, New York, widow, Mrs. Janet Fay, and buried her corpse in the cement of a rented basement in suburban Queens, New York. They say they mulcted Mrs. Catherine Tosterud of St. Paul, Minnesota, out of $40,000 and left her more dead than alive from an overdose of sleeping pills. They say they stole several thousand dollars and made off with an auto from Mrs. Myrtle Young of Green Forest, Arkansas. Finally, they confessed they drugged and shot a twenty-eight-year-old widow, Delphine Browning, of Byron Center, Michigan, buried her in the cellar, then drowned her two-year-old child, Rainelle.

The extradition of this infamous pair has led many horrified newspaper readers to urge that all lonely hearts clubs be done away with.

However, even skeptical post-office inspectors, who've closed up some shady clubs, agree that the better ones unite thousands who would otherwise have led barren lives. In fact, Ralph Kelly, publisher of an Aberdeen, Washington, monthly magazine for bleeding hearts, Cupid's Destiny, tells of a postal inspector sent to investigate a correspondence club; the inspector joined one and finally turned in a letter to his superiors—saying that he'd married a club member.

Because metropolitan newspapers look upon them with suspicious eye, most clubs have to advertise elsewhere. Many pulp detective and romance magazines take their ads. So do a number of the country's 978 foreign-language publications in some 40 tongues. Some clubs, which specialize in an international clientele, place their ads in such successful matrimonial publications as Mexico City's *Confidencias* and Switzerland's He and She.

But wherever they appear, all ads made a universal bid to the lonely. These are typical:

"BE lonely no more! Open destiny's door! 50 cents brings World's Greatest Social Publication, including coast-to-coast names and addresses; either sex. Captivating descriptions; sparkling pictures—widows, widowers, bachelors, beautiful girls desiring early marriage. Destiny League, Aberdeen, Wash."

"MISUNDERSTOOD? New Friends, New Ideas, New Interests, New Romances, New Ambitions. A New Life. Send stamp today for details. Northwest Friendship Club, Box——. Minneapolis, Minn."

There is a club for every taste and locality. The Cameo Letter Club in Baltimore, Maryland, caters to Negro swains. The Catholic Correspondence Club in Grand Rapids, Michigan, accepts only lonely Roman Catholics. Fred Morrison's Lonesome Club in Seattle, Washington, has a big Canadian and Alaskan following, while H. Zaleski, of Philadelphia, specializes in Polish, Russian and Slavic correspondents.

In their zealous attempts to lure pilgrims to the shrine of marriage, several clubs make rather high-

Maybe he's older than her dream man but he's better than no husband at all

sounding overtures. But the Federal Trade Commission, a cold-blooded heathen in such delicate matters, has rudely asked some clubs to discontinue their advertising claims.

For example, Martin Rowan, operator of Rowan's Social Club in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was chided for advertising: "Won't you allow us to bring to you the same ecstasy which we have succeeded in bringing to these people?" The commission maintained that while he may have brought ecstasy to some, he certainly couldn't guarantee the same ecstasy for all.

Similarly, Barron B. Long and Gretchen Valbracht, co-owners of the Elite Social Correspondence Register of Los Angeles, California, got a raking over for boasting that new members would win a "Happier, fuller, richer, emotional Life." The commission handed down this dead-pan decision: "The respondents' business is to sell enrollments or memberships in their organization. Not to cultivate happier, fuller and richer emotional lives for men and women."

Not as Simple as It Sounds

Theoretically, such a club's function is simple. For a fee ranging from 50 cents to $5, it offers to exchange the names, addresses and descriptions of men and women so they can correspond with one another with a view to marriage.

Actually, though, when you answer the ad you've selected, you receive an envelope bulging with literature, some of which would make even the writers of movie trailers sound sadly anemic.

"Opportunity now beckons you!" cries Elmer Swearinger of Wichita, Kansas, operator of the Individual Introductory Service. "It is your GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to join with us and seek ROMANCE in its thrilling, soul-satisfying splendor, to escape the boredom of your lonely existence, to know the glamorous joys of a woman's arms, the exquisite sensations her lips engender, to revel in the comfort and divine sweetness of a home filled with love and companionship!"

"Climb down from your balcony and be introduced!" exhorts the Romeo and Juliet Club of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The envelope also contains a long catalogue, bristling with the irresistible descriptions of eligible brides or grooms, depending on your sex. They are listed by number. Names and addresses will be forwarded only after the ceremony of mailing in the membership fee.

The Southern Correspondence Club of Ocala, Florida, throws in an astrological service through

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

Oh, dear! In his letters the gentleman failed to mention his many children!

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The Queen Maker

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

HE COULD walk into any newspaper office on the Coast and find somebody he knew. This knowledge helped him past the moment outside the Star building when he could focus his eyes on nothing but the bar and grill across the street. He straightened his necktie, folding under the worn spot, and his stomach felt as if a great furry moth were flying in it. The Manila envelope under his arm was a dead giveaway, but he pushed open the door of the Star building, ignoring the stares from want-ad salesladies behind the marble counters. On the far side of the lobby he saw a door marked Employees Only. He went through it.

At the top of the stair he stopped again, trying to find a face he knew among those bent over desks and half hidden by eyeshades. An old man fussing in a corner was familiar, but the old man was not the man he wanted. He looked rapidly at the others.

A clot around the city desk dissolved, leaving only one man seated. The name, Dahlquist, came out of the fog of a press club somewhere—Ed Dahlquist. There had been an evening when nobody left the bar in San Francisco, perhaps, or Seattle. It was hard and unnecessary to remember.

He walked to the city desk, keeping his hat on. He said, "Hello, Ed," and Dahlquist looked up, memory coming to him slowly.

Dahlquist said, "Oh—why, hello, Jim. How the hell are you?" If his eyes saw the old suit and the older necktie, they ignored both.

Jim said, "All right, Ed. And you?"

Ed said he could not complain. He said, "What's on your mind, Jim."

"I'm flacking for the Shore City Lily Festival, Ed. The world's greatest press agent for the world's most beautiful show." Jim permitted his mouth to twist. It would not do to oversell here. The trick was the casual approach, nothing serious. "That's the gist of it, but for once I've got something pretty good. Take a look at this." He pulled a glossy print of Darlene from the envelope. "She's our queen, elected this morning."

Dahlquist examined the picture and sucked air through his teeth. Jim put his hands in his pockets so that their shaking would be less obvious. Dahlquist said, "Elected? How did you ever manage that? She's a gorgeous kid."

Jim said, "Sometimes, your luck has to be right. I didn't manage it. It was a straight election out of Consolidated High School. The kids handed her to me with their votes, and no *prompting*."

Dahlquist called, "Bill, come over here." When a fat man crossed the room, he said, "You know Jim Waters, don't you? Jim and I used to get drunk, here and there. It was Tacoma the last time, wasn't it, Jim?"

Jim said, "Maybe. I'm not sure."

"This is Bill Moore, the photo editor. Bill, what do you think of Jim's Lily Queen from down at Shore City?"

"I think," Moore said, "that somebody's show is in luck. No buckteeth, no smashed nose. What's her name?"

"Darlene," Jim said. "Darlene Coombs, aged seventeen, the daughter of a well digger. I'm not kidding. She really is. I haven't seen her, but I don't have to. I just got the picture an hour ago."

Moore said, "You have just made a sale. This would be very nice at about two columns."

"I thought you'd like it," Jim said. "Too bad you haven't a little more space. At four columns, that smile would sell newspapers."

Moore grinned. "Always an angle, with a press agent. What do you think, Ed?"

Ed thought he could find room. He said, "Four columns is okay with me—and thanks. Jim, for giving us the break. We'll remember it."

The sun outside the building was weak and watery, but it was sunshine. Jim stood for a moment in it, feeling the tension in his stomach lessen. There always was a second important door to any newspaper plant—a door which bypassed the city desk as well as the receptionist. From this second door in the Star building, the old man who had been fussing in a corner now emerged. Urgency propelled him. When he approached Jim, his old, weak eyes suddenly acquired new life. He said, "You're Waters, aren't you?"

Jim admitted it.

"Maybe you don't remember me. Haberly. I was on the desk when you were cubbing on the Chronicle. Come on. We've got time for a quick one. Maybe two. The desk won't miss me for a while."

Now the moth in Jim's stomach was fluttering its wings, beating its wings in memory of no breakfast and a long bus ride. Jim said, "Sure I remember you. You used to help me."

"Nothing," the old man said. "Forget it. I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY
AL MOORE

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The girl made it possible for him to have another chance when all his hope was gone. But to succeed he would have to throw the girl to the wolves

A single coal slowly burned its way through Jim's head. But he had to be there to see that the poses were right for Darlene and that the parades started on time

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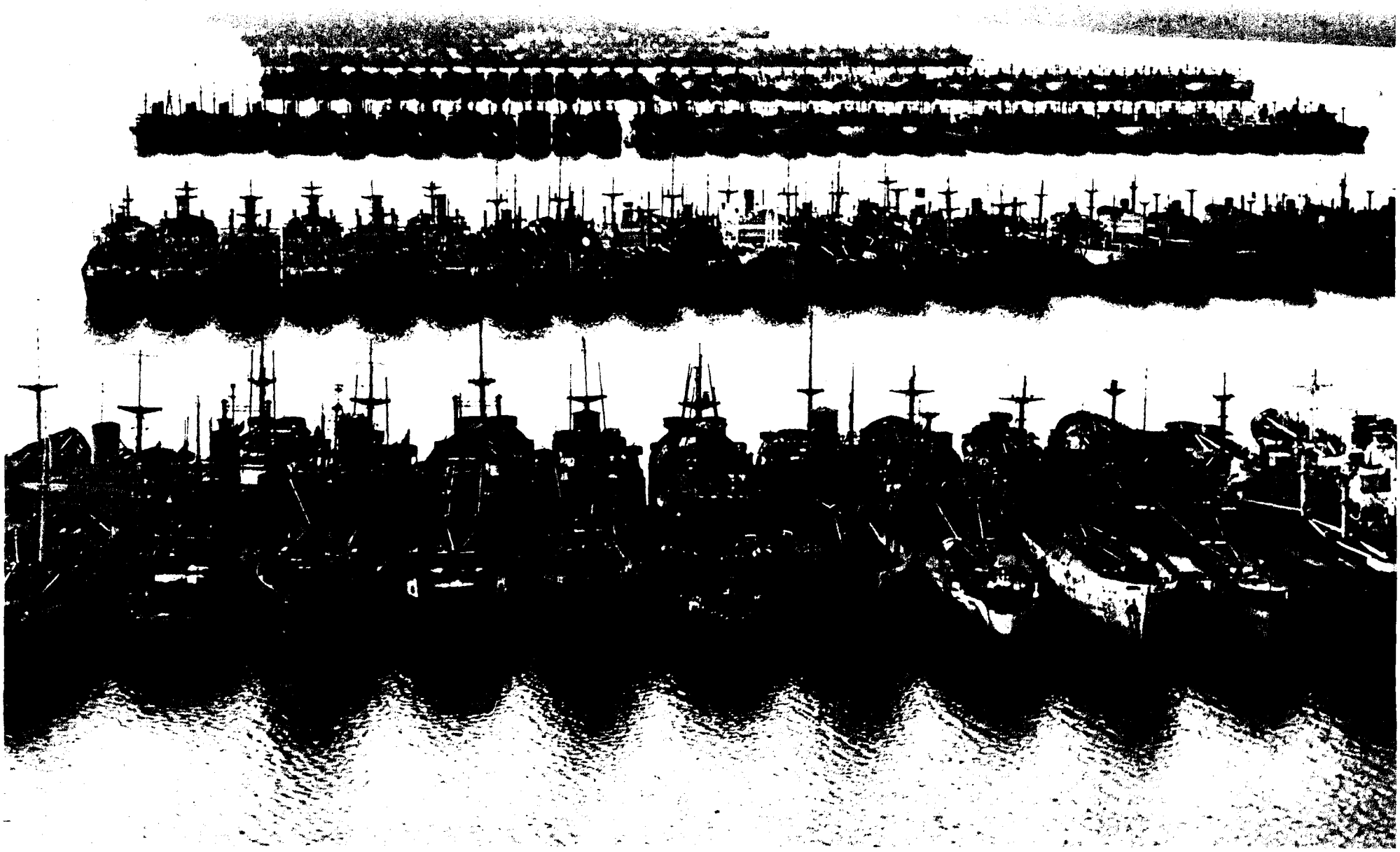

This aerial photograph of the James River in Virginia shows some of the 443 reserve-fleet ships that are anchored there. Of these, 246 are Liberty ships

New Jobs For Liberty Ships

By PAT FRANK

Now that you can buy a Liberty ship, Collier's has some suggestions as to what to do with them. This article will set you to dreaming of exotic ports, escape from routine and the way to make your fortune. It is an exciting challenge to American ingenuity, enterprise and imagination

IN 1789, France, exhausted by wars, shuddered in revolution, and Europe's trade sickened. In America we had a Congress, a President and peace at last, but our commerce was paralyzed, our credit worthless.

However, Stephen Girard, a French-born sea captain nicknamed "Twisted Eye," had ships of his own. Stranded in the Delaware River during the Revolution, he had sold his ship's cargo. With his share of the profits, he bought two more British-blockaded vessels at a price ridiculously cheap.

Girard sent his ships out with Yankee-shrewd supercargoes in their cabins. He gave them orders to trade and barter and not come back until their holds were filled with goods that would lure frightened gold from Tory cellars.

The ships took on fruit and wine in Bordeaux and traded for hemp and iron in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad. Then they swapped this for dry goods in Amsterdam and rounded the Cape to Calcutta.

They returned to Philadelphia with silks, tea, coffee—all items that were scarce and in demand. Girard became one of the nation's richest men, able to will $6,000,000 for the founding of Girard College, and to leave large sums for public works and hospitals in Philadelphia and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Later, New England merchants followed Girard's example; some added what we would now call an employee incentive plan. When they sent out their sleek and lovely clippers, they often provided that captain, mates, supercargo and crew should share in the profits.

Today, the time has come to revive the spirit of Girard and the Yankee traders. It is one of the ways in which we can profitably put to use our great, dead fleet—the 1,305 Liberty ships that lie lashed together like giant rafts in our rivers and inner harbors.

During the last war the Liberty ship was the truck horse of the oceans. Now, in peace, it is the white elephant of the back channels. The Maritime Commission cannot operate them itself, sell them to American purchasers nor present them to foreign nations under the Marshall Plan. Nobody seems to want them.

They represent an initial investment of almost two billion dollars and their upkeep is a steady and unproductive drain upon the taxpayer. Their very presence forms a psychological barrier to the construction of the new, fast freighters that would allow us to compete on equal terms for the world's commerce.

Like the bulldozer and the DC-3 transport plane, the Liberty ship was one of those unsecret weapons without which World War II might have been lost.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROY PINNEY

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Today they are so slow that on the regular trade routes, with American standards of crew pay, speed and efficiency, they cannot be operated except at a staggering loss. And in another war they would be floating coffins.

Collier's recommends four ways to harness the white elephants and put to peaceful use these ships that were produced at such cost—in money, man power and energy—under the stress of war:

1. They can become floating mail-order houses doing business through barter and exchange at the neglected ends of the earth.

2. They can be converted into seagoing factories and machine shops.

3. They can become 10,000-ton filling stations serving land and water transport alike in oil-parched harbors that are stagnating just because they are off the normal shipping lanes.

4. They can be dispatched to faraway places where the construction of needed warehouses is a long, expensive and often intolerable job. For this purpose they would require virtually no conversion for they are outfitted with all the necessary winches and cargo booms.

Reign of the Clipper Was Brief

After Napoleon's wars shattered the world's commerce, the New England clipper gave our country its one brief period of peacetime maritime supremacy. With a favoring wind, their 18 or 19 knots could outdistance anything on the seas. The merchants of Salem and Boston loaded them with bolts of muslin, iron pots, shoes, guns and shot, and gambled that they would return from the East with jade, ivory, spices and silks.

Two hot wars and a cold one have sent the techniques of world trade spinning backward through time. In most things, Adolf Hitler was an amazingly inaccurate seer and prophet, but one prediction he made—that after the war, world trade would be on barter basis—has come true. Except for the dollar and Swiss franc, money is no longer an internationally accepted convenience of trade.

So it is again time to send out ships loaded with bolts of cloth, aluminum pots, shoes, radio sets, tooth paste and penicillin, and gamble that they will bring back copra, olive oil and tungsten, if not jade, ivory and spice.

You can turn a Liberty ship into a floating Montgomery Ward or Sears Roebuck store, a traveling salesman of the sea. You can send her to the South Seas, where 210,000 habitable islands stretch between Tasmania and Okinawa, or to the Caribbean, neglected and forgotten since it ceased to be a strategic area of defense, or to the African coast.

If the Liberty hits a port where trade is brisk and continuous, she remains there. When her holds are filled with commodities salable in America, she radios to a tramp steamer to pick up her cargo. When trade declines, she saunters off to the next port. She doesn't compete with faster ships. In fact, she isn't a ship at all; she's a floating chain store on a world cruise.

In the South Seas she could perform other profitable duties. The little interisland steamers and auxiliary-powered schooners, which were quick and easy prey in the Pacific war, have not been replaced. Normal travel among the islands has become erratic and difficult. On occasion, the Liberties could ferry the people of the South Seas from island to island.

You cannot do these things with a full American crew. Costs are too great on American-operated ships. Few American seamen would care to rot for days or weeks in Fort-de-France, Martinique, or off Watlings Island while the ship's master bartered for his cargo. Under our present laws and regulations there are no provisions for manning a floating trading post. But Americans of adventurous spirit, if assured a share of the profits, would probably be willing to hold high-paying key posts aboard the converted Liberties.

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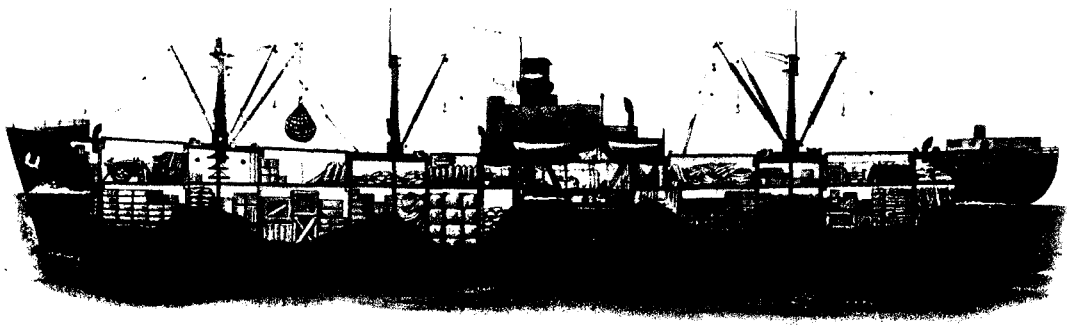
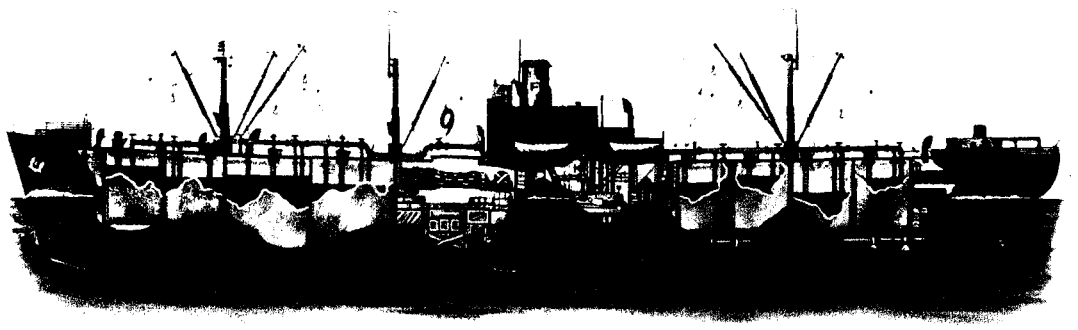
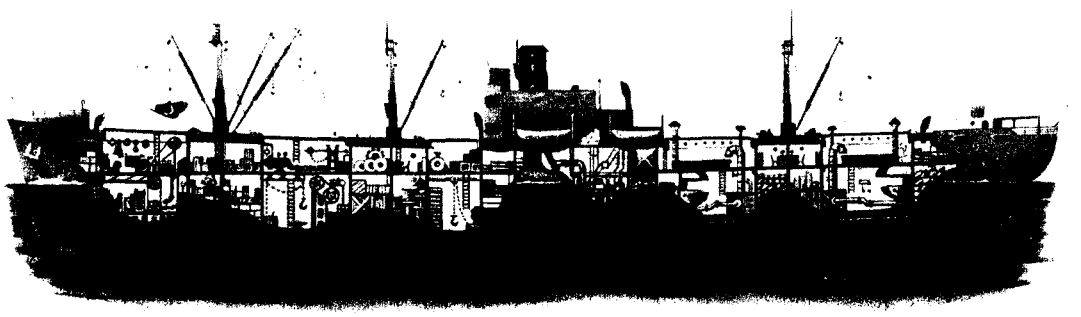


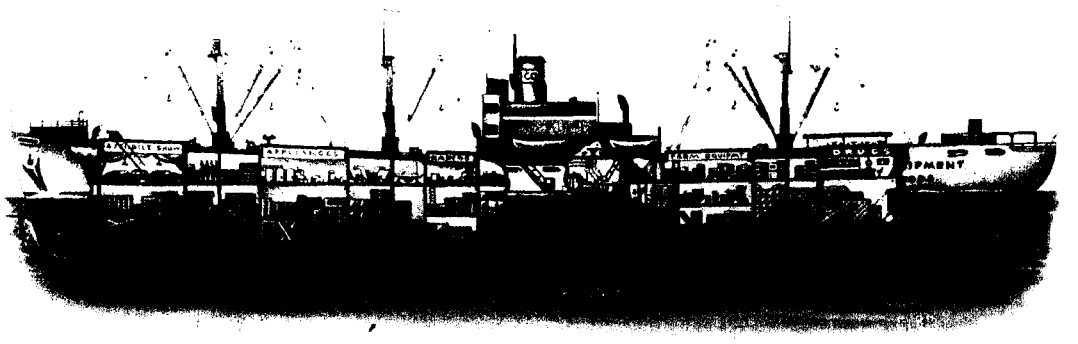
These cross sections are an artist's conception of the proposals Collier's makes for the conversion of Liberty ships to peacetime usefulness. To become warehouses serving isolated ports, the Liberties would require no remodeling. Outfitted with all the necessary winches and cargo booms, they are all ready for immediate service



Converted into tankers, the Liberties could become floating filling stations. Many of the world's ports are unable to attract world trade because they lack vital oil and gas supplies. Equipped to fuel both shore vehicles and seacraft, and serviced themselves by fast regular tankers, the filling stations would give such ports new life



This drawing shows two possibilities. The forward hold has been turned into a machine shop so that the ship can go from port to port doing the repair work of the world. Aft is a cannery. For coastal areas rich in natural resources but uninhabitable, such as arctic fishing waters, a factory ship makes operations profitable



Liberty ships can be converted into floating mail-order houses that would do business via barter and exchange. Money, except for the dollar and Swiss franc, is no longer an acceptable standard of international trade, but these floating swap shops would keep the arteries of trade open and provide continual outlets for American production

ARTIST'S CONCEPTION BY BIRNEY LETTICK

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Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COWAN

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WEALTHY RUTHLESS MAN, THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED HIM—AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED

The Story: PRIDE DAWSON never married the woman he loved most, because something kept getting in the way—money. When he arrived in New York in 1870 he was penniless. But he soon became the bodyguard of one of the period's richest speculators, BLACK TOM STILLWORTH. Pride acquired a controlling interest in a small Pennsylvania railroad and by 1872 was a millionaire. Then, unexpectedly, silver was discovered on some of his property in Colorado. In his headlong scramble for wealth he had, in the meantime, married beautiful ESTHER STILLWORTH, heiress to Black Tom's millions, but he still loved plain, freckle-faced SHARON O'NEIL, a seamstress, whom he met his first day in New York. Although it was not according to her upbringing and religious beliefs, Sharon became Pride's mistress. He wanted to divorce Esther until he learned she was to have a child. The baby was christened CAPRICE. About the same time Sharon adopted an abandoned girl, LITTIL. Then, in 1876, Sharon met and married a wealthy young socialite, COURTNEY RANDOLPH. Pride fought the marriage, but Courtney knew all about Sharon's past and said he forgave her. When Sharon and Courtney moved to Pittsburgh, Courtney became jealous and worried about the possibility of Pride's and Sharon's affair continuing despite her marriage. Sharon had to return to New York to meet a man—she did not know his name—who wanted to buy her dress shop. Courtney was suspicious and decided to follow her.

PART 7 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

WHEN Sharon arrived in New York, she went at once to Mathilda's lodgings and spent the balance of the night with her manageress. She regretted having to wake Mathilda so late at night, but she knew well that there was nothing else she could do. In 1877, not a single respectable hotel in New York would receive an unescorted woman as a guest after six o'clock in the evening. But she took pity upon Mathilda's half-shut eyes and incessant yawning and refrained from questioning her about the details until the next morning.

"To tell the truth," Mathilda told her over coffee, "I don't know much. I haven't even seen this man. Talked to his lawyer—a fellow by the name of Bernsteen—something like that. Anyway, this man is quite willing to buy, but he wants to discuss terms with you. Anyway, I'm not worried any more, for this young lawyer fellow said he was quite sure that his boss would keep on the same staff."

"Good," Sharon said. "That's a weight off my mind. I only hope that this doesn't take too long—poor Courtney's upset at the idea of my being away."

"Lucky girl!" Mathilda said. "All that money and him so handsome, too! Wish I was in your shoes."

"Who knows?" Sharon said. "When this new boss of yours starts coming around—"

"Bless you for your charitable heart," Mathilda said, "but no man in his right mind would take a second look at me."

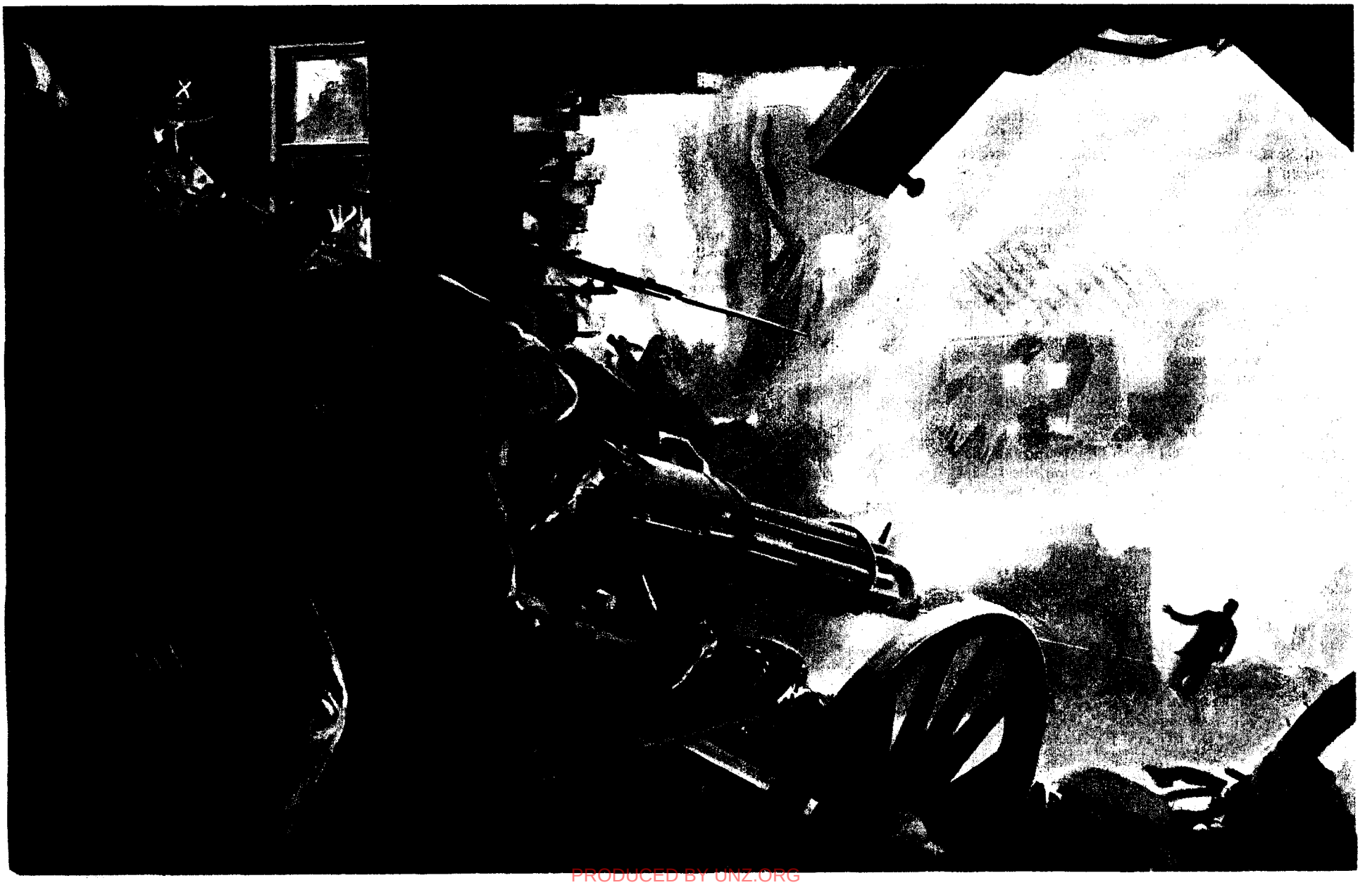
"I was no prize myself," Sharon said. "But here we are. Funny he wanted to meet us at the shop instead of his offices."

"Awfully mysterious man, if you ask me," Mathilda declared. "He sure doesn't believe in showing his hand ahead of time."

They went into the shop and all the girls sprang up and greeted Sharon with glad cries. They exclaimed over her looks, which, Sharon knew, were

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

The man jerked as the first bullets hit him, but he ran on until the Gatling gun set up its ugly stutter. Then he stopped as if he had run into a wall



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EUROPEAN

Against a grim backdrop of bomb damage, this poster presents an ominous message to workers not pulling full weight in Britain's drive for postwar recovery

John Bull In Search Of A Future

By LESTER VELIE

Remember the "experts" who said Britain was through? The facts here shame them. By sacrificing every amenity of life to buy materials she is on the road to becoming a great power again

HERE in England, one of the big dramas of our time, the Rebirth of a Nation, played by a cast of 50,000,000, unfolds before you in unexpected bits and pieces.

Street scene: Two English housewives stand in a queue in front of a Nottingham tripe store.

"The luckiest thing happened the other day," one says, shifting her weight. "We ran over a rabbit. It was a big one, a hare really. Ran right in front of our car in the country. My husband got out to look at it. A beauty. We brought it home. I cleaned and potted it nicely. Just finished the last of it yesterday."

"Listen to my find," the other housewife says. "A recipe for a cake that fits into the ration. No milk. No eggs. The trick is tea, boiled tea. Mix it with flour and a pinch of sugar, soda and fruit. Boil the mixture, then bake."

To an American, newly arrived in England, this is a quick eye-opening introduction to Austerity, the birth pangs of a great nation's rebirth.

Scene two: A colliery canteen. A miner speaks his piece.

"I'm an Englishman, a bacon-and-eggs man," he says.

But with eggs rationed to one a month, and bacon to one strip a week, bacon and eggs has been a memory for nine long years. The miner looks gloomily at a hamburger that is nine-tenths bread.

"God must have put those gastric juices in us for some purpose," he says.

Scene three: An office in the Ministry of Health in Whitehall, London. In the gloom of the late afternoon, the office is unlighted to save electricity and unheated to save coal. A government administrator reveals frayed shirt cuffs as he reaches gratefully for an American cigarette.

"I'm the vanishing Englishman," he laughs. "The middle-class fellow who used to have a nice house in the country and a car and children away at school—all on a thousand pounds a year (about $80 a week). And I could order a crate of fruit

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

Collier's for April 30, 1949

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Floored first by a plane crash and then by Sandy Saddler, Willie Pep has regained his championship in boxing's most sensational comeback

In the return bout with Saddler (left), challenger Pep put on the most savage 15-round fight of the decade

WILSON MIZNER managed Stanley Ketchel, the middleweight champion from 1907-10. Mizner may have been prejudiced, but he always insisted there never was a fighter who came anywhere near Ketchel for sheer ring courage.

Ketchel was shot and killed at Conway, Missouri, in 1910, while training for a fight. When Mizner learned of the tragedy, he said:

"Somebody start counting ten over Stan. He'll get up."

Something like that could be said about Guglielmo Papaleo, alias Will Pep, of Hartford, Connecticut, the featherweight champion. Willie knows how to get up.

Two years ago, Willie got up and crawled out of the wreckage of a transport plane in the New Jersey woods. His left leg was smashed and two vertebrae were broken.

"I'll fight again," Willie promised, "wait and see." Six months later, Willie was fighting.

Last October, Willie got off the canvas and staggered to his corner—minus his championship. Young Sandy Saddler had just scored a stunning four-round knockout.

"Sandy caught me early with a right," Willie apologized. "It took everything out of my legs. Couldn't seem to move after that—but I'll beat him next time."

Next time is the familiar lament of ex-champions, but Willie regained his title. Four months later, he whipped Saddler in the most savage 15-round fight of this decade. When it was over, Willie's face looked like a tin of muffins. There were 11 stitches —three over each eye, two on the left cheek, three on the right cheek. Saddler looked as if he had walked into an electric fan, but it was Willie's pneumatic left.

"Never saw anything like it," declared old Dan Morgan, who has seen all the best fighters of the last 60 years, including Ketchel. "Saddler had everything in his favor—weight, height, youth and punching power—but Willie knows how to box. Willie made Sammy look like a drunk trying to find a keyhole."

No matter which of the alleged heavyweight contenders appropriates Joe Louis' title, Willie Pep's sensational comeback will stand out as boxing's event of the year.

HERMAN TO HENRICH

Back in the days when Babe Herman was dodging fly balls in Brooklyn, a St. Louis hitter cracked a line drive to left. The ball rolled through Herman's legs—and three runs scored.

Herman was disgusted. He yanked on his cap. Spit in his glove. Pounded the leather savagely. Then kicked up a chunk of turf with his spikes.

No boos. No catcalls. The Brooklyn bleacher bugs loved Babe for his fielding frailties as much as his booming bat. But something had to be said. Finally, a loyal bleacherite yelled encouragingly:

"Nice spit, Babe."

Tommy (Old Reliable) Henrich, the Yankees' right fielder, doesn't inspire that kind of loyalty. Tommy hits, fields and throws with easy competence. Stadium fans (who cheer the grotesque Yogi Berra) take Henrich for granted.

"But where would we go without him?" wonders Manager Casey Stengel. "If Joe (DiMaggio) has more leg trouble, Tommy can move over and take care of center. If our first basemen flop, Tommy can move in and play the bag. If he stays put in right—where he's the best there is—we'll all be happy."

Henrich is just as talented—and almost as anonymous—off the field. He can plaster a ceiling. He's a crack photographer. He beats everybody on the ball club at bridge, gin rummy, hearts, cryptograms and anagrams. He sings, whistles and plays the piano. His Massillon Tomcats won the barbershop quartet championship of Ohio.

Henrich, in his own quiet way, is a prime mover in the S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. Translation: The Society for the Protection and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America.

SMITING THE SMITH

Race-horse owner Wayne Kendrick of Washington, D.C., had a falling out with the International Union of Journeymen Horseshoers of the United States and Canada. Kendrick, who heads a firm of certified public accountants, objected to the blacksmiths' bonus—the traditional gratuity collected by a smith each time a horse that has been shod by him wins a race.

"Why should I pay them $10 or $25 every time one of my horses wins?" Owner Kendrick wanted to know. "They don't pay me $10 everytime one of my horses loses in their shoes."

However, Kendrick's simplified accounting did not appeal to the paid-up members of the I.U.J.-H.U.S. & C. He began to have trouble finding smiths. Either they were too busy, or they didn't have the right size shoes for Kendrick horses in stock. Finally, six Kendrick horses were walking around barefoot and one horse ran a race with two shoes missing.

The situation, Kendrick decided, called for the antitrust division of the Department of Justice. He long-distanced a friend in Washington. Several days later, six smiths double-timed into the Kendrick stables and shod a horse apiece.

That was last November. Kendrick has had no shoe troubles since, but the smiths have had considerable difficulty in collecting from other owners. Veteran trainers estimate the bonus was worth $500,000 a year to the smiths before Kendrick rebelled.

"It was just the principle of the thing," declares Kendrick, a mightier man than all the smiths. "When I'm right, I'll fight anything."

CONFIDENCE GAME

There were 12 lawyers and seven owners at the last All-America football conference meeting, which indicates the vast amount of confidence the moguls had in one another and their financially impossible seven-club setup.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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How to deliver a load at low cost

The answer's as simple as A, B, C. Get a truck that *fits* your hauling needs . . . a Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck.

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That's why Dodge trucks cost so much less . . . to own, and to operate.

See your Dodge dealer. Tell him what you haul . . . the weight of your loads . . . and where you haul them. From 248 basic chassis models he'll specify a truck that's "*Job-Rated*" for *your* loads.

For maximum economy, power must fit the job. A "Job-Rated" truck engine will provide exactly the right combination of power, performance and economy, for your hauling job.

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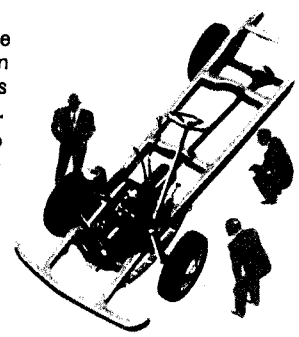
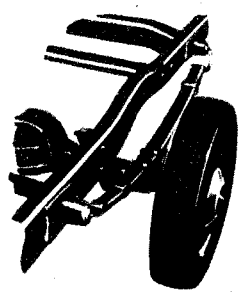
Every unit of the Dodge truck power line—from engine to rear axle—is engineered to fit the job.

Power is transmitted to wheels in the correct ratio . . . through "Job-Rated" transmissions and rear axles . . . to move your loads dependably, and with utmost economy.



The frames, springs, axles and wheels which support the load are the foundation of each "Job-Rated" truck. They're designed and specified by Dodge engineers to be just right for the job.

That's why "Job-Rated" trucks "stand up" so well; stay on the job, last longer.



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GEORGE NEWELL

Trader Roman Hubbell, who has lived all his life on the Navajo reservation in the Southwest, gazes out over the desert with his old friend Woodsman's Son

White Brother of the Navajo

By DICKSON HARTWELL

You have thrilled to books and movies about Indians but they can't compare with Indian trader Roman Hubbell's inside stories of the red men's secret rituals

WORLD traveler Louis B. Merwin was lost on the vast, almost uncharted 14,000,000-acre Navajo reservation in northern Arizona and New Mexico. It was dusk when he at last saw a light in a solitary Navajo hogan and rushed toward it.

An impassive Indian met him at the door. When he asked, first in English and then in improvised sign language, for food, water and directions, the Indian stared at him in unblinking disinterest. In utter desperation Merwin finally shouted, "Hubbell, Hubbell, Hubbell."

At that, the Indian's blank expression changed to a broad smile. He invited Merwin in and offered him full hospitality, including guidance to the nearest trading post.

For more than 70 years the name Hubbell has been about the most important word in the Navajo and Hopi languages. Today, it refers to Roman Hubbell, volatile and enterprising descendant of the nation's first family among Indian traders. To most of the 55,000 Navajos and 3,700 Hopis, Hubbell is synonymous with friendship, help in need and, often, the difference between life and starvation.

The dynasty was started 100 years ago by a shrewd Connecticut trader, James L. "Santiago" Hubbell, who parlayed a pioneering, one-wagon freight line between Kansas City and New Mexico into a big-time 48-wagon outfit, each with four yoke of oxen.

Perhaps the best-known contribution the Hubbells have made to the world is the Navajo rug. It was they who encouraged the weavers in this art, staking them to wool and building a market for the finished product. They also taught the Indians to do silverwork, now a major handcraft. They negotiated for Indian workers to build what is now the Santa Fe Railroad west of Albuquerque. They financed early irrigation and stock raising, helping to settle the nomadic Navajo.

When a misguided Washington official ordered all male Navajos to cut off their long hair—and natives were forcibly subjected to this defaming, sacrilegious treatment—it was a Hubbell who had the order countermanded. When an Indian civil war broke out, it was a Hubbell who rode out unarmed to meet the raging insurgents and offer himself as hostage for the peace conference that averted war.

For generations the Hubbells have fought bitter and relentless battles to preserve land and mineral resources for the Indian and to get him the water on which his well-being, and often his life, depend.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

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Travel Refreshed...Have a Coca-Cola

Driving finally catches up with you, but not with refreshment. It's pausing that catches up with refreshment. Along the way anywhere in this land, familiar red coolers invite you to enjoy the leisure and luxury of *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. That's really traveling.

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Ask for it either way... both trade-marks mean the same thing.

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DENTISTS SAY:

Colgate Tooth Powder
with the 2-minute routine
Gets Teeth Sparkling And Super-Clean

YES, OVER 4,000 DENTISTS ENDORSE THIS WAY TO GET TEETH NATURALLY SHINING CLEAN

1 Simply brush teeth for two minutes, morning and night, with Colgate Tooth Powder.

2 Brush *all three* surfaces—front, back, and biting edges of teeth.

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REMOVES DULL FILM EASILY —FRESHENS BREATH, TOO!

You'll be delighted how this easy routine *removes* dull film that improper brushing *misses* . . . gets teeth truly clean, naturally bright. And Colgate Tooth Powder *tastes* good. Leaves *breath* sweet, pleasant. Try it today.

YOU'LL LOVE the way Colgate Tooth Powder sweetens your breath, too!

No dentifrice can get Teeth and Breath cleaner!

Our Cockeyed Zodiac

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

DRAWINGS BY HENRY BOLTINOFF

It's high time we modernized the stars or scrapped them entirely. Here's why

A SLOT machine in a penny arcade recently ejected a printed card informing me I weigh 134 pounds and advising me against continuing my xylophone lessons.

"You would do better," the message concluded, "to take up the study of astronomy as a hobby."

This made me stop and think—an occurrence so rare that my wife, who was cranking a movie machine purporting to reveal A Night in a Harem, looked up at me incredulously, examined the card and forthwith bundled me off to a local planetarium. There an apparatus resembling a cyclotron—or maybe a large dumbbell—reproduced the heavens on a huge, domed ceiling while a man with a flashlight pointed out various constellations.

I was appalled by what I saw. Apparently, no improvements in the pictorial representations of the star groups have been made since the Stone Age. It's an outrage. Our children are being taught, as were billions before them, to see in the night sky the most ridiculous and unlikely hodgepodge of people and animals it is possible to imagine.

What is clearly called for is a complete overhaul and modernization of these concepts.

As a starting point, let's take the Dippers, Big and Little. I'll go for them as being reasonable facsimiles of same, but how many kids ever get to see a dipper? Moreover, why the ancients insisted that the dippers also form a big bear and a little bear is more than I can understand. The character who first saw these in his mind's eye must have been hitting it up that night or else his glasses needed changing. Obviously (see Fig. 1), those stars have no more resemblance to a couple of zodiac bears than a couple of Kodiak bears look like a couple of dippers. The Big Dipper is nothing more than a large question mark, which is probably as it should be. So far as the Little Dipper is concerned, it is patently a television aerial which has been hit by a hot pilot who had been buzzing his girl friend's house for the first and last time (see Fig. 2).

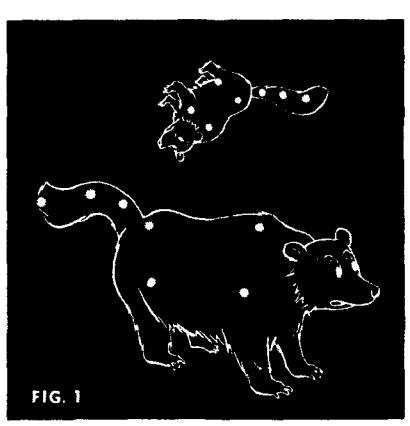
FIG. 1

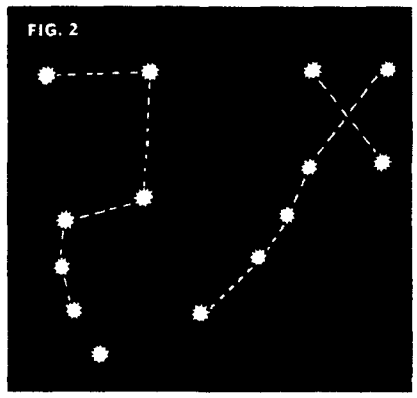
FIG. 2

If you can see a set of twins in the constellation called Gemini, you're a dilly. The astronomers of old saw them but these are modern times, so let's be practical. It should be apparent to any stargazer that the main stars in this group, Castor and Pollux, are the headlights of a 1949 convertible parked by a fire hydrant as seen by a pigeon. Figure 3 illustrates the before-and-after treatment.

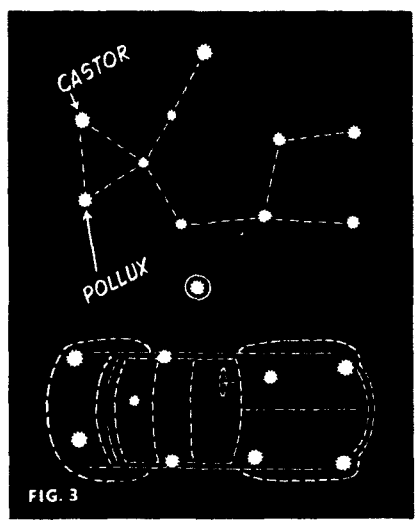

FIG. 3

It is not my intention to propose the elimination of all animals from the picture; I'm only asking how it is possible to imagine that the stars around Sirius resemble a couple of dogs. Any velocipede rider could tell you instantly that this particular cluster couldn't be anything but a cat with a bell (Sirius) around its neck and a bunch of firecrackers tied to its tail (Fig. 4).

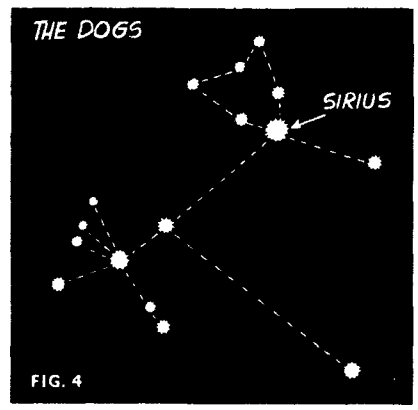

FIG. 4

Look what the ancients called a bull (Fig. 5). This is simply a nuclear fission diagram and it should be pointed out as such from now on, without any weaseling.

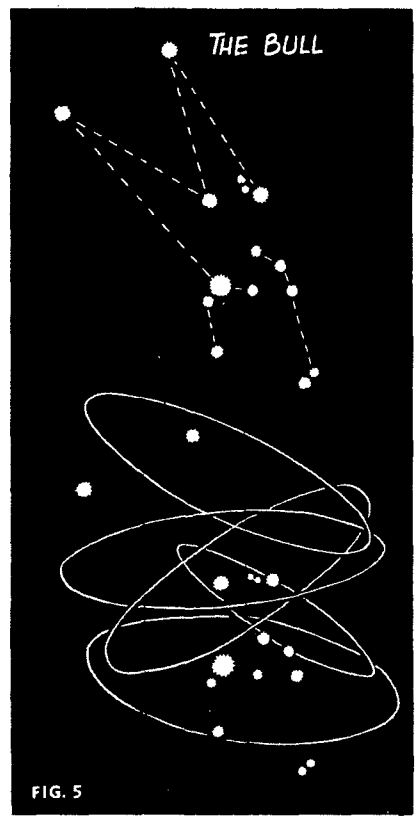

FIG. 5

All this, of course, is only a beginning. I can't do the whole job, because I'm already half an hour late for a xylophone lesson, and any help you may be able to give me would be deeply appreciated. I am already appreciative of the suggestions and criticisms of many friends who were unanimous in declaring that my proposal is sheer poppycock, whatever that is.

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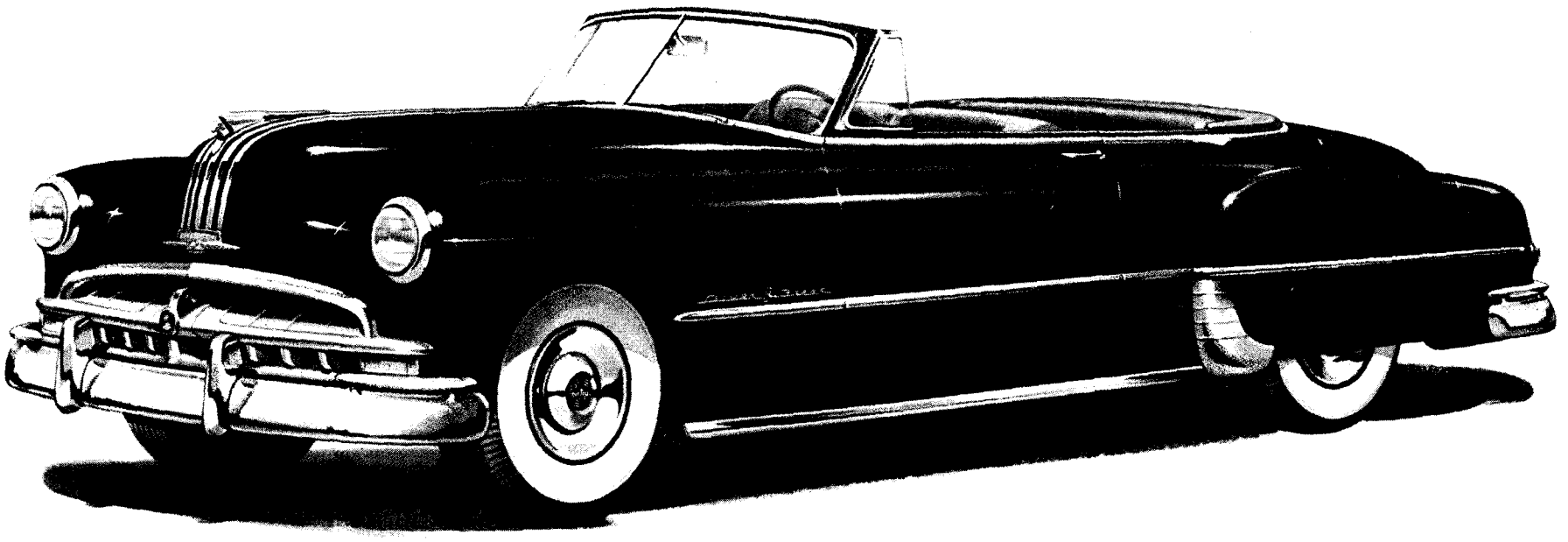
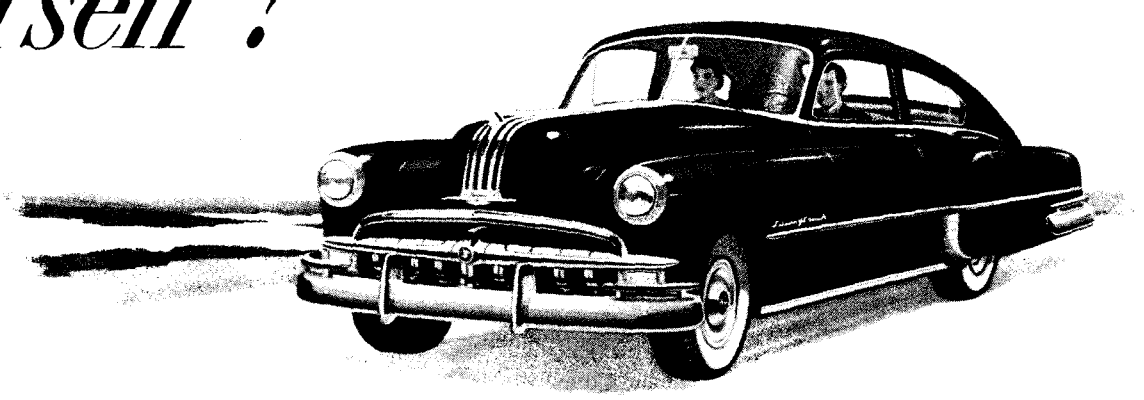


Want to do Something Nice for Yourself?



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It's the most beautiful thing on wheels. It is silken smooth, quick and powerful. It rides and handles like no other car on the highway. It is very economical, both to operate and maintain. And it is designed and built to stay on the job for years and years.

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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I NEVER DREAM

Continued from page 13

and the horses flew out. Mucho Red went to the rail and the crowd cheered him. Money on Mucho Red was money in the bank.

They moved round the track. They rounded the turn and came into the stretch. The horses were bunched, colors flaring, heels flashing. The favorite moved out.

"Mucho Red!" yelled Johnny.

"El Ranchero!" roared someone behind him, trying to climb up his back.

El Ranchero came like a prairie fire. He moved up to the favorite's withers and the crowd had a heart attack.

"El Mucho!" yelled Johnny, excited.

"El Ranchero!" screamed the enthusiast behind him, knocking off his hat and beating his back like a drum.

It was a thrilling finish. El Ranchero won by his neck. The crowd yelled and groaned and tore up their tickets.

Johnny turned round. El Ranchero's rooter was a girl with her eyes full of sparks and her hands full of his new hat which she was wringing like a dishcloth. It was a sporting hat which made him look like a sporting character.

"Wow!" she said.

"Wow is right. Is that my hat you have there?"

"Oh, is it?—I'm sorry—I was so excited I didn't realize it was a hat." She tried to pat it back into shape.

It was then he recognized her voice. She looked cool and fresh and upstanding.

"Let me tell your fortune," he said. He took her hand and looked at it. "Last night you had a dream about Number Thirteen winning. Your first name is Laney. You have a father who can read and your Aunt Nellie is a rip."

She backed away from him, staring. "Good-by. It was fun meeting you."

"Don't go," he said. "Come and have a milk shake and I'll explain my system. And the intercom thing at the Hotel of a Million Flowers."

THEY had dinner at one of the beach places where moonlight falls on phosphorescent surf. They danced and she was an agreeable dancer. They talked and she was an agreeable talker. Their glances kept getting entangled.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked. "Horses?"

"You. I've never met anyone like you."

"In a pig's eye."

"On the level."

"That's funny. I've never met anyone like you either."

"Tell me about this dream business. Do you often pick winners like that?"

"Quite often. I've a knack for dreaming. Don't you ever dream?"

"It must be a profitable knack."

"Oh, I never bet on the things that come to me in my dreams. That would spoil it. What are you, a gambler?"

He shut his eyes for an instant and thought of his acres of Bearded Reward growing yellow and ripe. He thought of all the things that could happen to that precious grain.

"Nothing but that," he said with fervor, "nothing else but that."

"We've got one in the family," she said. "Aunt Nell. We've tried everything but nothing can cure her. Ever think of getting a job?"

"This is a wonderful town," he said. "It's got a street paved with blocks of black and white marble, and there are flowers six feet high. Let's take tomorrow and see the sights."

"No, Johnny. I kind of like you, but —no, Johnny." . . .

It was another night and the moonlight was beautiful on the Avenida. Johnny, with his elbows on the balcony rail, wanted someone to help him admire it. He flipped the intercom switch.

"Johnny to Laney. Are you there?"

"Laney to Johnny. Hello."

"What are you doing?"

"Leaning on the balcony rail and figuring I could spit a mile. Thanks for the flowers you sent me. Thing is, are they flowers or propaganda?"

"Let's go for a drive along the Avenida."

"I can see the Avenida from here. It's all covered with moonlight, which is dangerous stuff."

"Have you seen the fish market?"

"No."

"You should. It's right out of this world. Let's get up early in the morning and go see the fish market."

"It's no use, Johnny. I'm crazy about fish, and I kind of like you—but I've been warned about horse players. So, I'm going to bed. So over—and out."

Her switch clicked off. . . .

The fish market of Rio de Janeiro is famous. It exhibits, besides fish, fishlike monsters which have been dragged up from the depths in the nets, things that might have come straight out of a nightmare. And no matter how grotesque or incredible the thing may be, someone is brave enough to buy it and carry it off, presumably with the intention of eating it.

This morning the market was as lively and excitable as ever and they had caught a thing which looked like a cross between a goat and a sea serpent, yet Johnny was not enjoying himself. All because a girl with bright eyes would not come out and play.

"The trouble with you, you sap," he said aloud, "is that you've fallen in love."

Laney thought he was a gambler. And to come right down to it, that is what he was. And if he did not harvest the Bearded Reward, he was a busted gambler. And if Laney were to ask him if he were a good bet, he would have to say no. Well, there was always the air line, there was a plane out in the morning. . . .

It was ten o'clock in the evening. He had his ticket and his bags were packed. There was nothing to do but put in time until the plane left. He turned the intercom switch.

"Hi, Laney."

There was no answer. He tried again. "Anyone at home?"

"I'm at home," said a mystified voice, "but where the dickens are you?"

It was Laney's father, Johnny guessed. He had a mental picture of him looking around, trying to locate the voice. "Is Laney in?"

"No, she's gone out. Say, where are you, in heaven?"

"I'm Johnny Millmay. In the next room."

"Oh. Say, you speak English!"

Johnny admitted it.

"That's good. I've heard nothing all day but Portuguese and my ears are trembling. Come on in and make some home-town talk."

Mr. Palica met Johnny at the door and drew him in. He seemed a hospitable sort of father. "Come in, my boy. Have a chair. Have a cigar." He presented him with one a foot long. "I've heard Laney speak of you. Gambler, she says. Well, you couldn't have picked a nicer spot for it."

"Herbert handles all the money. All I do is tell him what to spend it for"

COLLIER'S — LEW FOLLETTE

"When I said I was a gambler," said Johnny, "I didn't mean what Laney thought. I'm a cerealist."

"What's that?"

"We try to develop better kinds of grain. Know anything about barley?"

"Something like wheat, isn't it?"

Johnny shook his head. The world was cluttered with people who failed to distinguish between barley and wheat. "It's the oldest known grain. Grows where other grain won't—on mountainsides, poor land, cold land. Food for man and beast all over the world. If it hadn't been for barley, there would have been darn' little agriculture."

"It's a good thing, eh?"

"Unfortunately, it is subject to rust, smut, root rot and other diseases."

"Barley is trouble, eh?"

"We thought we had licked most of the trouble. About five years ago, we developed this new type—Bearded Reward. Rust-resistant, hardy, vigorous —it looked wonderful."

"The thing to do," said Mr. Palica, "is to plant it and find out."

"That's what I did. I gave up my job with the cereal lab and bought a farm."

"How did you make out?"

"First year, rained out. Second year, hailed out. Third year—I was sitting on top of the world. I had a wonderful crop —and it shattered."

"That's not good?"

"Heads get too heavy for the stalk and break off."

"Tough," said Mr. Palica. "What did you do?"

"Borrowed all the money I could raise and planted it again."

"How does she look this year?"

"Just about perfect. It was beginning to ripen—when I had to get out. Couldn't stand the strain of watching it any longer. If it shatters, I'm through. If it doesn't—well, people all over the world will want the seed."

"That's one on Laney," said Mr. Palica. "She thought you were the other kind of gambler, mobs and horses and such. She does better in her dreams than when she is awake."

"Does she really dream about things that are going to happen?"

"It's a kind of family trick. Her grandmother could do it too. Laney comes up with the dope on the darnedest things—fights, football games, names in the news. Boy, could I have cleaned up on the election—but she'd skin me alive if I ever made a dollar on her dreams. That would commercialize it, she says."

THERE was a noise in the corridor. "Here she is now. What about a bite of supper? We generally have a snack at this time. But no cracks about the cooking."

"Why, can't she cook?"

"At home, she's a fine cook. Down here something has gone wrong—it's all these spices they use down here, or it's the language. I don't think she understands Portuguese as well as she thinks she does."

Laney entered, followed by a waiter with a serving table. He wheeled it into position, lighted the lamp under the chafing dish and withdrew.

"Neighbor of ours," said Mr. Palica, indicating Johnny. "Asked him to stay and have a bite."

"Hello, Johnny," said Laney.

"I came to say good-by," said Johnny. "I'm leaving on the morning plane."

She nodded and began to grate the cheese. "I'm going to make Welsh rabbit à la Brazil. I met a planter in the bar just now and he told me about a sauce they make here. So you're running away, Johnny."

He addressed Mr. Palica. "Sir, I've fallen for your daughter but it's no deal. I'm reasonably clean and sober, but the way she looks at it, Hell is paved with people like me. So I'm off on the morning plane."

"Father," said Laney, stirring things into a bowl, "I admit he looks clean and decent. I admit I could go for him—but you didn't raise me to be a cluck. Who wants a horse player?"

"I am *not* a horse player—" Johnny began.

"Hey!" cried Mr. Palica in alarm. Laney dropped the bowl and leaped for the chafing dish which was shooting blue flames to the ceiling.

"Why don't you give the boy a chance, Laney?" asked Mr. Palica, when a conflagration had been averted. "He may not be the kind of gambler you think he is. Just get him to promise to stay away from the track and everything will be all right. Love, it says in the papers, can cure anything."

"Did it cure Aunt Nellie?"

"Nothing can cure your Aunt Nellie. She's an old rip. How about that Welsh rabbit à la Brazil?"

"Just ready," said Laney. She put the

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IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST
Bon Voyage

Stateroom aboard luxury liner *America*

Very Obviously... First Class

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.

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But Can You Fix a Broken Heart?
GUESS YOU CAN'T DO THAT THOUGH, NURSE. YOU'D HAVE TO BE A HEART EXPERT TO KNOW WHAT CRACKED ME UP WITH SALLY!
OH, THAT WAS BAD BREATH, JIM! AND SALLY SAYS THAT'S SERIOUS—UNLESS YOU GO AND SEE YOUR DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
NOW MY HEART'S AS GOOD AS NEW WHICH SHOWS WHAT COLGATE CARE CAN DO!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

toast on the plates and poured the sauce It was a rich, creamy gold, with angry brown streaks. She sniffed it doubtfully. "It smells pretty strong. I wonder if I got the recipe right."

She served the two men a portion. Johnny tasted his, rose two inches from his chair and tears came to his eyes. He felt as if he had swallowed a blowtorch. Mr. Palica took a generous bite, got up and went into the bathroom, where, by the sounds, he appeared to be pouring water on his head. He came back rubbing his face with a towel and carrying a glass of water. He tried a new approach. He took a small bite of Brazilian rabbit and a big gulp of water.

"Isn't it good?" asked Laney.

"Delicious," said Johnny, hoping steam was not coming out of his ears.

"I begin to understand why the Brazilians are an excitable people," said Mr. Palica. "But how they can eat stuff like this and not take off like rockets is still a puzzle. Aren't you going to have some, Laney?"

"I don't feel like eating."

Mr. Palica pushed his plate away. "Maybe you're right. It's foolish to eat spicy stuff like this at bedtime. Might give you bad dreams."

"I never dream," said Johnny.

"You mean to say you can sit there like a wooden Indian and swallow stuff like this and not feel any effects?"

"I think it's swell," said Johnny. "I think I'll have some more."

Later, when he got up to say good-by, there were a million things he wanted to say. "Good-by, Johnny," she said.

"Good-by, Laney," he said. That was their big scene.

HE WENT to his room. The plane left at dawn, it was not worth while going to bed. He drank a quart of water to put out the fire in his stomach and lay down on the bed.

In a few minutes he got up and drank some more water. He felt sure that the Brazilian planter Laney had met in the bar had not been describing a cheese sauce—more likely a sheep dip or a plan to revive a dead horse.

He fell into an uneasy doze. . . .

Dimly, through the mist of sleep, he knew that there was something wrong. It was hot, much too hot. He could hear someone shouting—he could not make out the words but the alarm was unmistakable. He tried to move but a weight seemed to be holding him down. The waves of heat came closer. All at once, the blue flames shot to the ceiling.

"Fire!" he yelled, rolling off the bed. "Fire!" . . .

"Wake up!" said Laney, shaking him. She was in her bathrobe and her hair was as wild as a chrysanthemum. "It's pretty hard for a girl to get any sleep around here. Father has a nightmare and starts yelling that the hotel is burning down and now you. I certainly put too much tabasco in that sauce. Have some ice water."

He drank thirstily. "You sure the place isn't on fire?"

"For a man who never dreams, you started off with a beaut."

"Gosh!" He was still palpitating. "I was trying to save you. I dreamed I lugged you clear to the roof."

"Nice lugging. Do you know what I weigh?"

"Hundred and twenty-one and a half pounds—in my dream. Let's get a breath of air."

THEY went out on the balcony. The sleeping city was bathed in milky moonlight. They put their elbows on the rail and looked at it.

"Funny," she said, "that's just what I do weigh. Johnny, you can stop worrying. It's not going to shatter."

"What!"

"Whatever that means. It was in my dream. I dreamed I was standing beside a big wheatfield and you came walking out of it. I said, 'Look at the pretty wheat,' and you said 'That's not wheat, you dope, it's Bearded Reward and it hasn't shattered. Tell Aunt Nellie.' And Aunt Nellie came driving up in a big combine and began to harvest it. And you said, 'That's all right, I was afraid it was going to shatter. Now we can go to the fish market.'"

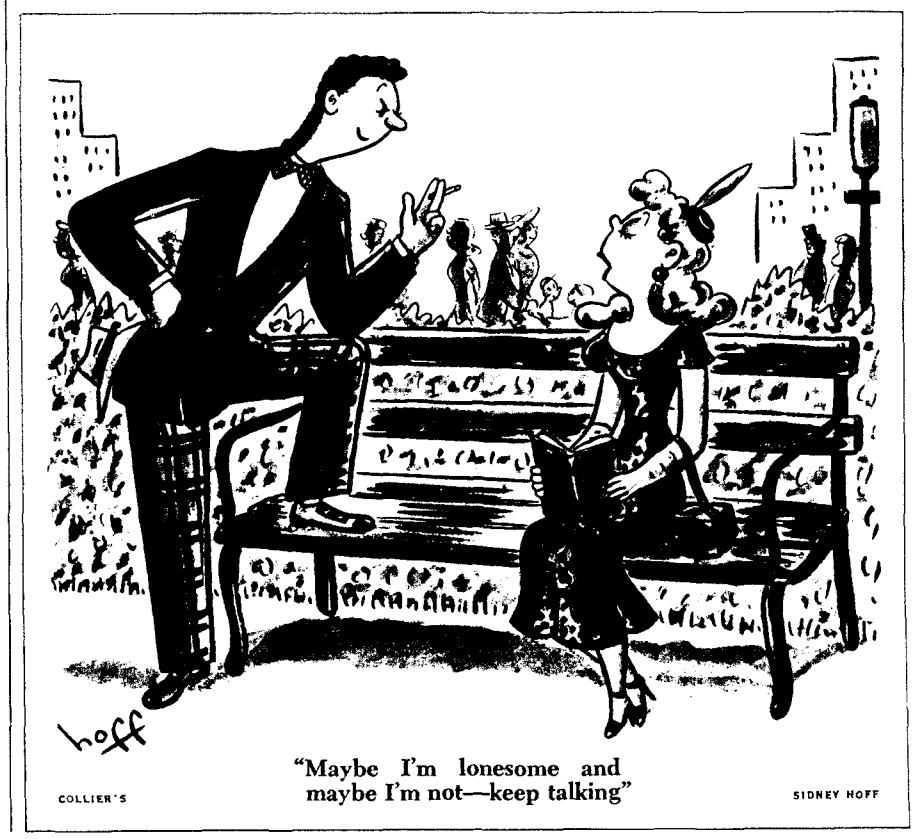
Johnny drew a long breath. Here was news out of the future and he believed it implicitly. The world was a wonderful place.

"Are you really going to catch that plane, Johnny?"

"Once a gambler, always a gambler," said Johnny. "I'll toss for it. Tails I catch that plane. Heads I stay here and let you talk me into giving up the horses, and get a steady job growing things."

He flipped the coin. It fell a long way down into the Avenida. He looked over the edge of the balcony after it. "Looks like heads to me. What do you make it?"

"Heads," said Laney.



"Maybe I'm lonesome and maybe I'm not—keep talking"

COLLIER'S

SIDNEY HOFF

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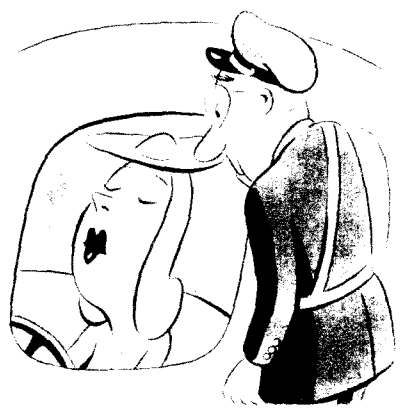
Traffic Cop

By BILL O'BRIAN

"I am—ah—a close personal friend of the mayor"

"You look too kind, Officer, to arrest poor little old me"

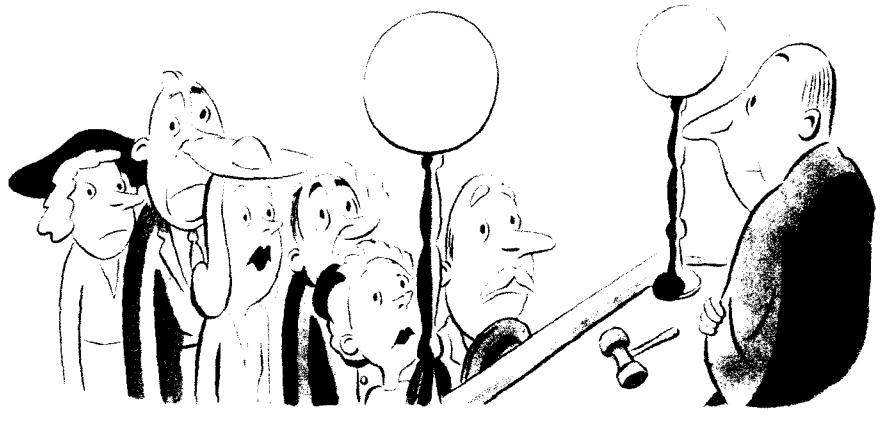
"Gosh, Officer, what did I do? I'm probably guilty. I—"



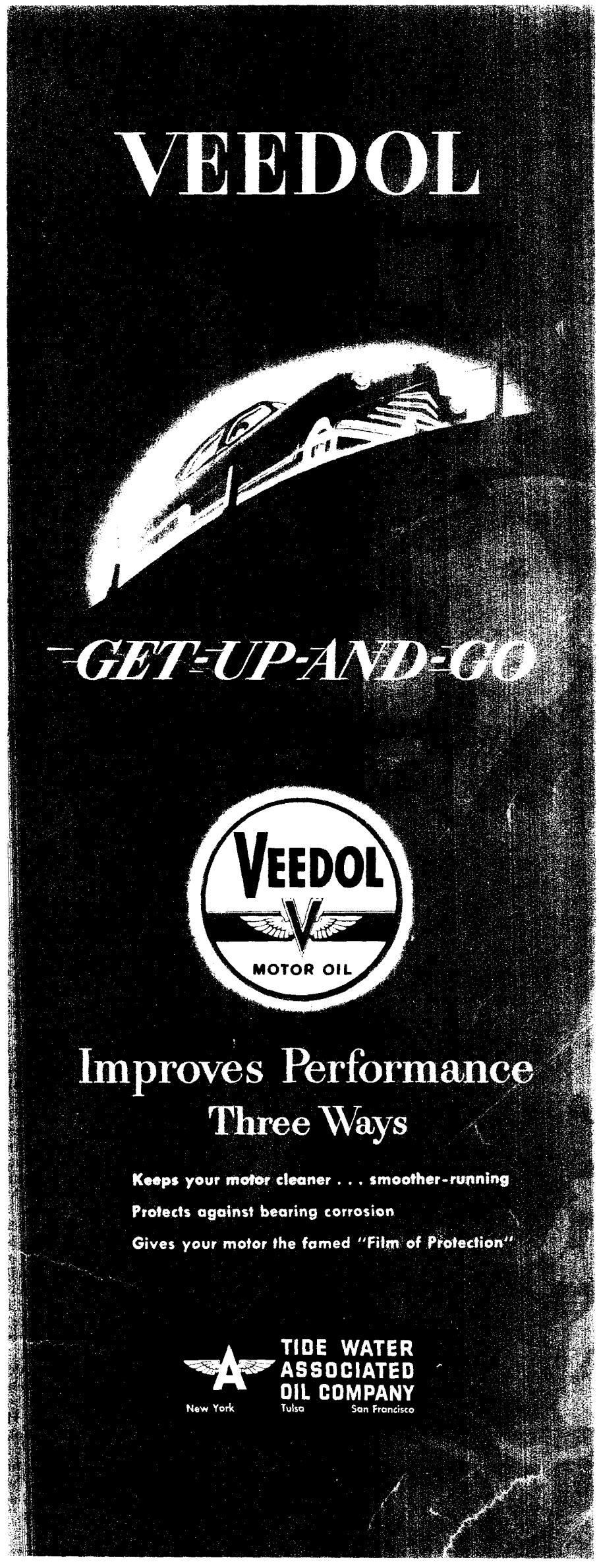
"Hmmmfff!"

"Hiya, Charlie! Weren't we in the same outfit overseas?"

"What do you mean—60 miles an hour? This is an outrage!"



Collier's for April 30, 1949



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A SITTER FOR MOTHER

By FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN Kathy's mother first came to live with Kathy, Frank and little Mona, it seemed a wonderful arrangement. Frank was going to war. Mrs. Pearson had found that her investments had been unwise, and she could no longer maintain a room in an apartment hotel, so she packed up and moved to Connecticut. Frank said, "Company for you, Kathy, and when you want to go out, someone to sit with Mona."

It wasn't like that, however. Slowly it dawned on Kathy that it was she who sat with the baby while her mother went out, to movies, with friends she made in the church group, or with those she had known years before. There was still sufficient money for new clothes, and little gifts to Kathy and the baby. It did not occur to Mrs. Pearson to pool her resources for such things as board and lodging. "At least," said Mrs. Pearson proudly, "I have my own pin money."

Frank came home again and it was rugged. His old job had been filled; he wouldn't press to get it back. He found a new one, after a while, at lower salary. They were still paying for the house, the cost of living rose, there was his insurance, and money to be set aside for emergencies and Mona's education. It is not true that four live as cheaply as three.

Frank was very patient. He rarely complained until a year had passed and he realized that unless people came to see them they seldom saw anyone. For Mrs. Pearson had a phobia. She would not be left alone, evenings. She had never been alone. First her husband, and then the friends who lived in the apartment hotel with her in Pasadena. She was afraid of being alone. The house might burn down. Mona might be taken ill. There might be burglars. She *heard* things. When Frank and Kathy returned from their brief outings they would find her reduced to a shivering pulp. Besides, when she was alone, she got to thinking of how much she missed Herbert. "Herbert," she said, "never left me alone, never."

There was something idiotic in the spectacle of a grown woman who couldn't be alone; a healthy woman, no matter how much she insisted that she had a bad heart. Kathy, seeing no evidence of cardiac disturbance, urged her mother to consult a doctor. Mrs. Pearson wouldn't. She knew she had a bad heart, she said piteously. Why pay to confirm it? She said, "When I'm alone I think: Suppose I had an *attack?*"

So it had settled down into a give-and-take routine. If Frank went out, Kathy stayed in; if sometimes, Kathy had an invitation from a friend who understood, and wanted an extra woman, Frank remained home; she and Frank alternated in taking her mother to the movies. It went on like that for a long time. People came to see them, but after a couple of years not so frequently, for Mrs. Pearson dominated the conversation, at table and after.

There was no way out. Mrs. Pearson hadn't the means upon which to live, as she had had for so long. Frank hadn't the means to supplement her tiny income. "There must be something she could do," he said, wildly, one night; "she's perfectly healthy and, I suppose, intelligent."

But Mrs. Pearson had never worked. When her husband had lived, she had had a servant; after his death, room service. There had been no need for her to work. She was trained for nothing, not even housekeeping.

Well, Kathy finally decided, I can take it, I have to. But it's awful for Frank. He has to get out more, not just to lodge or business dates. He must see people, and have fun. He works so hard.

So with the best of motives when Kathy met Alma Hedden on the street and Alma asked her to dinner and said that her husband Rob had been called out of town, and she was not only a man short, but a host, Kathy had asked, "May I offer Frank? He'd love to come."

Alma had jumped at the chance. Frank hadn't. He'd needed persuasion but, in the end, went and had a wonderful time and came home after midnight, a little high, as his mother-in-law had remarked, if not in so many words.

Alma was one of Kathy's closest friends, extremely pretty, childless and gay. Her doting husband was often away on business, and Alma, who in common with Mrs. Pearson loathed being alone, was always calling up people to drop in, or whipping off to the country club or somewhere during Rob's absence. And presently Frank was substituting more or less regularly for Rob.

People began to talk.

Mrs. Pearson talked. Mrs. Pearson talked all the time, to her daughter. She cried, "Are you out of your mind?" She asked, "How can you encourage him?" She said, "I never liked Alma Hedden, never." She added dourly, "If anything *happens*, it's your fault, Kathy, mark my words."

Kathy marked them. They were true. If Frank fell in love with Alma it would be her fault. She had urged, even insisted that he see Alma. Was he in love with her?

She took stock of herself. She had been letting herself go, she thought sadly, looking into the mirror. She hadn't had time to do anything but let herself go.

There must, she thought, be a solution, some way in which she could manage to have her husband, her house, her child and her life, for herself.

TOWARD autumn Frank's firm sent him to Ohio and Alma phoned. She said, "Rob's in Montreal. What's Frank doing?"

"I wouldn't know," Kathy said. "He's in Ohio."

Kathy hung up and a little later, wearing her best suit and a good hat, she went to New York. Her mother didn't mind being alone daytimes.

When Frank returned, his wife had news for him. She said, "Sit down, Frank, I've something to tell you."

He looked at her, startled. He hadn't seen her look as happy, nor as pretty, for years.

"I've my old job back," she said.

"You've what?" he said, incredulous.

"Wait a minute," said Kathy rapidly. "I can't take this, Frank, the way we live; and Mother. We have no life, you and I. Now that Mona's in school, there's no reason why I can't work. We'll commute together. The money I earn will buy the services of Mrs. Kirsten. I've already made the arrangements. She's willing to live in, and can have the guest room. She'll cook and clean. Her daughter-in-law will be glad to do the laundry. I've budgeted the whole business. It will work out." She looked at him with her eyes shining. She added, "Mrs. Kirsten loves to talk. She's willing to mother-sit, when we go out evenings."

"Hold on," said Frank slowly, "your mother has the guest room."

Kathy smiled. "She'll move in with Mona," she said.

"She isn't going to like it!"

"No doubt," said Kathy, "but we'll like it. That is, I will. How about you?" She looked at him anxiously.

He got up and took her in his arms. He said, happily, "It will be heaven to be married to a workingwoman. Have you told your mother?"

"Not yet. I waited for you, to back me up."

Frank grinned. He said, "I've news for you. A raise in January and perhaps in another year, manager's job. We could put a little aside, and then—with what your mother has, and what we might be able to spare her—well, after all, she hates this climate!"

Kathy's eyes shone. She said, "Well, it's something to work for." She took his hand and added, "We'll have to postpone the brother for Mona for a little while, Frank."

"We're young yet," he reminded her cheerfully, and hand in hand they went downstairs to break the news to Mama.

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REMEMBER, TRUCKS MUST ROLL ON THE HIGHWAYS BECAUSE THEY ARE ROLLING YOUR NECESSITIES OF LIFE!

DAD: You see, son, there are over 6 million more cars, trucks and buses rolling today than before the war—and we haven't had time to catch up on street and highway improvements.

SON: Gee, that's right! But why do we need more trucks?

DAD: Because there are more of us. Over 148 million to feed, clothe and house. We're *buying* more, *using* more . . .

MOTHER: And *eating* more. More of everything and such a variety, too. Seems as though most of the trucks are stopping at our house to keep *my* little army of gluttons supplied!

SON: Ever count 'em, mother? There's the milk, grocery, fuel and laundry trucks. The trucks from the department and furniture stores, and the one that brought our new range from the appliance store last week.

Even the man who sharpens your knives and Dad's saws — owns a truck!

DAD: You're right, son. It all adds up to a lot of trucks . . . a lot of traffic . . . and a lot more of the good things in life that we have *because of trucks!*

SON: Golly, what would we do without 'em?

THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

American Trucking Associations, Washington 6, D. C.

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"MEETING HER PARENTS," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 28 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

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THE CONQUEST OF JAN

Continued from page 17

screamed in their beds. Eventually the old man recovered his mind, but he had had a partial stroke and Jan, at twelve, became the head of the family.

She was not to be the head of the family for long. Stealing, outwitting the German soldiers, she managed at least to keep her father and the younger children from starvation. But then in the winter of 1943 the Allies bombed the rail yards at Nijmegen and Jan, caught on the streets, had to take refuge in the nearest shelter. By the time she could return home, still clutching the two potatoes she had scavenged, she found, where she had left her father, brothers and sisters only an hour before, a vast hole in the ground where the house had been. Jan was then fifteen.

How she had survived until the liberation, and what she had done, no one could say. Most of this story had come from the village priest, and all he knew was that eventually she had come to the Heldring Homes and there she had remained: a quiet, prematurely old young woman who never played the violin, seldom laughed, never wept, but who was always kind, always willing to work and very good with the children.

When Dominick had finished telling us this story, the men were silent for a while. Faintly from the loft of the adjoining barn we could hear the music of Karl's violin.

"Let's go beat him up," said Antonucci.

Dominick rose at once.

"Sit down," said Biffle sourly.

"Why?" demanded Dominick.

"Because she's in love with him."

It was true. If we had thought that nothing could lift the sorrow from her eyes we had been mistaken; it lifted a little each evening when she came for him, and then her plain Dutch features were suffused with beauty. Karl, to her, was a link, through the music she couldn't bring herself to play, with the only happiness she had ever known. Hour after hour he had played Brahms and Schubert and Bach for her.

"Why not smash the violin?" suggested Greene offhandedly.

"And make her sorry for him?" countered Biffle.

SOMEONE suggested telling Jan's story to Karl. But we all knew it would do no good. Karl's parents had been killed during the Nazi purges of 1936; he expected as much from life. It was his license to abandon morality—for didn't such things prove, as he had once said to us, that life was moral nonsense?

It was a dilemma. Then one day regiment sent word that we would be moved out of Holland at the end of the week. The news reached the villagers almost at once, as such things always seemed to do, and Jan came to see us all.

She was sorry, she said, standing there in the mud, looking like a little Dutch Madonna in her wooden shoes and blue shawl. We had done so much for Holland. Presently the war would be over and we could all go home.

Now quite sure of her, the men taunted Karl. But he airily suggested a bargain with us: If she proved to be a good girl he would give us his violin.

"We don't want it!" said Dominick.

"But *she* might," he suggested gently.

There was a little silence at this. We all knew what the violin meant to Jan. If the day ever came when she could bring herself to play it, then she would have faced her sorrow, overcome it, put it all behind her. And I in turn knew what the wager must have meant to Karl.

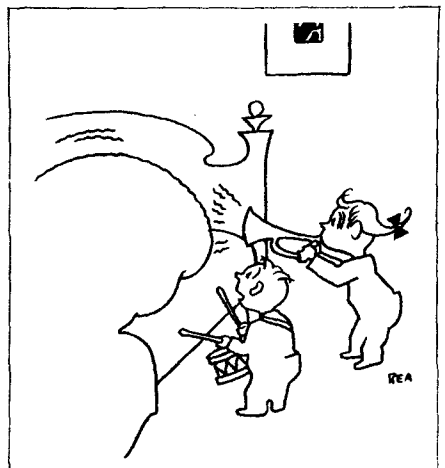
"How are we gonna know if you tell the truth?" demanded Dominick.

"My word of honor," said Karl, shrugging. His word of honor meant something to him, for he was sentimental about it.

"All right," said Dominick confidently. "It's a deal."

For our last night in Holland, Biffle cooked another goose. Jan was invited and when she arrived the men put her at the head of the table. On her plate was a gift from all of us: a small brooch of silver leaves that one of the men had bought long ago in 's Hertogenbosch and now had donated for the occasion. This must have been the first time since the German occupation of Holland that she had thought about her own appearance, for her fingers trembled as she pinned it on.

We could tell that it pained Jan very much to lose Karl. But so much emotion and heartbreak had washed over her in the past that she was incapable of ordinary emotion. She tried to make us cheerful instead—because, as she said, we were such a long way from home.



"Don't you like music, Daddy?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

And at the end she thanked us and shook our hands gravely, as she had done in the beginning; and then Karl, with an amused glance at us, took her away.

At one o'clock we were ready—all except Karl's personal equipment. We gathered in the kitchen to await his return. Nobody said much. Dominick was restless. Antonucci sat by the blacked-out window and smoked.

At quarter past one the door opened and Karl came in. He was alone. As he saw us looking at him he stopped.

Then Dominick said, "Where's Jan?"

"At her home," said Karl.

"What happened?" Dominick demanded.

Karl looked at him. "What do you think happened, my friend?"

He did not really have to answer. We could tell from the self-satisfied, smug complacency of his manner. Dominick got to his feet and picked up the chair, but I held his arm. He kicked the table.

"What surprises me," said Karl indolently, "is that there was ever any doubt in your minds."

Antonucci poured himself a drink. Biffle put away the last of his pots.

"Good night, comrades," said Karl at length.

No one replied. . . .

A rain during the night had slicked the buildings and by morning put still mirrors of the clouds in the darker gray mud of the road. We were low in spirits, as we sat on the truck and waited for Karl to finish packing.

Karl came out with some of his belongings and dumping them into the truck, went back into the house for more.

"Well, well," said Antonucci, who was standing up against the cab of the truck. "Here she comes."

"Who?" asked Dominick.

It was Jan. We felt an unaccountable embarrassment. We waved to her. She waved back.

But as she approached we could detect no change in her manner. Her eyes seemed a little less sorrowful than they had been on the night when she had first stood at the edge of the lamplight in the kitchen. She came and stood by the corner of our crumbling stone house and smiled at us.

When Karl emerged from the house she looked at him quickly. He only glanced at her and then went on without turning his head. But as he reached the truck and let the remainder of the equipment fall to the ground, he held out his violin to Dominick and with a dry voice said, "Here, my friend. Give it to her."

There was a moment of complete silence.

Karl shrugged. "Did you think I would try?" he asked bitterly.

Still we stared at him. Then suddenly we understood. He saw our expressions and shrugged again, as if dismissing something of which he was ashamed. "I was in love with her," he said harshly.

The truth of what he was saying was unmistakable, for to say it cost him a perceptible effort; clearly he was reluctant to share any part of himself with us.

Dominick gave Karl back the violin. "She loves you," he said. "You give it to her."

BY THAT time the files of Canadian soldiers who were to relieve our unit were visible down the road in the distance. But we had to watch Jan's face as Karl gave her the violin. When she understood what he was doing her forehead and her lips paled. She shook her head. For the first time we saw her eyes fill with tears. But Karl took her hands and pressed the violin and the bow into them, and for just a moment touched her shoulder—and then turned back to us, his features expressionless.

"PLAY!" roared Antonucci all at once. *"Play!"*

She shook her head, trying to smile. *"Play!"* the men all shouted together.

Again she shook her head.

Karl stood up on the truck and said gently, "Play, *Liebchen.*"

"Auld Lang Syne!" prompted Greene.

"No!" roared Antonucci, waving his steel helmet. "Ave Maria!"

None of us could guess what was going on in her mind. For a moment she stood there motionless near the ruined stone wall of the house; with the wet woods and the desolation of war all around her. But at length she took a deep breath. And then she lifted the violin to her shoulder and cupped it under her chin, as she had not once done in all the years since her family had gone, and began to play, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

To understand what we felt you would have to understand why each one of us, hardened as we were by the war, had wanted so much for this girl to be everything we had believed about her. The reason was deeper than sympathy. In her triumph and in her music was the unmistakable evidence of a power greater than war itself. It was there. It was there in the music. It was there in the girl's closed eyes. It was there in our own stillness.

For a long time after we had driven away and Jan had passed from sight, no one spoke. Then Dominick looked at Karl with an apology in his expression.

"Maybe you ought to come back here sometime," he said.

"I think I will," said Karl absently, lost in thought. Then, recovering himself and yawning: "It was a very good violin."

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THE AYES OF TEXAS . . . *Jonathan M. Wainwright*, hero of Bataan and defender of Corregidor, agrees to the popularity of Texas game hunting and a friendly glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

SUN VALLEY VACATION . . . *Gary and Mrs. Cooper* rest from day's skiing and recount the day's thrills over a glass of Pabs Blue Ribbon.

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PALM BEACH STORY... *Mrs. Winston Guest*, lovely New York socialite, enjoys the Florida sunshine and the friendly companionship of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

AT HOME IN HOLLYWOOD! When screen favorite *Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson* enjoy an evening in their beautiful West Coast home... the script calls for Pabst Blue Ribbon.

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TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT—NBC

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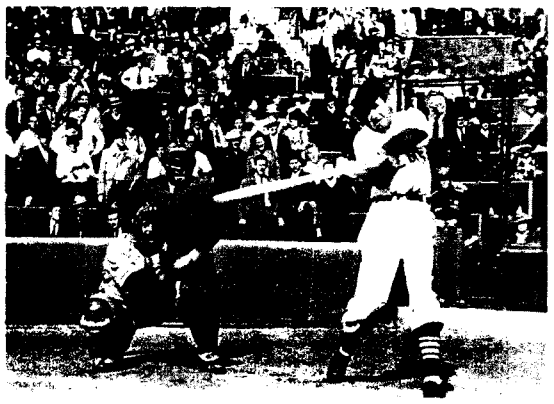
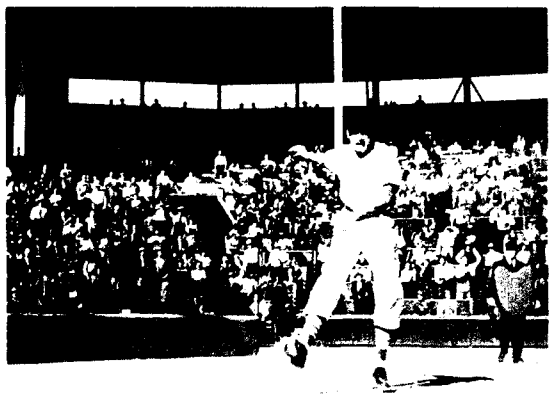
Collier's MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS



Stratton (Jim Stewart) tries out his false leg



He gets a hit and starts the run toward first

He falls but gets up, determined to make good

Later in the game, Monty hits the winning run

Jimmy Stewart gives one of his most heart-rending performances in the story of Monty Stratton, Chisox pitcher who wouldn't let the loss of a leg stop him

DIRECTLY after the close of the 1938 season, a pretty fair country pitcher named Monty Stratton, a strapping fellow who had just won 15 and lost 9 for the Chicago White Sox, was out hunting a dinner rabbit near his Texas farm. Accidentally tripping over a hidden snag, Monty shot himself in the right thigh. To save his life, the leg had to be amputated above the knee. His major-league pitching career, which had looked quite bright, came to an abrupt end.

After he'd healed, Monty hung around the hapless White Sox for a piece as a coach, then he dropped out of sight on his Greenville, Texas, cotton farm. In 1946 he was back in the news. Chucking for the Shermans of the East Texas League, Stratton had won 18 and lost 8—on an artificial leg. For this he was tagged Most Courageous Athlete of the Year.

It happened that at about this time an M-G-M actor-turned-writer named Douglas Morrow was watching a softball game at a veterans' hospital in California. Somehow the plight of the spectators in wheel chairs reminded Morrow of Stratton—and so The Stratton Story, one of the most moving movies we've ever seen, was born.

It took coaxing to get the quiet, lanky, somewhat sensitive Stratton to sit for his Hollywood portrait. "I don't want folks lookin' in my window," he said. But in the end, he signed.

Now it's a well-known fact that pitchers can't act; and, on the other hand, actors can't pitch. But M-G-M made a happy choice when they picked Jimmy (Er-Ah) Stewart to play Stratton.

Jimmy, a lean six three and weighing 155, had the same monosyllabic, easygoing, wry-humored qualities that mark Stratton. He had the same string-bean appearance—Stratton is six five. Jimmy had once played a little football and done some track work; so when Stratton turned up in Hollywood to supervise the film and to make a pitcher out of Stewart, he found a talented pupil waiting.

In practically no time, Stewart looked like a pitcher—well, at least like a White Sox pitcher. Being an honest fellow, he took his hurling very seriously throughout the filming, waiving doubles except when his arm grew too sore from too many takes. "Last year over 60,000,000 fans saw ball games," he says. "That means over 60,000,000 potential critics will be able to tell me what I did wrong."

Here's the way Hollywood chose to dramatize Mr. Stratton's very inspiring story. A baseball hasbeen, one Barney Wile (Frank Morgan), drops off a freight train in the small town of Greenville, Texas, and gets a glimpse of shambling young Monty Stratton toiling in a sand-lot game. Barney talks himself into spending the winter on the little cotton farm where Monty lives with his ma. After coaching Monty all winter, the two hitchhike to Pasadena for a spring tryout with the White Sox.

Somehow Jimmy Dykes (played by himself) is fast-talked into giving Monty a tryout and a contract. Monty immediately celebrates by getting himself a blind date with Ethel (June Allyson)—a nice, lively girl from Omaha.

The season opens and Monty warms the bench for weeks. Then comes *der tag*—he's sent in as relief pitcher against the rampaging Yankees. The Bombers oblige with the full treatment, topped off by a Bill Dickey homer (socked by Bill Dickey). Almost immediately Monty finds himself out in Omaha. Ethel and weaker hitters reside there.

He does so well there that Dykes recalls him and he promptly marries Ethel. By next season he's a top American League right-hander, and daddy of Monty, Jr. Things look good. Thereupon Fate throws him a curve. He has his accident.

In time Monty returns to the workaday world—a morbid man. Then one day he begins to hit back. Watching his tiny son trying to take his first steps, Monty decides to put on his artificial leg for the first time, and in one of the picture's most poignant scenes, he takes his son's hand. Together they limp and toddle around the farmyard.

One day Ethel talks Monty into a game of catch. The first time he tries to throw, he falls down. Before long he is tossing them accurately into a bucket—and the story moves on to a climactic comeback game that sees Monty return to action.

The net result is a fine film that will have you laughing and choking up alternately. Better bring extra hankies when you see it. While M-G-M has seen fit to telescope and "dramatize" some of the details of Stratton's life, the story hasn't been glamorized or maudlined up. Stratton, aside from some genius which enables him to put a crazy hop on a baseball, emerges as an ordinary fellow in a bit of tragic folklore—an episode in American baseball.

This is not an unhappy picture. Stratton is no Hamlet in uniform and Mrs. Stratton no Ophelia. Incidentally, between them, Mr. Stewart and Miss Allyson manage to get in quite a lot of grade-A romance among the pure baseball. They pitch woo 1.000 per cent.

And the baseball is good baseball. Director Sam Wood has seen to this. Sam used to play a little semipro ball himself, and hired 72 professional ballplayers to play the parts of professional ballplayers. These include Johnny Lindell, Al Zarilla, Mervyn Shea (who actually caught Stratton), Bill Dickey (who actually hit him), Gene Bearden and many others.

As for Mr. Stratton himself, in 1947 he had contract troubles until the tail end of the season but finally won 7 and lost 7 for Waco. In 1948 he kibitzed the making of his life story.

Few tears fall from his eyes these days. He has learned to use his artificial leg with a maximum perfection, bred of fielding bunts from the pitcher's mound and throwing out the runner at first. A favorite stunt of Monty's is to walk into a prosthetic ward in a veterans' hospital unannounced, then give a little talk on the advantages of being one-legged. While his listeners are in a state of high disbelief, he rolls up his pant leg and shows the artificial limb. They get quite a kick out of this.

Monty even makes jokes about it. When Sam Wood asked him if he had any big-league managerial ambitions, Monty drawled, "Pardner, it's my leg that's wooden, not my haid."

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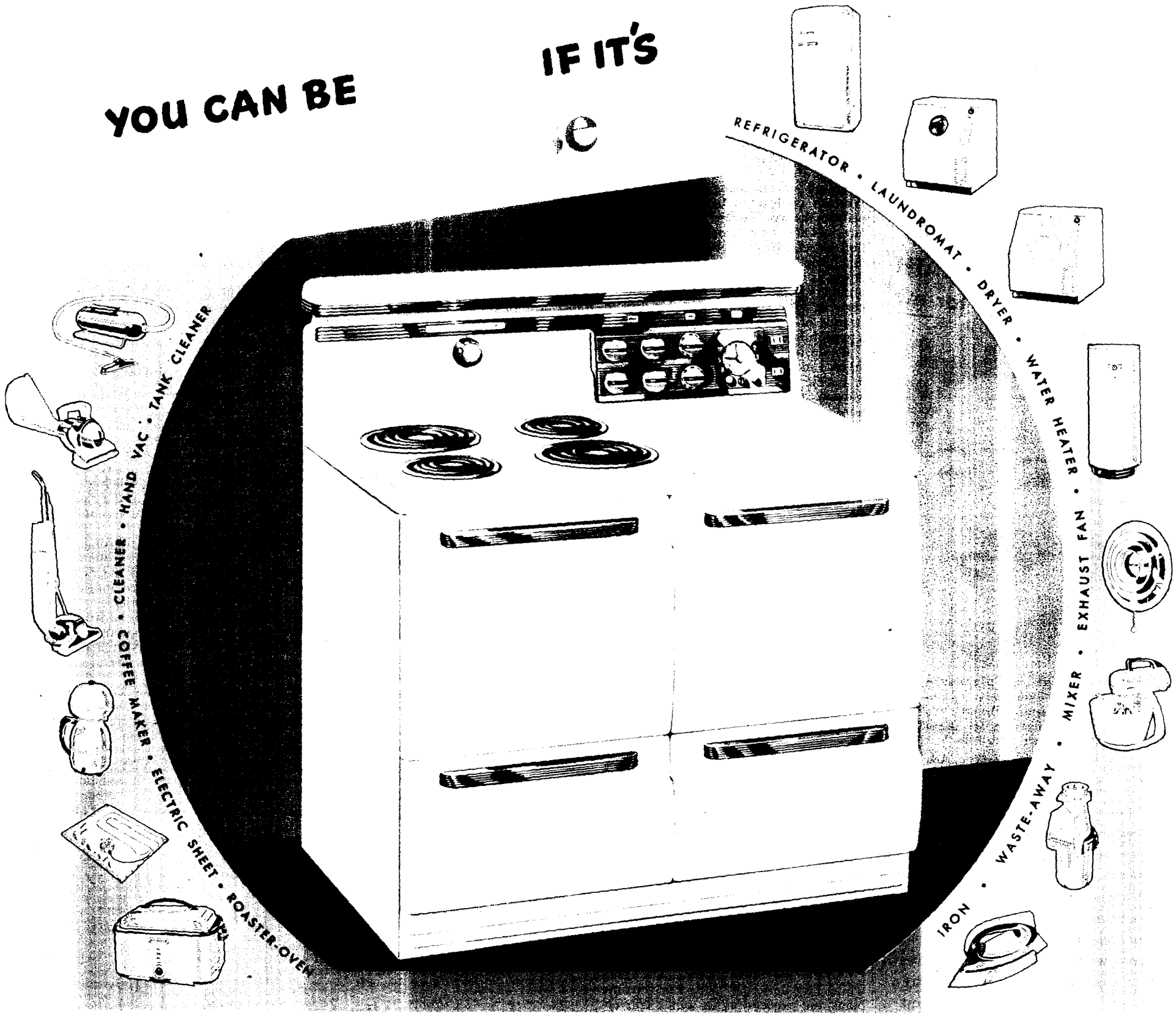
YOU CAN BE IF IT'S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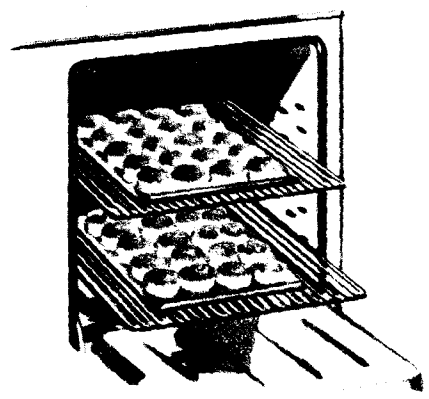

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yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

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Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP

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NEW JOBS FOR LIBERTY SHIPS

Continued from page 25

It would be in the national interest if such barter were carried on. It would advance President Truman's "bold new program" for bringing the benefits of Western civilization to underprivileged peoples the world over. It would give us new outlets for our enormous production of consumers' goods—production that even now shows signs of slowing down as the saturation point for some products is approached in domestic markets. It would help repair the broken strands of trade that have always been a peaceful bond between nations.

If, during the past year, you have taken a motor trip on either the Atlantic or Pacific seaboard, or along the Gulf of Mexico, you have probably seen portions of the dead fleet. There are 127 Liberty ships tied up at Astoria, Oregon, 118 at Beaumont, Texas, 94 in the Hudson River, 202 in Suisun Bay, California, 246 in the James River of Virginia, 164 at Mobile, Alabama, 26 at Olympia, Washington, and 328 at Wilmington, Delaware. Probably you have never visualized them as floating filling stations—but that is how a good many of them could be used.

In 1942 and 1943, before our antisubmarine defenses were perfected, oil from torpedoed tankers soiled our beaches from Miami to Boston. Replacements couldn't be built fast enough. But inventive marine architects saved the day by figuring out a speedy method for converting the Liberties into tankers having capacities of 65,000 barrels.

As tankers (having some dry cargo capacity as well) the Liberties were still as slow and vulnerable as ever and carried less than half as much oil as the regular tankers. However, for a time they played an important emergency role in hauling precious aviation gasoline, regular gas and Diesel fuel to the fighting fronts and in ferrying crude oil from fields to refineries.

When the war ended, there was still a world-wide shortage of tankers, so when the Maritime Commission offered its colossal surplus fleet for sale (for almost four solid years a big cargo ship had been launched at the rate of one every six hours) the auxiliary tankers were among the first to be snapped up. Of course they aren't among the 1,305 white elephants, but using the wartime plans and procedures for quick conversion, the back-channel Liberties could become filling stations, or, in Navy parlance, oilers.

Dreams of Wartime Activity

Perhaps Nouméa, New Caledonia, needs a filling station. During the critical first years of the Pacific war, this magnificent harbor was the base of Admiral Halsey's fleet. As the war moved toward Japan the military arteries of supply shifted northward. Nouméa once more became a sleepy French town in a backward French colony, dreaming of the days when U.S. carriers and battleships lay at anchor in the roadstead.

Today, Nouméa's export of nickel, chrome and manganese has been resumed, but on an erratic basis. Except for ore carriers, few ships touch there now. But it might be an ideal port in which to wharf one or more floating filling stations. They could serve both shore and sea—gasoline for land vehicles and Diesel oil for unexpected visitors of the sea.

So a Liberty is disjoined from the fleet lying useless in Suisun Bay. Engineers scrape the preservatives from her machinery and steelworkers fit her with tanks. The tanks are filled with fuel, and an American crew sails her across the Pacific to a berth at Nouméa. The crew returns to this country and the auxiliary tanker becomes a filling station rather than a ship. Instead of a captain she has a manager, and instead of a crew she has locally recruited filling station attendants.

The floating filling station has to have something else—an outsize equivalent of a gas hose. Fortunately, this is available at low cost and in quantity. It is the pipe that was used in a wartime portable pipe-line system, four or six inches in diameter, is made of stainless steel with flexible joints and is manufactured in 20-foot lengths.

The system was invented by a Shell Oil Company technician named Sydney S. Smith. The pipe proved itself when it made General Montgomery's victory at El Alamein possible. In the mobile, desert war there was one continuous problem—to obtain enough gasoline to feed the ravenous armor.

Twice the British drove Rommel halfway across the Western Desert. The second offensive was going well when the Germans discovered and destroyed the British armies' fuel concentration. The Eighth Army reeled back almost to Cairo.

When the British next attacked, a ribbon of this pipe followed Montgomery's tanks. With pumping stations at ten-mile intervals, it carried gasoline all the way from Alexandria to El Alamein.

It is this same pipe that the oiler in Nouméa will use. It is impervious to rot and rust and salt water. It will last as long as the ship itself.

A length of the pipe will reach from the filling station to the shore so that gasoline trucks on the water front can be filled directly from the Liberty. Another length of pipe, to carry fuel oil to ships, will stretch out to a buoy. When the Liberty herself runs low on fuel, she will be replenished from a large-capacity tanker, which perhaps regularly serves a dozen such filling stations scattered through the islands.

Around the globe are many other islands and by-passed harbors where an assured and continuous supply of fuel would spark minor building booms and feed the small but important veins of trade.

These floating filling stations would help in President Truman's program to carry the "Fair Deal" to undeveloped lands.

Wealth in a Malarial River

The sweltering port of Merauke, in Dutch New Guinea, is at the mouth of a festering river which runs across an alluvial flat where malaria is endemic. Merauke has subsisted for a hundred years on a world demand for two things: the hides of the crocodiles which teem in the river and the plumage of the birds of paradise which fly overhead, as common as crows in Iowa.

But the Japanese did a thorough job of bombing Merauke. Most of the warehouses were destroyed and the flow of exotic exports has diminished until today it is a slow and uncertain trickle.

Another Liberty is separated from the dead fleet and air-conditioning equipment is installed, for this particular ship is scheduled to live out her useful life in the steaming tropics.

Once anchored at Merauke, a native housekeeping complement is recruited and the Liberty's American crew returns to the United States. Even if it were economically feasible to keep the American crew aboard, it is doubtful whether they could be induced to remain. In Merauke they would die of boredom, if not of blackwater fever or some of the

"Now I want you to help your mother stack the dishes in the electric washer"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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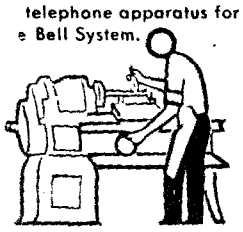

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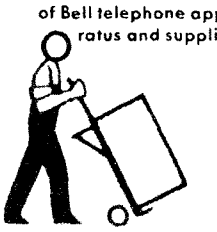

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unnamed, almost unmentionable diseases that afflict the region.

The only Americans remaining aboard are the well-paid representatives of the trading company which owns the ship. The Liberty becomes a floating warehouse.

When her holds are filled with crocodile hides and bird of paradise feathers, her captain—or manager—radios one of the lines that send tramp steamers through the Timor and Arafura seas at irregular intervals. The tramp closest to Merauke stops in; the holds of the Liberty are emptied; the trade of the world moves.

The Liberty can become a factory. The thrifty and ingenious Japanese operated floating canneries for many years before the war. They caught and canned tuna, salmon and giant crab while ranging the finest fishing grounds of the North Pacific. When the war ended, the Japanese flag had been swept from the seas and most of its merchant marine festooned the bottom.

But the Russians, operating from north Korea and Vladivostok, took over where the Japanese left off. Taking Liberties we loaned them during the war, they converted the ships to floating canneries. As a result, Russia has probably become the largest and most efficient fisherman of the North Pacific. How many Liberties the U.S.S.R. is operating as canneries is a secret of the Kremlin. But it is certain it is doing better than the United States.

Since the war we have converted only two Liberties into canneries. They are operated around Cook Inlet at the mouth of the Susitna River in southern Alaska. Cut off from the warm Japan Current that gives the coasts of Washington and Oregon their equable climate, the shores of Cook Inlet are too cold for human habitation. Canneries cannot feasibly be built there, yet the rivers of the region swarm with spawning salmon. But fishing this area has been made possible and profitable with floating canneries. When their holds are filled, the ships steam southward to warehouses and railheads, processing their cargoes as they go.

Alaska's frigid waters are not the only place where a factory ship could be operated profitably. While the cannery is the classic example of this type of ship, there are many other possibilities.

One of the proposals now under consideration by the Maritime Commission is for the purchase and conversion of Liberties to floating machine shops. With lathes, saws, drills, stamps and heavy ma-

Among My Souvenirs

EDDIE RICKENBACKER

THE most prized possession of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker isn't worth two cents, but he wouldn't take a fortune for it. This ace of World War I aces is not the sentimental type, but he has a deep feeling for a certain hat (and for a pair of shoes that went with it).

The hat is beaten up and battered out of shape. It has a few holes. Once it was brown, but it has faded to several shades of brown.

During World War II, when Rick and seven others were forced down and cast adrift in the Pacific, the hat played a part which he will never forget.

One of the men managed to retain four oranges after abandoning the plane—the only food the group had for six days. Then on the eighth day, Captain Cherry, the pilot, from a small Army-issue Bible, read Matthew 6:31-34: "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? . . . For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. . . ."

Several hours afterward, half asleep, with the hat pulled down to shield his face from the blistering sun, Rick sensed something. A gull had lighted on his hat. Tensely he reached up and grabbed the bird. Once caught, it was eaten raw and its intestines were used for bait, which actually caught some small fish. It proved to be the life blood of the group.

The fact that the gull chose his hat to perch on elevated the misshapen headgear to the highest place among the captain's souvenirs. —ARTHUR MILLER

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"Mother, how does the idea of Marge and me making some fudge strike you?"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

chinery aboard, the Liberty would wander from port to port, like an itinerant scissors sharpener, doing the repair work of the world.

Today, the United States enjoys an overwhelming supremacy in sheer tonnage afloat; yet our Merchant Marine is on the decline; it is unable to compete with the ships of other nations in either shipping rates or speed. Its only reason for being is in the interests of national defense. This is reason enough, but whether a ship is in operation or laid up in the reserve fleet, it is money out of your pocket.

When war came we had 1,100 cargo ships. During the war, we built 5,500 more—of which 2,700 were Liberties. Wartime losses, postwar sales and gifts of whole flotillas to nations like Greece and Turkey reduced our fleet to 3,400 ships—and it is still the largest in the world. But of these 3,400 ships only 1,500 are in actual operation.

U.S. Shipping Trade in Slump

Since the war the percentage of American shipping carried in American bottoms has steadily declined. Even our once lucrative coastwise trade has not been revived since the war. (While subsidies make it possible for American lines to continue in foreign trade, there is no subsidy for coastwise shipping.)

There is no provision for bringing the dead fleet back to life, even in another form. The regulations say Liberty ships can be sold (to American citizens only, since March 1st of this year) to be used either as cargo ships or, if damaged and unseaworthy, as scrap. There are no regulations governing the conversion of Liberties into floating mail-order stores, filling stations, warehouses or machine shops. But if people want them for those purposes, the Maritime Commission thinks it could be arranged.

You can buy a Liberty pretty cheap and on more liberal terms than you can an automobile. The cost of building Liberties was anywhere from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 each. Now the base sales price is $639,000. With allowances for age and depreciation, some of the ships are priced as low as $544,506. On a purchase you must pay 25 per cent down; the remainder is amortized over a period of 20 years at 3½ per cent interest.

After you bought one, there would be some cost for conversion into a filling station or island trader. And you'd have to hire a crew of 37 to get your Liberty to where you're taking her. However, even if your project failed, it would by no means be a total loss. With scrap steel selling at $45 to $55 a ton, the metal in a Liberty is worth nearly her entire purchase price.

The Liberties were an expedient. They were designed for emergency use only. But they were versatile. Some were given better engines and converted into baby flattops. Others became assault transports, special transports for boxed aircraft, troop carriers and, of course, tankers.

They were expendable. Torpedoes found them in every sea. They tottered along the icy Murmansk run under the bombs of the *Luftwaffe*. They were the prey of kamikazes. They were filled with concrete and sunk in the Normandy invasion to become parts of artificial harbors.

The Maritime Commission suspects that in another war they would be used only in direst emergency, and in the certain knowledge that casualties would be enormous. Liberties without convoy were sitting ducks for the submarines of World War II—and these subs were Model T's compared to the schnorkel-equipped, radar-dodging submarine of today.

The Soviet Union has hundreds of these new subs and is building hundreds more. Using the schnorkel tube for breathing, they can cruise indefinitely without surfacing, and they glide underwater at 20 knots. They could run down and destroy Liberties the way a shark would cut through a school of jellyfish.

The Maritime Commission is now building two types of cargo vessels, the prototypes of a modern merchant fleet—a fleet that can be profitable in peace and have a chance for survival in war. They will be fast ships—faster than a submerged sub. The commission and the Navy would like to see our bays and rivers cleansed of Liberties so that Congress will not be deluded into believing we already have an adequate merchant fleet and refuse appropriations for new construction.

The government is eager to co-operate in taking the Liberties off the taxpayer's neck and putting them back to work. All that is needed is initiative, imagination and a little daring—which is exactly what Stephen Girard, clipper ship captains and the New England merchants possessed. Do we still have it?

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THE QUEEN MAKER

Continued from page 22

did it for a lot of kids. Come on. We're wasting time. You look like you could use a couple."

Jim said, "Thanks, Pop, but I guess—" He decided not to try to hide anything from the old eyes. "I think I've got something good, Pop. It's been so damn' long. I can't take a chance. I've got to see some other people. Thanks, anyhow."

He made a mock salute toward Pop and turned away. The only thing to do was to start walking, fast, before the moth could beat its wings any harder. The moth never would give up, but sometimes it could be almost forgotten.

Jim walked away from the bar and grill. Three cups of coffee and half a package of cigarettes got him through the early afternoon, into a newsreel office and out again. When a new edition of the Star came on the street, he bought half a dozen copies with the four-column picture of Darlene Coombs on page one. A large cut-line explained that Darlene, daughter of a well digger, was the newly elected queen of the annual Lily Festival at Shore City. The story with it was not long but it did mention the essential dates, May 1–8, and the Lily Growers Association of Shore City.

He took the newspapers with him when he boarded the bus back to Shore City. He also carried a savage headache and shaking hands.

ROBERT R. McCULLOUGH was pleased. He said so, looking at the four-column picture. "We never did get any publicity like that up in the city before," he admitted. "The lily growers are going to like this fine."

Jim said, "Some newsreel men will be down. We'll have to figure out some stunts for them. And I talked to a couple of magazine correspondents. They thought perhaps—"

McCullough said, "That's fine, Jim. I thought maybe you could do it, no matter what they said—" He stopped.

Jim said, "We haven't any time to waste. The first thing is to get right with the kid's folks. Somebody ought to see them tonight, before they begin having ideas."

"I never thought of that," McCullough admitted. "Maybe you'd better go out."

Jim said, "She lives clear out in the country. The thing to do is to pick her up at school. I'll need a car."

McCullough, fattening at the belt and with a chin to spare, picked up a letter opener which testified he had been a delegate to a luncheon club convention, and scowled at it. "I might as well be frank, Jim," he said. "You know I stuck my neck out by hiring you. Always before, we just had the Shore City editor—but this year, with you in town, I thought maybe if you straightened up—what I have to say is, don't let me down. You can take my car. Only don't get your nose wet, Jim. I'm depending on you."

Outside the office window the weak sun was giving up. Jim said, "You've never been down—really down, have you, Mac?"

"Well—"

"When you do get down, there aren't very many chances to pull back out. I didn't know, when I took this job, but now—I think we've really got something with this Coombs youngster. It means a lot more to me than it does to you."

"Don't get me wrong, Jim. I just meant—"

Jim said, "I know. That's one of the reasons I haven't asked you for any money in advance except just enough to eat on. But I won't wreck your car or you either, Mac.". . .

Darlene came from the high school hallway when a teacher called her. The teacher said, "Darlene, this is Mr. Waters, from the Festival Association. Darlene is one of our best students, Mr. Waters. We were all so pleased when she was elected queen."

In her low-heeled shoes, the top of the girl's head reached only to his shoulder. Her hair was blond, and she looked even less than seventeen until she smiled. Then there was nothing to remember except her smile. Even the sloppy-Joe sweater and the ballerina skirt looked very nice when Darlene smiled.

Somewhere, he knew he must have talked to seventeen-year-olds. But he could not remember where, and he was half frightened by the fact that he could think of nothing to say to this one now, either in the principal's office or on the way to McCullough's car at the curb. The girl herself saved him. She said, "I'm so excited I don't know what to say, Mr. Waters. My folks don't even know about it yet."

He said, "That's why I wanted to take you home. I want to answer any questions they may have."

The girl was quiet until he started the motor. Then she said, "Mr. Waters, I wonder if you would mind—there's a boy I almost always go home with, on the school bus. I didn't have time to tell him."

The boy who turned when Jim touched the sedan horn beside the school bus was tall, not beginning to fill out his clothes. Spectacles gave him almost a befuddled appearance, from a distance, but when he came close to the car the befuddlement proved to be nearsightedness. The grin with which he recognized Darlene was nice to see.

Darlene said the boy's name was Thomas Parham.

The boy said, "How do you do, Mr. Waters. Isn't it swell about Darlene?"

Jim understood little of their talk on the drive out the valley except that Darlene wondered whether she would have to make any speeches.

The boy, Tom, told her, "Gosh, you don't have to worry about that. All you have to do is to smile at them and they won't know whether you're talking or not."

That the youngster should have recognized this surprised Jim. Their talk of classes confused him; and when the boy got out of the car at a farm mailbox, he said at the last, "Don't worry about your geometry, Darlene. I'll have the problems ready for you in the morning."

Jim could not think of anything to say to Darlene on the remaining half mile to her home. Later, he could remember only one thing the girl had said. She had said, "I like Tom a lot. It was nice of him to help on my math, wasn't it?" This obviously was more important than to be queen, but Jim did not know exactly why. . . .

Mrs. Roger Coombs was perfect. The redness of her face, from leaning over a kitchen range; the smile which once had been like her daughter's; her choice of household decorations, even to a framed Home, Sweet Home in the tiny living room—all these things Jim marked in his reluctant mind for photographs.

COLLIER'S "I'd love to help you, dear, except—as you often say—you'd drop dead if I ever offered to!" MORT WALKER

He had no trouble in talking to Mrs. Coombs or to Darlene's twelve-year-old brother, Freddie, whose first reaction to Darlene's election was, "Gosh, she'll be swelled up like a poisoned pup now." Later, Freddie showed Jim his rabbit hutches while they waited for Roger Coombs to come home. Freddie thought about the election while he fed carrot tops to a rabbit. "I never figured," he said, "that my sister would get to be a queen."

There seemed to be nothing more to be said.

Roger Coombs was tired and his clothes were covered with clay from the well he had been digging that day. He was also a philosopher, which made obsolete most of Jim's arguments about the advantages Darlene would receive from being queen, the dresses the lily growers would buy, the important people she would meet.

Roger sat on the porch steps and lighted his pipe. He said, "Maybe it's a good thing a man really doesn't have to make up his mind about things like this, Mr. Waters. When they happen, you've never got no choice. Ma never had anything like this happen to her, so what I'd say wouldn't matter now. You know how women are. And it's a sure thing I won't ever be able to give Darlene nothing like she'll get out of being queen. The only thing that worries me is, what's she going to do afterward? After it's all over, she'll just have to come back to being my kid, and I'm nobody important. What about that?"

Jim's nerves were raw. He said, "I don't know, Mr. Coombs. I should tell you something, but I don't know."

"I guess," Coombs said, "all we can do is hope it won't hurt her none."

Jim said, "We'll both hope."

"Sure you won't stay to supper? I've got a little left in the wine jug."

Jim said, "Thanks, but I don't think I'd better."

"I'm sorry it ain't anything stronger."

"That's not it." Jim was annoyed at the knowledge in Coombs' eyes. "This thing moves fast. I have to get back to work. I just came out to tell you not to worry about Darlene. She'll get tired, but—"

"Thanks," Coombs said. "Not many people would think about us, way out here. So long as you're handling things, we won't worry."

Jim waved good-by to Darlene, inside the kitchen, but still he could think of nothing to say to her.

A CAPTAIN from the Army was there with his helicopter because he had been told to be there by a general who understood the uses of publicity. The captain was not making any trouble in the lily field by the lake. Jim said, "Just bring that thing down right over the kid, Captain. Hold it long enough so the newsreels can get footage on you coming down and on the queen handing you a bunch of lilies. Got it?"

The captain said he had it. "Just signal with your arm," the captain said, "when you want me to come down."

Jones, from Western Newsreel, was not so easy. Jones looked at Darlene and a box full of lilies, waiting beside the field. He said, "Hey, what the hell! You got that kid dressed up like a Sunday-school party. What about a bathing suit? She's got nice legs. You need some zip in this stunt."

Jim said, "You're not in Florida, Jones. This kid's just seventeen, out of high school, not a burlesque chorus. No cheesecake. We don't need it, not with this girl."

Jones examined him. He said, "I keep thinking I've known you somewhere before. You ever work in Omaha?"

Jim said, "For a while."

"What were you doing?"

Jim's palms were sweating. He said, "I was editor. That was a long time ago."

"Editor? Oh, sure, now I remember. You were the guy—"

Jim kept his voice flat. "They fired me after three months," he said. "For drunkenness."

Jones waited, then laughed. It was not unkind. He said, "I wasn't editor, but they didn't give me no presents when I left, either." He readjusted his tripod as the helicopter lumbered into the air. "You got a nice property in this kid, Waters. I don't blame you for being careful of it."

Jim crossed to Darlene, waiting beside the flowers. Her smile, curiously, was more adult than it had been before. "You'll have to tell me what to do, Mr. Waters," she said, "I never even saw anything like this before."

He said, "Don't worry about it. Just smile toward the cameras after you hand the flowers to the pilot. It's just a gag, something for the newsreels."

"Will it be in one of those at the show downtown?"

"If it's not," he said, "I'll be hunting another job."

Queen Darlene looked at him, sud-

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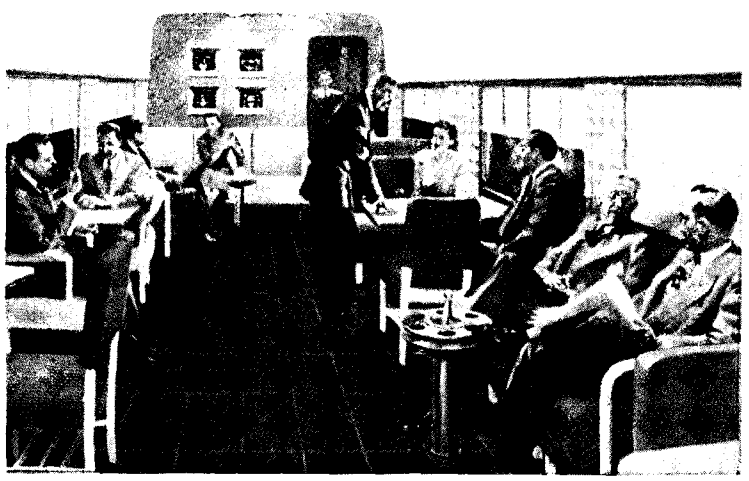

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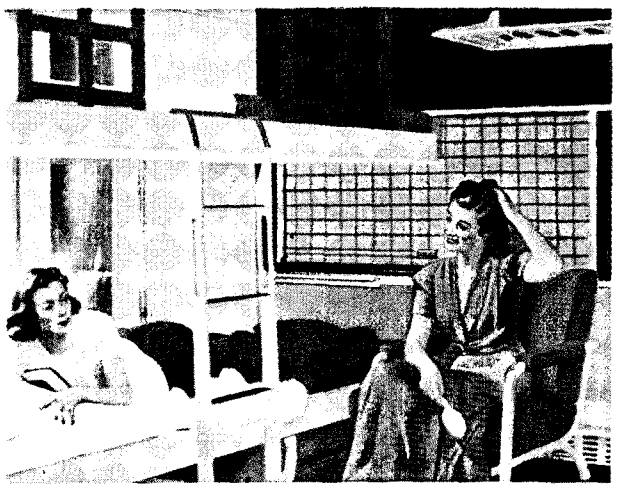

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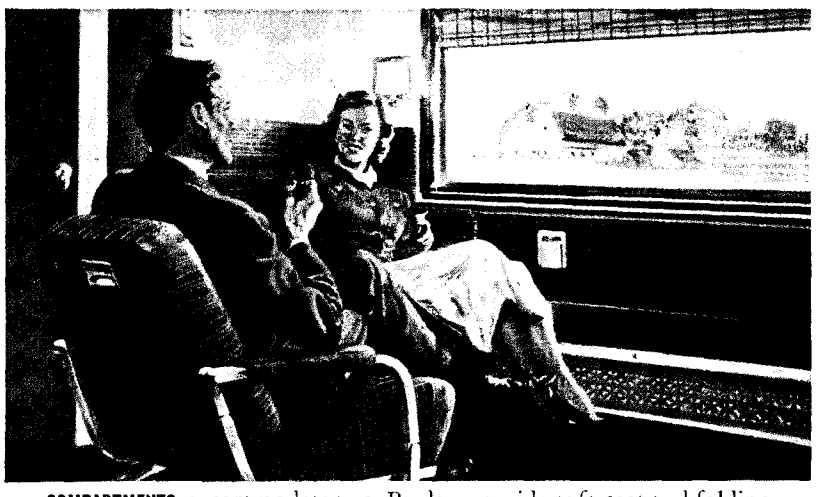

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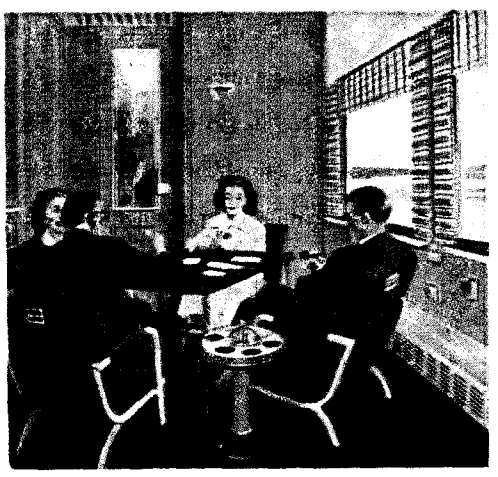

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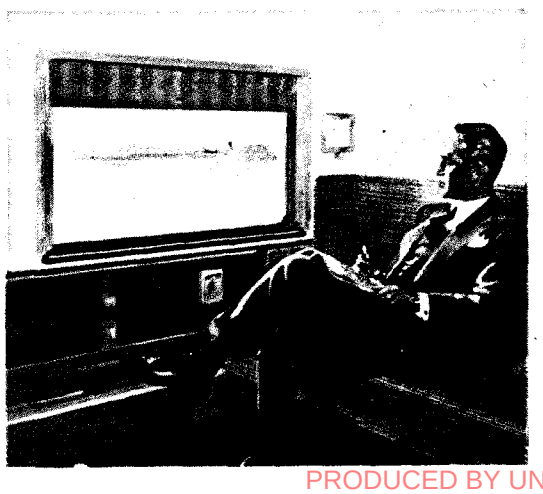

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denly serious, and for a moment he imagined she could see him as a person. She said, "Oh, I hope nothing like that happens. I wouldn't know what to do about any of this without you."

For the first time all day, the tight wire in his head slacked off.

When the newsreel men had finished, Darlene got into McCullough's car with Jim. Headed toward Portland, he stepped up his speed, finding something calming in the motor's power. He said, "We'll have to hurry to get back by dinnertime. I'm sorry we couldn't have found somebody else to help you pick out the dresses."

The child beside him smiled again. She said, "I think you know better what I should have than any woman."

He let the silence hang on until they were on the outskirts of the city. Then he said, "How's Tom? Tom Parham, the boy with the glasses?"

Darlene said Tom was fine. She said, "I haven't seen him much in the last few days. I hope he understands how it is."

AT a department store Jim showed his letter of authorization from the Lily Growers Association to a buyer of coats and dresses.

"I'm the association press agent," he said.

The buyer said she understood. Her smile was indulgent but became less so when he waved away the first three dresses she produced. He said, "Nothing like that. No flounces. It has to be simple. This dress is going to be in a lot of pictures, and the pictures will go a lot of places."

The buyer said, "I've handled this for the festival every year. Always before, they've liked—"

Jim said, "This year is different."

The buyer put away the little-girl formals with the flounces. After she had brought out two other dresses, both so plain that they shouted their fantastic prices, Jim said, "Pick the one you like, Darlene, and get it fitted. I'll be back in an hour."

At an air-line office, the local manager welcomed him. The manager said, "Your queen is a knockout."

"You think we can line up the trip south?"

"It's all set for the tenth, right after the lily festival. One of our stewardesses will chaperon, and there'll be a seat for you. You'll come back three days later—if you do come back. Funny things can happen down there. You have the girl set for lunch with a couple of stars and that junk while you're in Hollywood?"

Jim said, "They're making a picture called Lily Street and I know some people in it. It should be simple."

The air-line manager grinned and stood up to end the interview so that he could go out for coffee, although he did not say so. He did say, "You're a lucky press agent, Waters. We couldn't manage this unless the girl was really something extra."

A block down the street, Jim climbed a stair to the office of an attorney he had once known. When the greetings were over, he said, "Archie, I want a standard personal agency contract. You can have ten dollars cash or fifty on the cuff."

Archie said he would take the cash.

"Make it out," Jim told him, "with me as agent and Roger Coombs, party of the second part, as legal guardian of a minor child, Darlene Coombs."

The contract was in his pocket when he returned to the department store where the buyer had the evening dress, a daytime suit, hats, hose and shoes ready but not wrapped. She said, "I wanted to be sure you were satisfied, Mr. Waters."

Jim looked at the clothes. He said, "You know your business."

"The lily growers won't like the bill. It's three times as big as last year. I looked up the old account."

Jim's head was aching again. He said, "I'll worry about that after the tenth of May."

In the valley outside Shore City, he went into the Coombs house with Darlene, still feeling as if he were accompanying a person speaking some foreign language. To Roger Coombs, sitting across the kitchen table, he explained, "This probably never will mean anything; but in case anything should happen—I mean, some opportunity for Darlene might come up fast—somebody should have power to sign legal papers for her. That's what this agency contract means." Then he went on, because for some reason he had to go on. He said, "It doesn't cost anybody anything unless Darlene gets some sort of a job through me. In that case, I collect a standard fee—ten per cent."

Roger Coombs squinted at the contract. He said, "What kind of a job?"

"That's hard to say—modeling maybe. A lot of things can happen down south."

Roger Coombs accepted Jim's pen. He said, "I told you, we won't worry about anything while you're managing things."

Jim took McCullough's car back to the office. He told McCullough about the newsreels and the shopping spree in Portland. He did not tell him about the contract.

McCullough was delighted by the Hollywood plan. He said that was what the lily growers especially wanted, national publicity. He said, "Jim, you're doing a fine job. And you're not doing yourself a bit of harm, either. Several of the lily growers have spoken to me about it. I wouldn't be surprised if next year—"

McCullough had risen to be a festival manager by being a cautious man. He did not explain exactly what he thought might happen the next year.

Maida Minton was cautious, too. Jim had trouble reaching her by long-distance telephone at the studio where Lily Street was being completed; and after he had told her his name a second time, there was a long pause before she said, "Jim! How are you? I haven't seen you since you quit doing that column in San Francisco."

Jim said he was still alive. "Maida," he said, "I'm bringing a lily queen down to Hollywood. She's a sweet kid, and since you're in the picture—"

He waited out the next pause. Maida's voice had changed when the pause ended, and there was no fond memory in it now. She said, "So I should have her for lunch and introduce her to people?"

"That was the general idea—and a screen test."

Miss Maida Minton, born Donazelli, made herself clear. She said, "What do I get out of it?"

"I haven't seen your stills in the newspapers very much lately, Maida."

Maida outlined what she thought of the studio publicity department. There was jealousy, and you couldn't trust anybody at all.

"This little queen is a real beauty," Jim said. "Just a little country kid who's never been anywhere. Her eyes will be open a yard wide."

"And if I'm a smart girl, I can get into all the pictures people make of the cornshuck beauty?"

Jim said, "We'll be down on the tenth. I'm counting on you."

ON HIS bed at his rooming house, Jim could not sleep. His throat was raw and burning, desperately dry. When he went downstairs, trousers pulled over his pajamas, the landlady was preparing a midnight lunch for a roomer who worked an overnight shift at a lumber mill. Presently, the landlady left her stove and came to have coffee with the two men. She did not like the way Jim looked. "You look," she said, "like you was dragged through a knothole."

Jim attempted a smile.

She said, "Look, Waters, you know how I feel about the way you used to come in all corned up every night—but there's no use killing yourself just to prove you can. You need a drink? I could find some around somewhere."

A single coal slowly burned its way through his temple and kept burning. He said, "Thanks, but maybe I can sleep now. This won't have to be for much longer."

It did have to be for the three days of the Shore City Lily Festival. Darlene's eyes were circled now, but she still was smiling for the photographers down from Portland, saying, "Just tell me how you want me to pose." Jim had to be there to see that the poses were right, to see that luncheons were where they were supposed to be, and that parades started on time.

When the last parade was over, he lifted an exhausted Darlene from the queen's lily-decked float and found her sobbing suddenly against his chest. Words tumbled out. "I couldn't even see my folks," she said. "I looked everywhere. I wanted them to be here."

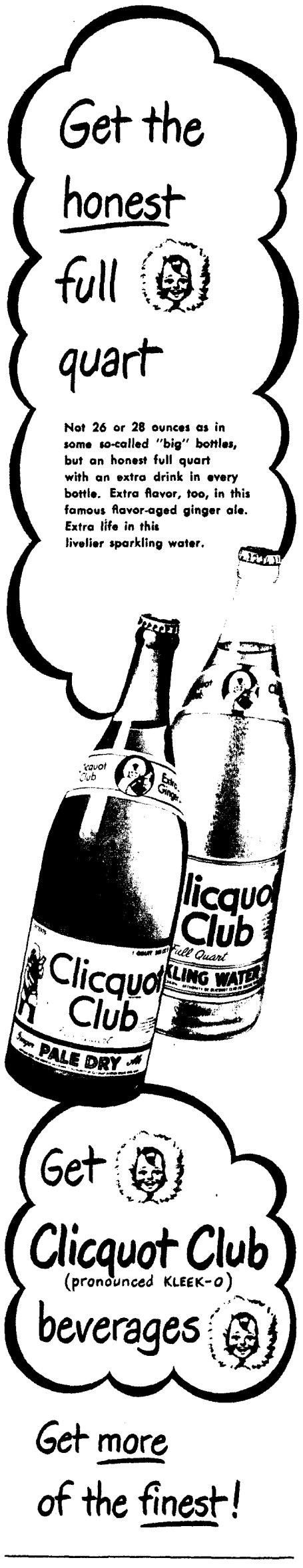
He said, "They were on the second floor of the bank, baby, where your mother could sit down."

She sniffled and he lent her a handkerchief. "I couldn't find Tom, either." She was a little girl now, not at all like a queen. "He wasn't anywhere."

He said, "Tom?"

Clancy — *By John Ruge*

COLLIER'S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"Tom Parham. He said he'd take me to a movie right after the parade. We had a date."

Jim guided her into a soda fountain and bulwarked her against the crush of people until she stopped crying. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cry."

A little girl, disappointed by a missed date on a day when she was a queen. This was a child's reaction, and for once he knew her. Jim said, "Darlene, what do you want?"

It was not the time or place, nor had he used the right words. The girl looked at him, blankness in the lovely eyes. "What do I want? I don't know what you mean, Mr. Waters."

He let it go. Presently, the tall Parham boy found them, in spite of the crowd, and Jim watched two youngsters go off to a movie. He carefully folded the queen's royal robe and carried it back to festival headquarters; and on the way, he told a number of people he did not know what had become of Queen Darlene.

THERE were half a dozen people he knew, around the table and passing by in the studio restaurant. Mark Roberts, who had been on the Morning Post when Jim was running the city desk, stopped to shake hands. Maida, playing gracious hostess now, introduced a director to Darlene. She added, "And this is Jim Waters, one of my very oldest friends. Jim found this lovely youngster clear up in a lily field."

"Jim," said the director, "is not blind."

Maida did not introduce a blonde who smiled but kept on walking past their table. When Jim asked, Maida was specific. "That is the miserable little tramp," she said, "who got a very fat part right out from under my nose."

Jim said, "Oh." On Maida's other side, Darlene was staring at a dark man in a sport coat. Maida said, "You're right, honey, that's the schoolgirl's choice, in person."

When the man had gone on, Maida said to Jim, "Don't let him get one step closer than that. Not if you want your little queen the way she is. I know."

Two youngish juveniles stopped and were introduced. As they moved on, Maida looked up at a small fat man. Her expression was different now, with no barbs in it. Jim remembered a Maida Donazelli who had been singing in her uncle's club in San Francisco, a little family club where people applauded as much because they knew her as because she could sing. The woman looking up from the table toward that fat man had something of the look of Maida Donazelli, but there was a difference. She smiled at the fat man and made room so a hurrying waiter could bring him a chair.

Maida said, "I'm glad you could come, Charlie. It wouldn't have been a good party without you. Charlie, this is the little girl I was telling you about, from the lily festival."

Charlie's eyes were blank when he looked at Darlene, but the girl blushed, quite suddenly.

"Charlie," Maida said, "this is Jim Waters, an old friend of mine from San Francisco."

Charlie continued to look at Darlene. His china-blue eyes were small, opaque and almost round. He said nothing until a waiter hovered at his shoulder. Then Charlie ordered crackers and milk, which were brought immediately. Charlie ate them and wiped his mouth. His eyes were still blank when he looked at Maida. He said, "Got some reports on that last stinker of yours. Business is lousy."

Maida's smile was not in the least affected by the flat voice or the blank eyes. Charlie looked past Maida to Darlene. Once he almost smiled, and Jim wished he had not. He said, "You're a real cute kid."

After he had gone, Maida told Jim that Charlie was a very good man to know. Charlie was a producer and at the moment could make or break any player in the studio. Maida said, "I think he liked you, Darlene."

There was a curious drumbeat in Jim's head. He said, "That was a nice little place your uncle used to have on North Beach. Is it still there?"

After a pause, Maida said, "I guess so, Jim."

"How is he—your Uncle Arturo? He used to think you were wonderful."

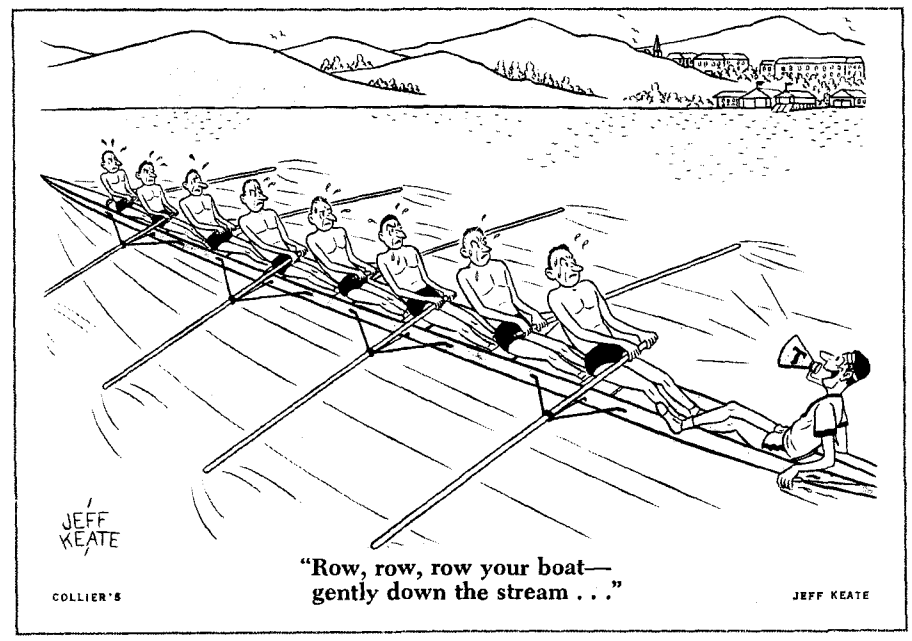
Jim had to repeat the question. Then Maida said, "I guess he's all right. I never hear from him."

Presently, Maida had to go back on the set of Lily Street, and Jim waited while a bored young man put Darlene through the motions of the standard screen test reserved for people who manage to get screen tests through publicity office politics. Later, he rode with her in a studio car back toward her hotel. He asked, "How did you like the studio?"

Darlene said, "Oh, it was loads of fun. I enjoyed it a lot."

He smoked another cigarette to stop the shaking of his hands.

Darlene said, "Who was that little fat man? I didn't understand what Miss Minton was talking about."



"Row, row, row your boat—
gently down the stream . . ."

"Charlie? Charlie is a producer."

Darlene shivered in spite of the hot afternoon. She said, "He made me feel—I felt awfully queer when he was there."

Jim examined garish store fronts. "Charlie is a very important man out there. I think he liked you."

That much it was necessary to say, that much as insurance against the unlikely. His words had nothing to do with the sharp stabs of pain in his head, the tight numbness inclosing the pain. He could go just so far.

Darlene turned directly toward him; and something about the way she turned, in the eyes and the beginning of her lovely smile, was newly adult. She said, "I hope so. Did I act all right?"

Somehow, it should be possible to know a seventeen-year-old. He said, "Darlene—" There should have been better words, but he could think only of, "What do you want, Darlene? What do you want to do to be happy?"

It was not possible to know a seventeen-year-old. The girl said, "What do I want? That's the second time you've asked me that, Mr. Waters. I don't know what you mean."

James Waters said, "You did fine out at the studio. All you ever have to do is smile, and nothing else matters." A moth beat great furry wings savagely, pounding them against the prison of his chest.

When the telephone call to his hotel room came in the evening, he knew he had been sitting there waiting for it, confident it would come. Mark Roberts said, "Jim, I'd like to come down and see you."

Jim ordered a bottle from the hotel bar, but it was still unopened on the bureau when Roberts finally knocked. Roberts noted the seal on the bottle. "Things seem to have changed since you were on the Post," he said. "Weren't you the guy who always threw away the corks?"

Jim said, "That was a long time ago. Help yourself."

Roberts wanted to get it over with, he said, so he could leave for a week end. "These movie salaries," he explained, "really don't mean much, but the studio keeps this mountain place; and sometimes, my wife and I—"

Jim said, "What was on your mind, Mark?"

"They made a quick print on the test of this kid you have here."

Jim did not ask whether the screen test of Darlene had been good. If it had not been good, Roberts would have been on his way to the mountains by this time.

Roberts said, "I'll level with you, Jim. Some people liked it."

"Charlie?"

Roberts examined his glass. "I hear you have an agency setup with the kid—what's her name?"

"Darlene Coombs, aged seventeen, the daughter of a well digger."

Roberts' voice was soft. "I don't care if Papa has two heads. Some people thought the kid ought to have a little chance."

Jim's mouth was dry. Once, he looked at the bureau where the bottle was. But at that moment he could not force his legs to lift him. He said, "You used to be in San Francisco, Mark. Did you know Maida when her name was Donazelli?"

Roberts said, "I used to be lucky. No. It's bad enough knowing her with Minton for a name."

"Maida was a nice kid—sang in a little club her uncle owned; and on Saturday nights, all the Donazellis in town would come down to yell and pound their feet when Maida would sing something they knew. I used to spend whole evenings there, just listening to her—you could drink wine in the place all night and not spend more than a couple of bucks."

Mark looked at his watch. "I'll believe it if you say so, Jim. But I haven't got time to talk about it. If you want to talk business on this other kid, this lily queen, I brought down a contract. Initial it, and we'll fix the legal details Monday."

Jim did get up this time and poured a drink in the bottom of a glass. But he left it sitting on the bureau when Mark stirred. He said, "No, I don't think so."

After a minute, Mark sighed. He said, "All right, Jim, so you know I'm in a hurry and you can make it tough, just by acting like an agent. I hoped you'd be different, but I really didn't expect any such luck. What do you want?"

"Nothing, Mark."

"I went to some trouble before I came down, just to have something to talk about if this sort of thing happened. You know better than to think you can hold us up. The kid gets a starlet contract, that's all. Your cut won't amount to much for a couple of years, if ever."

Jim said, "That wasn't what I was thinking of."

"What I found out with a little trouble was how things have been with you lately. So I'm ready to talk. Give the kid to us on a reasonable contract and we put you into the publicity setup. You get a hundred and seventy-five a week."

"It would be nice to make a hundred and seventy-five a week."

"Then you'll sign?" Mark was digging into his pocket for the contract. "We'll give the girl the usual training and some bit parts. It's a good start for her."

The moth was beating its wings again. Jim had trouble lighting a cigarette. He said, "Thanks, Mark, but I don't think so. Darlene gets on a plane tonight, for Shore City."

"Why?"

"Kids are funny. You can't talk to them, or find out what they want—like they spoke another language. I keep thinking about Maida, a nice little kid singing in a nice little club with her uncles clapping their hands. The Donazellis all used to love her."

Roberts tried a few more times, then gave up. He said, "Jim, I don't have to tell you there isn't any publicity job, unless—"

"No, you don't have to tell me."

At the door, Roberts looked back. He said, "I think you're nuts, Waters. Maybe you always were."

Jim said, "Maybe."

DARLENE rode in a limousine with Jim to the airport. She was tired now, and troubled. She said, "I thought you were going back to Shore City with me, Mr. Waters."

"Not right now," he said. "I called your folks. Tom Parham will bring them over to meet you in his father's car. They'll all be at the airport in Shore City." In the limousine seats ahead, other passengers muttered to one another about being sure to write, and not to forget.

Darlene said, "Mr. Waters, when do you think we'll hear about that screen test they made this afternoon—how good it was?"

He tried to make his voice sound kind. "I'm sorry, baby. I don't think it was any good."

"Not at all?"

He said, "Not any good at all."

As Darlene hesitated at the airport passenger gate, Jim covered her small hand with his own. He said, "Good-by, baby."

Afterward, he rode back to his hotel and checked a railroad schedule to Phoenix. There was a newspaper war in Phoenix. Somebody might have a job open.

Only after he had taken off his shoes did he notice the opened bottle still on the bureau top. He replaced the cap and dropped the bottle into a drawer where a delighted chambermaid would find it after he had checked out in the morning.

A tiny moth flew in the open window and hovered around the light bulb. James Waters put out the light quickly. He knew that for once he would be able to sleep. He hoped the little moth would get safely out of the darkened room.

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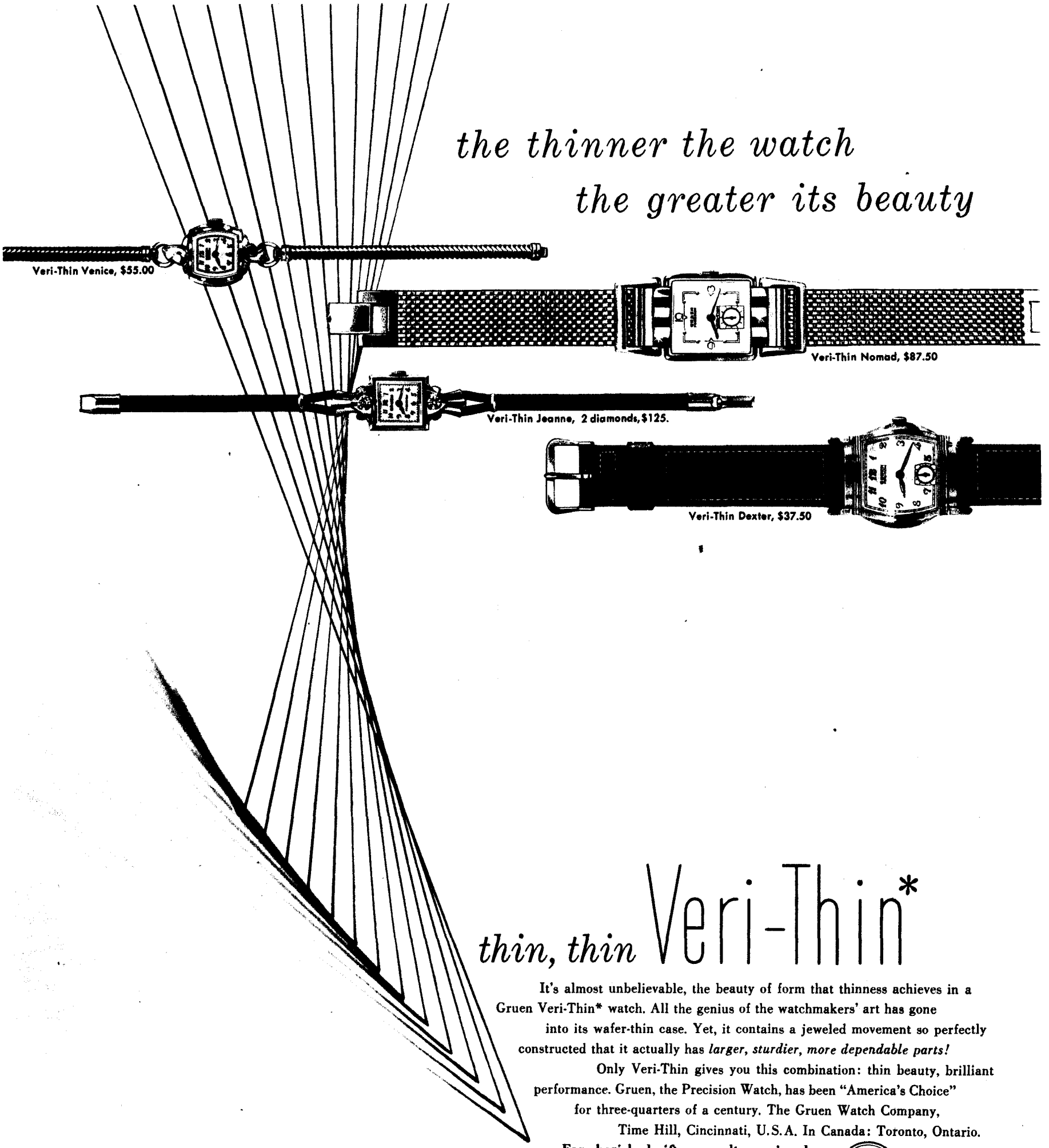

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PRIDE'S CASTLE

Continued from page 26

just the same as they had ever been, no better nor any worse, and her clothes, which, being a combination of her own exquisite taste and Courtney's generosity, were really quite remarkable. And they hinted mischievously at the possibility of another Randolph heir. That, Sharon thought soberly, would probably be the ideal solution for all things. But she had no time to finish her thought. For Robert Bernstein was coming through the doorway with his brief case in his hand, and behind him strode Pride Dawson.

"You!" Sharon said.

"Who was you expecting—the Angel Gabriel?" Pride grinned.

"I should have known," Sharon whispered. "Of all the low, contemptible tricks—"

Robert Bernstein looked at her in some astonishment. "Now really, Miss O'Neil," he began. "This is a perfectly ordinary business deal. I see nothing unfair or illegal about it."

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Mister Bernstein," she said quietly. "But Mr. Dawson knows quite well that I would not sell my shop to him if he were the last man upon earth. He also knew that I would not have left my home even to come here and discuss the matter—that's why he was so careful to conceal his identity. So, if you have any other business to attend to, or other clients waiting, I'd suggest that you go back to your office. For there will be no business transacted here today."

Robert Bernstein looked from Sharon to his employer in helpless astonishment.

"All right, Bob," Pride said, "reckon we'll have to put this off a while."

"And you," Sharon said, seeing that Pride was lounging calmly in the doorway, "go with him! I have nothing to say to you."

"But I have things to say to you," Pride grinned. "Now if you had your choice, would you rather I said 'em right here in front of all these nice, sweet little gals of yours—or would you rather go riding round the park where I can say them kind of privately?"

"Oh, you!" Sharon exploded, but Pride did not move.

"Come along, hon," he said gently.

THERE was, Sharon realized, real sincerity in his tone. Besides there was no real harm in a quiet conversation with an old friend. The term, oddly enough, fitted Pride. He had been her lover, true enough; but he had been a companion in a way that Courtney could never be. She and Pride, as he had so often declared, had been meant for each other.

"All right," she said shortly, "but you'll have to be brief—I haven't much time."

"You are going to be surprised how brief I can be," Pride said gruffly.

He took her by the arm and led her out on the sidewalk. His smart little road wagon waited at the curb, with the two horses tossing their silky manes, and pawing the cobblestones.

He lifted her up and climbed in beside her. Then he cracked the whip sharply and they moved off. Sharon got a fleeting glance at Mathilda's face as they whirled away; it was filled with disapproval.

Pride half turned and looked at her.

"I said I'd make it short," Pride growled. "And I will. I can say all I want to in one sentence. Are you happy?"

How easy life is, Sharon thought miserably, for those who can lie! Then she lifted her head and faced him. "No."

"I thought so. If you had said yes to that, that would have been all I was going to say. Now, I can say more. When are you coming back to me, Sharon?"

"Never," Sharon said.

"That," Pride said grimly, "is one hell of a long time. Longer than you can figger. You aren't happy—I'm not happy, Courtney isn't happy, Esther isn't either. Why? Because you've just got to play according to the rules. I'm not asking you to come back as my mistress but as my wife. Esther won't mind giving me a divorce—she can marry Joe Fairhill day after tomorrow."

Sharon turned toward him and put her hand on his arm. "No, Pride," she said, "we couldn't. Life is too terribly simple for you. It consists of what you have and what you want. But for me there are other considerations: what is right and honest and decent and acceptable in the sight of God. I said I wasn't happy. You know why, Pride? Because Courtney found a letter from you, which I was

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too weak, or too witless to destroy. Now, he's consumed with jealousy—and it's making our life a hell."

"You—love him?" Pride demanded.

Sharon bent her head and stared at the toes of her expensive shoes. "No."

"Then what's so honest and fine about it?"

"I told him before we were married that I did not," Sharon said softly. "But that I would try to learn to. And I have tried, Pride—God knows I've tried! But I—I cannot."

"Because you love me?" Pride murmured.

Sharon straightened up and looked him full in the face. "Yes," she said quietly, "because I love you—God help me!"

Pride put out a great arm and drew her to him. She lay against his big chest without motion, but her whole body was rigid, with no surrender in it anywhere.

"No, Pride," she said.

Slowly he released her. "I'm not going to argue with you, Sharon. I did that once. When you left me, I came to you and talked loud and mean and dirty, I'm ashamed of that. There never was nothing like that between us. No meanness or dirt. It was a good love, wasn't it? Except for somebody mumbling the words over the Book, it was just like being married, wasn't it? I had the words with Esther—you had them with Courtney—and that didn't make a marriage, did it? It takes love for that—someday, nothing or nobody'll stand in our way any more. I keep wishing that someday I'll stick out my arms and you'll come running—without shame, without being afraid. Oh, hell, let's go somewhere and get something to eat. I'm wasting my time and yours."

"Oh, Pride," Sharon wept. "Pride."

"Hush, honey. I'm not worth crying over, and you know it. Come on, now—they've got some Portugee Madeira over at Delmonico's that'll make you forget all your troubles."

But you are worth crying over, Sharon thought. You always were. My great, untamed pagan. My creature out of the myths and legends—Lucifer fallen from heaven. Oh, yes, Pride, you're worth all my tears. And you're right about the rules. They don't apply to you. If—only they did not—to me.

THE first thing Sharon saw when she got back to Pittsburgh was the fact that the bed had not been slept in. Poor Court, she thought, he's been having a bad time of it. But I'll make it up to him.

But after she had finished cooking the dinner, and looked up at the clock, she realized that it was long past the time that Courtney usually came back from the mill. She sat quite still, waiting. The hands crawled around the dial with agonizing slowness. What's happened to him? she thought. Oh, my God—I wonder if—

She was up now, and running toward the closet where she kept her wraps. Then she set out toward the mill, riding the horsecars and later on a cab. When she got there, the watchman on the gate greeted her kindly.

"No, ma'am, Mister Courtney ain't been here—not in two, three days. Wondered about it a bit myself—seeing as how he always stops a bit for a word with me. Pleasant man, he is, too; nothing uppity about your husband, ma'am."

"But where is he?" Sharon cried. "Haven't you any idea?"

"No'm. But you can go in there and ask some of the bosses. They'll know."

"Thank you," Sharon whispered. "Thank you very much." Then she went into the mill.

But here, too, she got no information. Courtney's associates were genuinely surprised to learn that he had not been at home with her.

"Thought he was sick," they said.

There was nothing to do, now, but go home and wait. Sharon entered the house and sat down in a chair in the living room. It was a thing she did not often do. Yet, today, there was a certain rightness about sitting there in the room usually reserved for infrequent guests.

The light spilled over the rim of the world, the late sun was drowned in mill smoke, and the darkness was shot through with tongues of flame. Sharon sat very still with the flame glow from the stacks of the distant blast furnace flickering across her face; but she made no move to rise and light the gas jets. The intermittent red from the coking ovens and the yellow-white spewed up by the Bessemer converters came through the dusty windowpanes and transformed her staid, Victorian sitting room into a scene out of the Inferno.

SHARON waited. The morning came in with a grayness, the sun fighting its eternally losing battle with the finely suspended soot, mill smoke, scale and haze that forever hid the sky over the steel city, until finally Sharon could stand it no longer and rose stiffly from her chair. She was conscious of being hungry and thirsty, and thought wryly how oblivious the body's needs are to disaster.

He's dead, she thought suddenly, wildly. Oh, my God, he's dead! Then she ran into the bedroom and flung herself across the still unrumpled bed.

After a day or two, she got used to the waiting. She knew that she should have gone to the police long ago, but somehow she could not bring herself to do it. What if they asked her if there were any reasons for her husband to leave home? What could she tell them except the truth—and that was beyond bearing, for the truth was a very private matter, between Courtney and herself.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, she heard the heavy tread of the postman on the veranda. She got up and walked toward the door, her face heavy with frowning. Oh, Pride, she thought, you promised not to write any more! Why must you continue to torment me?

But the letter, when she picked it up was in Courtney's delicate hand.

It was a long time, before she could control her trembling fingers enough to open it. But once she had, phrases flew up at her, blinding in their terrible simplicity.

"I'm in New York," she read. "I arrived here shortly after you did—in time to witness your leaving the shop in the company of Pride Dawson. Later, you dined at Delmonico's; after that I hadn't the heart to follow you any more.

"This is, of course, good-by. It is far better this way, Sharon. I have made provisions so that you will never again know want. Beyond that—what can I say? That I trusted you, and you lied to me? You know that. That I believed in you and you betrayed me? What good

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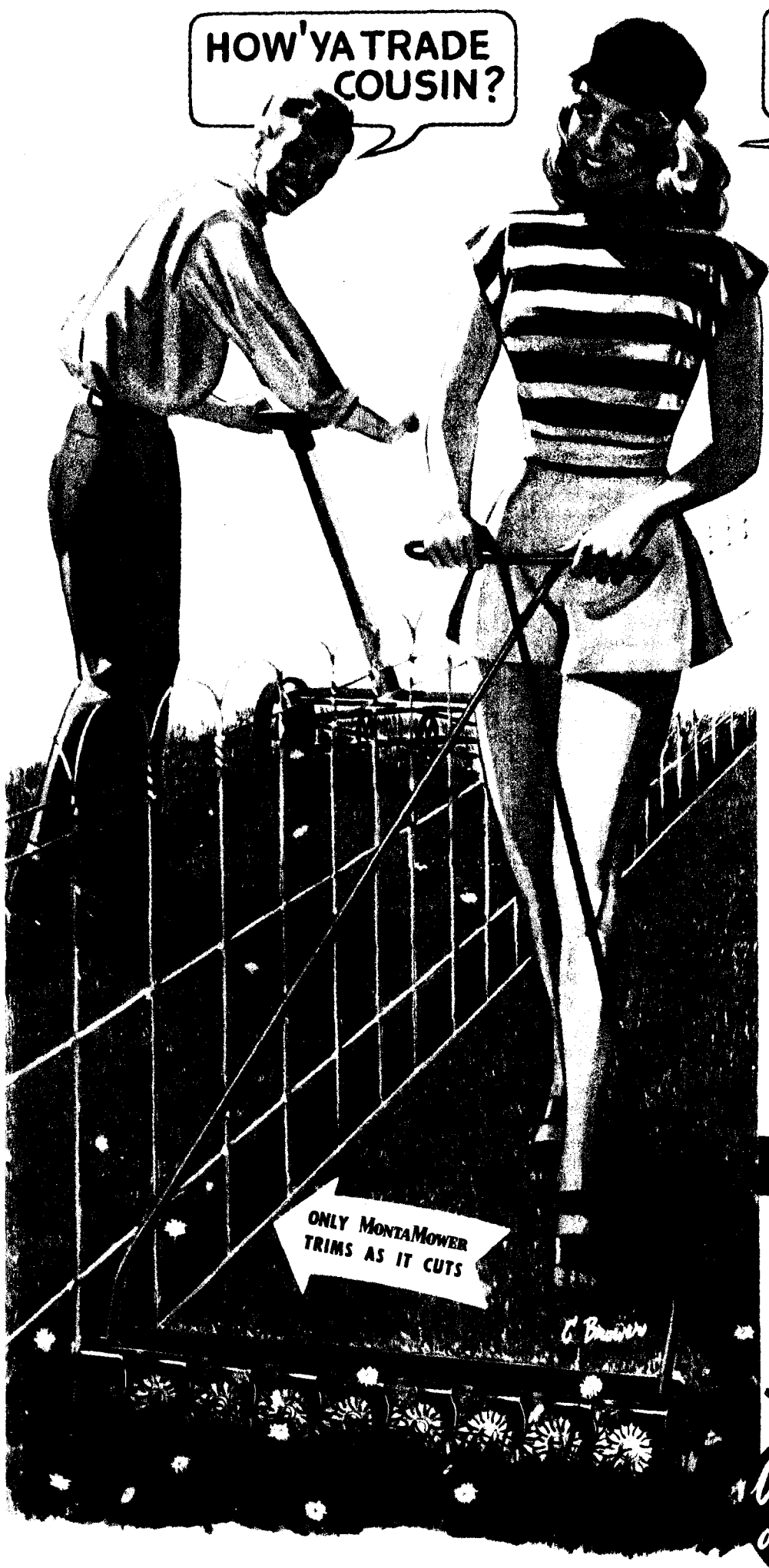

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is it to say it? What good is anything any more?

"I keep telling myself that I am wrong—that there is some other explanation for what I saw. But there cannot be. In closing, permit me to say that I love you still with all my heart, that you have my forgiveness fully, freely given. Yet, I cannot come back to a life of doubt and mistrust. Therefore, my little Sharon, farewell—and all my love, always, Court."

Sharon stood there holding the letter in her hand. Her fingers closed over it slowly, crumpling it into a tight ball. Then she flung it from her and ran toward the closet where her clothes were. She threw a few necessities into a bag, put her hat firmly down upon her dark, soft curling hair, and ran from the house.

When the cab drew up before the station, she was astonished to find that the ticket window was closed. She put her bag down, and ran along the platform, seeking someone, anyone from whom she might learn a way to reach New York. After a moment, she saw the men, gathered into tight little groups, talking quietly.

"Please," she gasped, "the train for New York! Has it gone? I must catch it—I have to go! I've got to!"

They looked at her quietly, almost pityingly. One of the older men cleared his throat.

"Sorry, ma'am," he said. "There ain't no trains running out of Pittsburgh. Not to New York—not to anywhere. Ain't you heard about the strike?"

"Strike?" Sharon echoed blankly. "What strike?"

"The railroads, ma'am. Nearly every one in the country. They cut our wages for the third time—and we got children what has to eat same as anybody. There's a few trains still coming in—but none going out. I'm sorry, ma'am."

"You're sorry!" Sharon cried. "You're sorry!" Then, more quietly. "Forgive me. It's not your problem, really."

She turned very quietly and went back to where her baggage stood in a forlorn little heap upon the platform. Then she picked it up and walked from the station, her dark eyes blank and unseeing.

AMONG the passengers on the last train to reach Pittsburgh before the greatest strike in American history in point of numbers involved and the amount of destruction created, two desperate men rode. One was Pride Dawson, coming to Pittsburgh to see after his marshaling yards, and, if possible, to protect Sharon. The other was Courtney Randolph in the last car nervously chewing his nails. They were, of course, not together.

Despite his intention of leaving her Courtney could no longer stay away now that the clicking wires hourly poured into the newspaper offices of New York their horrid tales of death and disaster.

They both saw Pittsburgh burning a full hour before they reached it. A little later, they could hear the booming of the dynamite, and still later, the harsh crackle of rifle fire. Now and again, the quick stutter of Gatling guns punctuated the atmosphere. Pride reached into his pocket and drew out the "virgin's pistol." It was a beautiful little weapon, heavily engraved and embossed with silver. On the barrel, the name "Sharon" had been engraved.

This in itself, was a kind of madness, if one did not know Pride. But his love for the magnificent had grown with the years, and as he had hastily sought a gunsmith's shop to buy a pocket pistol for Sharon in the event she refused to return with him from the terror-racked city, his eye had fallen upon the little gun which the women of Louisiana in former years had used to protect their chastity. The real piece of folly had been his decision to wait while the old German lovingly engraved her name upon the barrel. This had cost Pride two full hours and had almost made him miss the train. Not that he regretted it—such flamboyant gestures were almost a part of him.

The train stopped a full mile from the station, which was burning like so much tinder, and the passengers made their way into the city. By the time that they reached it, they were bruised, dirty and torn, for they had to fight their way through a howling, frenzied mob of citizens intent upon no other object save loot. The closer they came, the worse it grew. There were bodies in the street now, for the most part women and children trampled underfoot by the mobs.

WHEN they reached the roundhouse, the passengers stopped still, and watched in pure amazement as the people of Pittsburgh dragged two bronze cannon into position and aimed them to answer the fire of the Gatling guns manned by the militiamen trapped in the roundhouse. Pride stood there, as women ran past, their arms full of bolts of cloth. There were other men and women loaded down with hams, smoked meat, fruit and foodstuffs of all sorts. Still others had liquor.

Grinning, a bearded anarchist pulled up a packing box, and mounted upon it. "Men of Pittsburgh!" he cried. "To arms! The day of vengeance is at hand!"

"You tell 'em, brother!" someone shouted; but the rest of the anarchist's speech was lost in a rattle of Gatling fire. Pride saw the would-be cannoneers reel away from their weapons and sprawl grotesquely upon the grass. Then others appeared, pushing a haycart. They poured oil and liquor over it, and a man applied the torch. Then they shoved it down the grade so that it crashed into the roundhouse. The flames leaped up, bloodying the sky.

He turned in time to see a Negro busily engaged in pushing his head into the barrel where the firebrands had obtained their liquor to ignite the haycart. The man with the torch saw the black, too, and brought the torch downward into the barrel. The flames came up with a gigantic "Whoosh!" and the Negro fell back, afire from head to heel. Then he ran off, screaming, trailing five-yard-long curtains of flame behind him.

Pride looked toward the marshaling yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and started counting the locomotives that burned there, overturned like gigantic beetles by the charges of dynamite the strikers had put under them. When he reached one hundred, he stopped, because the explosions were still continuing faster than he could count.

Pride did not even attempt to reach the small marshaling yards that the Pennsylvania Railroad had leased to him; one look at the destruction in the Pennsylvania's own yards was enough to convince him that it was useless. Instead, he made his way on foot toward the house where Sharon lived.

Sharon sat behind her windows, digging her fingers into her ears to shut out the sound of the gunfire. Then she saw Pride coming and ran to the door. The next instant, she was in his arms.

"Hush, hon," Pride murmured. "It's all right. I came for you. The minute I heard about it, I came. You'll go back with me, now, won't you?"

But with a last flash of almost burned-out resistance, Sharon shook her head. "Oh, no!" she wept. "Oh, no, Pride—no! I've got to find Courtney! He's here somewhere—he wired me he was coming."

"Courtney, hell!" Pride spat. "You got to come with me. Your life is not safe here."

"I couldn't leave him, Pride," she whispered. "He's my husband, whom I married in good faith."

Pride stood there looking at her a long time. Then, slowly, he put out his hand with the beautiful little virgin's pistol in it. "Here," he growled, "take this.

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Use it, if you have to. Now—what about the kid? You'll let me take her back, won't you?"

"Lilith? She's not here, thank God! Mathilda's been keeping her for me in New York. I—I wasn't sure I was going to like Pittsburgh, so Mathilda offered to keep her until I was really settled. Only I never really did get settled, Pride."

Pride said, his voice endlessly deep and tender: "I might not ever see you again, Sharon. Would you mind kissing me good-by—for old time's sake?"

Sharon surged forward all at once, and buried herself in his arms.

"Pride," Sharon whispered. "Oh, Pride."

"Hush, hon," Pride murmured. "Hush, Sharon, hush."

"But this is wrong," she whispered. "Don't you understand? This is wrong."

But Pride had lifted her from her feet now, and was walking very quietly back into the darkened house.

Arriving at the house shortly after Pride Dawson, Courtney Randolph saw that kiss from the street. He fell to the ground and belabored the earth with his head and howled. He got clumsily to his feet and began to run from the house—back toward the sound of gunfire.

The strikers saw the stumbling, half-crazed figure of the man come around a corner and start in the direction of the burning roundhouse. They shouted to him, but the man kept on, straight for the now silent muzzles of the militiamen's guns. Others started screaming at the runner and one of the men fired a rifle over his head.

At once, the guns in the roundhouse opened up.

The man jerked as the bullets hit him, but he kept on, until finally, one of the soldiers turned the crank of the Gatling gun, and the ugly weapon set up its furious stutter. The man stopped still as though he had run up against an invisible wall. His body jerked again and again as the torrent of slugs tore into him. Then he crumpled quite slowly like an actor taking a bow, and went down upon the earth, and still the Gatling gun poured death into him, shaking the pitiful corpse with the repeated impact of its fire. Then all the guns were still.

Unbelievingly, the strikers saw the flag of truce raised above the roundhouse. Then one of them began to run toward the torn figure on the ground. Others were just behind him. He heard a voice, hushed, awed, incredulous, saying:

"Why, it's Mister Randolph!"

Then the men were gathering Courtney up, and one by one they took off their hats. They bore Courtney Randolph like a hero to his house. And Sharon stood beside Pride Dawson and bit her underlip through so that the blood ran down her face.

"He died brave, ma'am," they said, "Fighting to the last!"

Sharon buried her face against Pride's sleeve and wept. And none of them there had any way of knowing how many were the tears of shame, and how few the ones of grief.

"I'll take care of everything," Pride mumbled. "Don't you worry your head."

TWO days later, the strike was over. The federal troops arrived and put down the rioting, and the greatest danger of revolution since the states of the South had revolted against the sovereignty of the federal government was ended. It had cost hundreds of lives and millions in property damage. It had flared from city to city throughout most of the central part of the nation. But it had done some good, too—for hereafter, when labor spoke, men listened, and conditions slowly improved.

After the funeral, Sharon went back to New York with Pride. He stood in the lobby of the hotel to which he had brought her, and held both her hands in his.

"You'll come back to me, now?" he murmured. "Not right off—let some time go by. But you'll come back, Sharon?"

Sharon stared at him, her eyes very wide and dark. "I—I don't know," she said slowly. "It would be very simple to say no, I will not. And simpler to say yes, my darling, I'll fly back to your arms. Because the two halves of me are saying both of those things—and saying them at the same time."

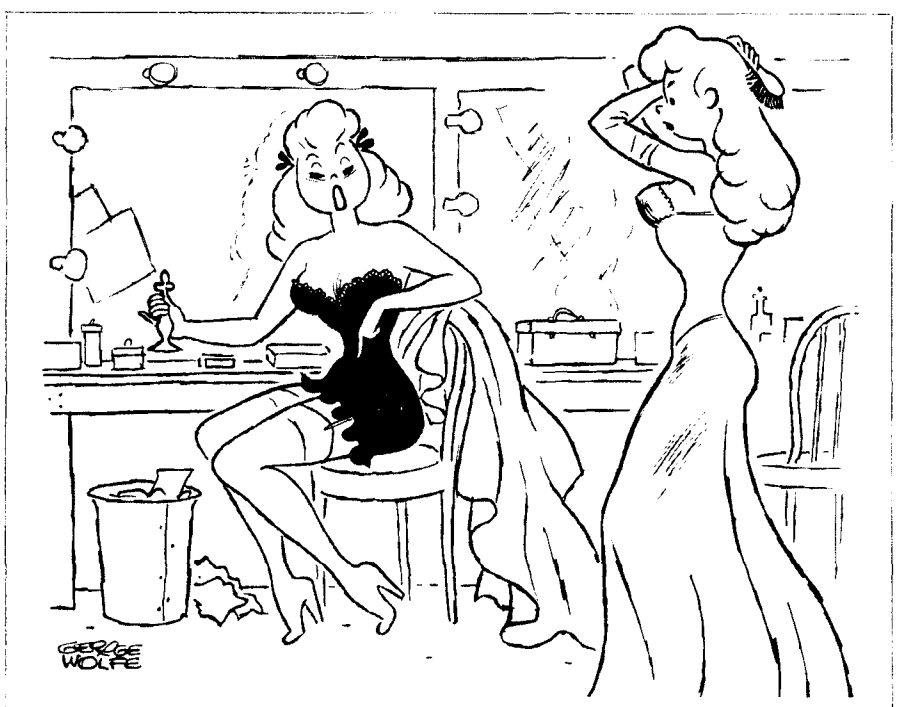
"Follow your heart," Pride growled. "Follow your heart!"

"Even it's divided, Pride. One part of it loves God, and goodness, and peace. The other part—loves you. The wicked part. The part that can forget poor Courtney lying there and turn me once more to kiss your mouth."

"Oh, hell!" Pride groaned. "I know just what you're building up to!"

"Then you know more than I do. I think that what I want is a chance. I want to go far away from you, Pride—I want to see if I can stay away. You see, I'm putting nothing positively. I would have once. I would have said good-by,

Know-how makes them Better!



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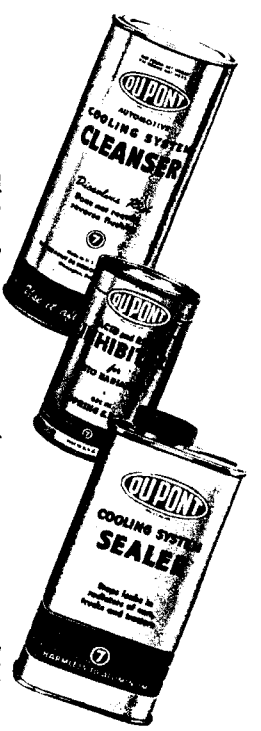

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remembering Courtney—remembering that we—" Sharon could not choke back her sobs.

"Hush, Sharon!" Pride muttered, "don't cry."

"Pride," Sharon said suddenly. "This is a very private matter—between you and me, and Courtney, and God. Wait here. I'll come down in a minute, and you can take me driving, while we talk it out.

"All right," Pride said.

THEY sat in the cab for a long time without speaking, then Sharon leaned over and took Pride's hand. "My mind's made up," she said gently. "I'm going away, Pride."

"No!"

"Yes, Pride. I don't know how much or how little we had to do with Courtney's death—but however little it was, it was still too much."

"Sharon, please!"

"Hear me out. I've loved you very much. I do still. More than I ought to. And I've been loved more than any woman has any right to. I'm very grateful for that. But now I need to be alone. I—I have so much to atone for."

"You ain't got nothing to make up for!" Pride growled. "All you ever got out of life was a hard row to hoe. My fault, too—all I ever brought you was misery. But don't make this good-by. Go away if you want to. Set your mind at ease. Then come on back to me what needs you, what will be lost, and damned without you."

"Pride," Sharon whispered, "I must tell you the truth. I'm going to try to stay away from you forever."

"Where are you going?" Pride demanded.

"To Paris. I have some money saved. Enough to keep me and Lilith comfortably well off. There's so much I can learn there. I can send back gowns and sketches that will make my shop the best in New York. And the shop will keep us going while we live abroad."

"I could—"

"No, Pride—nothing from you. I have never accepted anything from you while we were together, why should I now that we are far apart?"

"No reason, I guess. But, hon, think it over. Don't just go running off from me like this!"

"I'll think it over," she said. "Now take me back to the hotel, Pride."

That night Sharon sent for Attorney Bernstein and signed a paper in which she waived all claim to the money that Courtney had left her. Then she took Lilith from Mathilda and spent several hours packing their bags. Two days later, she boarded a ship for France. Pride made no move to stop her. In fact, he came down to the pier to see her off and filled every nook and cranny of her cabin with flowers.

The Randolphs received Sharon's waiver in stunned silence. It was half a day before they recovered enough to call their lawyer and tell him to drop the case they were already preparing to contest Courtney's will. . . .

Pride Dawson merely kept still and waited as long as he could. Then, two years to the day that Sharon had sailed away, he got on a fast steamer and followed her.

When Sharon saw him standing in the doorway of her modest little pension, she did not say a word. Instead, she stood quite still and looked at him while the silence between them stretched itself to the boundaries of forever.

Then, very slowly, she started to walk toward him, her footsteps echoing hollowly in the dark little hall. Pride watched her come, holding his breath hard in his throat. Then the tight-held band of silence burst and she was running toward him, her arms outstretched, to nestle finally and forever in his arms.

They came back to New York a month later, leaving Lilith in the care of a French family of the strictest traditions. Though it grieved Sharon to leave the child once more, she knew it was better that way. And Pride, once they had arrived in New York, bought the land occupied by one of the largest livery stables in lower New York, and built there a brick Georgian house, whose chaste lines and simple beauty were a far cry from the flamboyant ugliness of his castle.

Sharon accepted the house. She was worn out with fighting Pride—tired of endlessly resisting her love for him. Her surrender, now at long last, was complete.

ON THE night of the great blizzard, March the eleventh, 1888, Pride Dawson embarked upon the greatest financial gamble of his entire career. Strangely enough, he did not want to engage in it. Rather he went into the transaction unwillingly, and decidedly against his better judgment.

It came about through the agency of Joseph Fairhill. During the first hours of the storm before the streets had become entirely choked with the drifts that were to paralyze the city for days, Joseph had brought Esther home. Pride paid scant attention to this, for Joseph had become once more a familiar fixture about the house. Pride doubted, when he thought about the matter at all, that there was anything serious between Esther and Joe, and on this night he was rather anxious not to have to talk to them, as he planned to call upon Sharon.

But Joe was bubbling over with enthusiasm. He had, he said, inside information that Congress was soon going to repeal the Silver Purchase Act, which would knock the bottom out of the silver market. He was planning to go short on silver stocks to the extent of his entire fortune, and wanted Pride to lend him a substantial sum with which to cover.

He further suggested that Pride do the same. When Pride hesitated Esther began to taunt him delicately with suggestions of both old age and cowardice, and Pride, infuriated, rose to the bait. Casting his common sense to the winds, he telephoned his brokers to sell silver short to an extent that would require more money than he actually had to cover, then, feeling like a great fool, he marched out of the house and took a cab over to Sharon's lovely Georgian home.

PRIDE sat on the sofa beside Sharon and stared into the fireplace. She had said something to him only a moment before, but for the life of him he did not know what it was. He was too busy with his thoughts.

So many years gone, now—and so much had happened. Tim, back from the West, with a good stake in his jeans, going into business in Boston—a shoe factory of all things—and making a success of it. And Lilith, whom he himself had found in a packing box fifteen years ago, home again from Paris, terribly beautiful—and hard.

So unlike Caprice—his own lovely angelic Cappie. Nothing but goodness there. There was nothing on earth too good for this daughter of his. Yet, he knew well, he'd lose her soon. Impossible to keep such a treasure to himself. Already Lance McCarthy, Tim's son, was making frequent trips down from Boston to see her. He'd tried to put a stop to that—but with no success. Caprice plainly liked Lance's attentions.

If, he mused, I were only sure of leaving her well fixed. But even that's uncertain now. All Esther's fault. She crowded me into going whole hog on that silver gamble with Joe Fairhill. Wonder if she's really carrying on with him—and if she is, wonder why she thinks I'd give a hang? If Congress doesn't throw over silver after I've gone short on silver stocks, I'll be as broke as the day I hit New York.

He looked at Sharon. "Wasn't that Lance I saw coming out of here as I came in?" he growled.

"Yes," Sharon said, "why?"

"He's been making sheep's eyes at Cappie. What's he trying to do—court Lilith, too?"

"I didn't know about Caprice," Sharon said. "But I'll put an end to this—Lilith is absolutely wrong for a boy like Lance. But that isn't what I was trying to tell you. Pride—we should call it quits, now."

"What the devil! Don't think I heard you right. Didn't you say something about calling it quits?"

"Yes, Pride," Sharon said.

"Why—it's worked out swell all these years."

"No, Pride," Sharon said gently, "it hasn't. You're strong—I'm not. Things that don't bother you at all have broken my heart into a million tiny pieces. Things like having women stare at me quite coolly and not even bother to drop their eyes when I looked at them. Things like having women whom I know only slightly get up when I sit beside them on the cars—or—like being baited about my conduct by my own daughter."

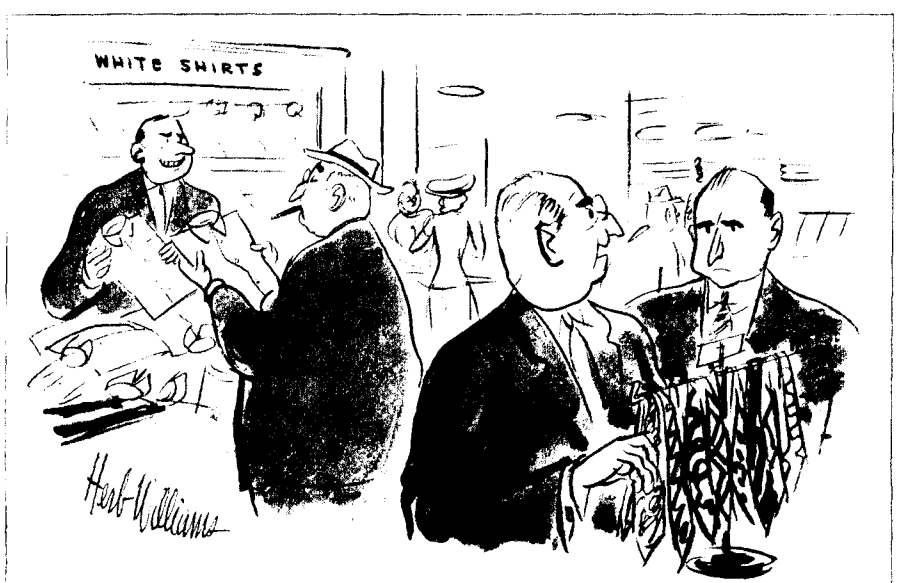
"So Lilith knows, eh? Funny thing—so does Cappy."

"No! Oh, no, Pride!"

"Yep. She mentioned it to me only this morning."

Sharon put her face down into her hands suddenly.

"You," Pride growled, "act like it's



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worse for Cappie to know than for Lilith."

"It is!" Sharon whispered. "Oh, yes, it is!"

"Why?"

"Caprice is so sweet. And she has loved me so much. It has been one of the things that has sustained me so long. Now, she'll hate me, too!"

"No, she doesn't. She seems to think I'm to blame. Funny that you care so much about her opinion and so little about Lilith's."

"Caprice is an angel. While Lilith—"

"Is a product of her ancestors and her upbringing," Lilith finished for her. "Right, Mother?"

PRIDE looked up to see her lounging in the doorway with one eye squinting against the smoke of the cigarette that dangled from one corner of her sensuous lips.

My God! he thought. What a creature!

Then he stood up, towering above her, and his big hand moved out with amazing quickness, his fingers closing about the cigarette and yanking it out of her mouth. Then he half turned and threw it into the fire.

"You," he growled, "show some respect!"

Lilith laughed—a cool, amused sound. "For my elders and betters, I suppose? Very well, Pride—I shall be most humble in the future."

"Yep—for your elders and your betters. For people who are older than you and a hell of a lot wiser. We made our mistakes, all right. But it's not your place to judge them."

Sharon looked up, amazed. Nobody could master Pride. Certainly not this impious slip of a girl.

Lilith was smiling. "No, Pride," she said. "I'm not a good judge. Too bad it was Mother who had to run afoul of you. I could have done much better."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Mother's too soft. And too good. I am neither. I would have handled you because I'm just like you. By now, I'd have been mistress of that monstrosity you call your castle. Only by now, I'd have made you sell it—or tear it down."

"You wouldn't have made me do one single gosh-blamed thing!"

"You think so, Pride? Don't be too sure. I'm as hard as a ten-penny nail, and my heart beats to the tune of pure larceny—just like yours. It would have been interesting. You are quite a man. You're as ugly as the image of sin, and yet you're very attractive. Much more so than any merely handsome man could be. You're like a heathen idol dug up out of some Babylonian cave."

"Suppose," Pride said grimly, "you get out of here so I can talk to your mother!"

"You see?" Sharon said, after Lilith had left the room.

"I see, all right." Pride growled. "I see somebody ought to take a razor strap to that brat of yours!"

"The foundation of any home is respect, Pride. How do you expect me to be able to control her—under the circumstances?"

"Is that why you want to quit me—again?"

"Partly. And partly because now I think I can—and make it stick. 'At your age,' she quoted suddenly, 'the hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment.'"

"What's that—that thing you just said?"

"Shakespeare. Hamlet. Another line is: 'Rebellious hell! If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, to flaming youth let virtue be as wax and melt in her own fire.' There's Lilith, Pride—and Caprice. We've set them a poor example, Pride. But that's not all. There are people who are born rebels—who delight in overturning conventions. I'm not one of them. I suffer. I'm thirty-eight years old, Pride. I should like to make my peace with God in the fullness of my years—and spend the rest of my days making up for the sins of my youth."

"I see. What do you plan to do?" Pride asked.

"Tim wants me to come to Boston and design shoes for his plant."

Pride leaned forward, frowning morosely into the fire. "I knew it would come to this, sometime," he said. "I knew someday I'd lose you. All right, Sharon. Only you don't have to run away. This house is yours—registered in your name. Just a minute! I gave it to you because I love you. It's not a payment for anything. There's nothing on God's green earth—all the money, all the treasures—that could pay for one *hour of looking at you. Consider it your* home—and let me come sometimes as a visitor—an old friend whom you don't mind sitting in your parlor and talking about old times . . ."

His hand went into his pocket suddenly and came out with a key ring. He fumbled with it a moment until he had it open, and took off one of the keys. Sharon recognized the key at once. It was the key to her house.

"Here," Pride said. "When I come now, I'll ring the bell like anybody else. About ten or eleven o'clock, I'll go home. Is that the way you want it?"

"Yes, Pride," Sharon whispered, "that's the way I want it. And, Pride—"

"Yes? Yes, Sharon."

"Thank you. Thank you so very much. You may not know it, or believe it; but this is the nicest thing you've ever done."

Pride got clumsily to his feet. Slowly, he put out his big hand. Sharon hesitated before she took it. She had the impulse to kiss him good night—just this once, just one more time—in parting. But she did not. Instead, she took his hand very gently and whispered, "Good night, Pride." . . .

Three years later in 1891, and for Pride Dawson, the world was ending, not all at once, but little by little, in aching degrees. For Joseph Fairhill was wrong. Congress not only did not repeal the Bland-Allison Act, but had voted through the Sherman Silver Purchase Act and the price of silver soared. As the owner of one of the richest silver mines in the country, Pride should have made a fortune. Instead he lost the shirt off his back. He had gone short so heavily that everything he owned, including the mine itself, had to be sold merely to meet his obligations.

This August night, when Caprice came into the study leading Lance by the hand, Pride was back where he had been in 1870—virtually penniless. He was not too much troubled by it, however, beyond the hurt to his pride. Caprice's future was secure—for Esther was still worth twenty or thirty million dollars in her own right.

"Boy, this foul air smells good!"

He looked up into the radiant face of his daughter and the gloom left his countenance.

"Yes, Cappie," he said gruffly, "what is it?"

It was Lance who spoke, his handsome young face brick red. "I—eh—we—we'd like to be married, sir—with your permission."

Pride stiffened in his chair and his face was bleak suddenly. Lose Caprice? Lose the most priceless of his treasures—to this stiff-necked young fool? His whole being cried out against it. Sharon was gone. His money, too. And now—Cappie? Why, Cappie was his life—all his life!

"So," he rumbled. "I thought something like this was in the wind. Well, I don't know."

But Caprice came to him quietly, and when she was close he could see her heart was in her eyes.

"Please, Daddy," she whispered.

Lost, he thought bitterly, lost. In all her life, I've never been able to deny her anything. And she wants him.

"Well, Cappie," he said heavily, "what about it—you want this young scamp?"

"Yes, Daddy," Caprice breathed. "Yes, oh, yes!"

"H'm," Pride said. He was fighting for time, and he knew it. "It still calls for some thinking. Lance, you have any money?"

"I'm vice-president of the firm, now, sir—and my salary is thirty thousand dollars a year."

"Not bad. When I was your age, I had about twenty dollars in my jeans and no job. How old are you, son?"

"Thirty-four."

"And Cappie's only nineteen." He turned to his daughter. "Look, hon, I don't suppose you'd consider waiting another year—until you were twenty, say."

"A year!" Caprice gasped. "Oh, Daddy!"

"I see," Pride said sadly. "Well, a husband ought to be older than his wife—the reins will get out of his hands otherwise. Look, son, you know I'm broke—that Cappie can't expect to get a nickel from me?"

Lance stiffened. "I'm asking you for Caprice, sir—not your bank account!"

"Good boy! I like spirit. You still think I'm a hornyhanded old pirate?"

"Yes, sir," Lance answered stoutly. "Only I don't care any more. Your business ethics are your concern, sir, not mine."

"Spoken like a man," Pride said, a glint of amusement appearing in his eyes. "You two sit down. I want to think about this thing for a minute. It's not good business to answer things like this too fast."

Caprice and Lance sank into near-by chairs, watching his big face with fearful eyes.

Lose her, Pride was thinking. I'm going to lose her! I can't stop her—it's normal for a girl to fall in love and want to marry. I knew it would happen sometime. Only, why did it have to be now? Why do things always happen at once—first Sharon, then the money, and now Caprice. My sins are finding me out, I guess.

"All right," he said gruffly. "All right, you two—I'm willing."

"Oh, Daddy!" Caprice cried, and throwing both arms about his neck, covered his face with kisses.

"Thank you, sir!" Lance said fervently, and put out his hand.

AS SHE stood in the circle of Lance's embrace, Caprice whispered, "I'll see you tomorrow?"

Lance frowned. "No," he said shortly, "I'm afraid not. There's something I have to do."

"What is it, Lance?" Caprice demanded.

"Nothing that concerns—us."

"Secrets already, Lance?"

"Yes. Jealous?"

"Horribly. If it's another girl—I'll scratch her eyes out!"

"You," Lance murmured, "have nothing to worry about."

But I have, he thought, as he left the house. This business of telling Lilith of his engagement was going to be difficult. Difficult! That was the world's prize understatement. It would be damned near impossible. For three years now he had been dividing his time between Caprice and Lilith. And though there had never been any doubt in his mind as to what the outcome would be, he had been unable to shake himself free of the maddening, exasperating effect of Lilith's charm.

But he had sense enough to realize that being married to Lilith would be pure undiluted hell. So like many a man before and since, he put off from day to day the break that he should have made almost at once. But it had to be done now.

(To be concluded next week)

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1 lump sugar
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Crush sugar with bitters in glass. Add soda, rum, ice, and stir. Add orange slice, cherry, twist of lemon peel. A grand Old Fashioned with a *new* fashioned flavor!

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Pour Puerto Rican Rum over ice in highball glass, add your choice of mixer. *What* a highball! Light, dry—*smoothness* itself! Puerto Rican Rum is such a mellow, golden drink.

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...on Big Business...on the Worker...on Fascism...on Race and Color.

"But," you may ask, "what do you mean by a 'Catholic Attitude'?" After all, what has religion got to do with Industry and Labor, Wages and Profits?"

Just this much, friend. Religion is more than a Sunday morning affair — it affects every moment of your daily life. Life is made up of actions, one right after the other — and these actions are either good or bad. Religion gives us the moral standards to judge whether these actions are right or wrong!

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When Christ lived among men, they learned from Him the Christian attitude toward the social questions with which they were faced. He refused to meddle in mere politics, but He was careful to tell rulers not to exceed their authority. He warned Pilate that he had no right to commit injustice for the sake of expediency. He rebuked hypocrites who took advantage of widows and orphans. He pointed out the right use of money and the moral obligations of the wealthy.

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WHITE BROTHER OF THE NAVAJO

Continued from page 30

Entirely without official status, the current family leader, picturesque, reservation-born Roman (pronounced Ro-*mahn)* Hubbell, doubtless has more influence on the Navajos and Hopis than any other man alive. His trading company, founded 76 years ago by his father, Arizona's first citizen, "Don" Lorenzo Hubbell, is the oldest business in the state. Though but one of 100 trading companies, it does one seventh of all the trading on the reservation through seven strategically located posts.

A Fine Job of Rug Weaving

The Hubbells have bought $3,500,000 in rugs from Indian weavers, including the world's largest, one-piece floor covering, a 26-foot by 36-foot masterwork. It was woven to order by a single weaver and 10 assistants who worked steadily for two years. They have, as a matter of fact, bought every rug ever offered them for sale, thereby becoming the most important factor, aside from sheep raising, in the Navajo economy.

Indian trading is unlike any business on earth. The traders are rigidly supervised, bonded for $10,000, licensed for short terms only, and unable to sue to collect accounts due them. They have 10 times the bad debts of the average merchant. And traders are popularly supposed to get rich by skinning the ignorant red man!

No reservation trader is getting rich—few earn more than $4,000 a year. Red men don't skin easily. People who have time to negotiate all day for a few groceries rarely get skinned, and Roman Hubbell's customers have almost nothing but time. The pawnbroking business is supposed to be particularly profitable. But Hubbell's pawn brokerage returns are about $1,000 a year, which is less than the cost of handling the business.

To the Navajo a trading post is a club, a recreation hall, a gossip exchange and a haven in emergencies. Indians with a problem—whether they need a lawyer, a doctor, marital advice, a funeral or just $10—seek out Roman Hubbell, as they did his father before him. He translates for them, shepherds them through the white man's still strange customs and soothes their wounded spirits.

For an illness, medicine men may prescribe a fire dance, a sometimes expensive ritual inasmuch as friends and relatives must be sheltered and properly fed, often for several days. One dance may cost a year's cash income. Hubbell must not only be present to insure success but also, quite frequently, to put up the money.

If Indian trading is unlike other business, Roman Hubbell is even more unlike other traders. A handsome man of fifty-six, with dark, graying hair, he often wears striking Indian jewelry and colorful, handwoven vests. With flashing brown eyes that light up every time he gets an idea—about once every three minutes during his waking hours—Roman is as busy as a centipede on a hot griddle.

He is probably the world's greatest rug salesman, and often, in the trilingual Southwest, simultaneously carries on sales talks in Navajo, Spanish and English.

To the casual customer, the Hubbell company seems to operate on a principle of pandemonium, a condition resulting from Roman's feeling that he must personally supervise every transaction, a commendable but futile ambition.

He makes no appointments. He regards the business of the poorest Indian as equal in importance to a visit from a governor or congressman. Bigwigs often fume impotently while he conducts lengthy negotiations over a $2 basket. Indian fashion, he goes to work whenever he wakes up, which may be four in the morning. By noon of a normal business day his operating speed mounts to tornado intensity and to his previous activity may be added, simultaneously, turquoise weighing and long-distance telephone calls. At such a point he is likely to stop in mid-sentence, say "Back in a minute," walk out, and not return for five hours.

Though he probably has been creditor on more bad debts than any small merchant in the land, Roman has an unshakable faith in the integrity of people. Indians who have owed him money for years still find him the softest touch among the traders. (His trust in the Indians is not surprising; he proudly tells of their paying debts five or even 20 years old.) Navajos who have pawned precious silver belts and turquoise necklaces borrow them from him for special ceremonies.

Tourists admiring one of his huge stock of magnificent Navajo rugs are often surprised when he hands it to them. "If you still like it when you get home, send me a check; if not, send it back," he says and walks off without asking name or address. Chided by an associate for such unbusinesslike procedure, Roman said blandly, "What do I need their address for? They've got mine. It's on the price tag."

Roman Hubbell's trust in his fellow man is exceeded only by his abiding faith in the strange power of Navajo medicine. But building up this faith once cost him money.

An Indian suffering from severe abdominal pains asked Roman to get him some foreigner's hair so the medicine man could, in Navajo theory, transfer the pain from the patient to the hair's owner. Skeptical but obliging, Roman went into a barbershop and took a snip from the nearest customer, a Mexican named Torrons. Curious, Torrons went with Hubbell several days later when the hair was used in the final ritual. When the ritual was finished, the patient arose, smiled and rubbed his stomach in painless content. At the same moment Torrons rubbed his in painful complaint. Soon he was doubled over in agony. Roman rushed him to St. Mary's Hospital in Gallup where he was operated on for acute appendicitis. The surgery cost Hubbell $200.

Faith in Tribal Rituals

Roman shares the Navajo conviction that their ceremonies can accomplish any worthy objective, largely because of two other personal experiences. Threatened with deafness as a youth, he consulted a medicine man about appropriate Navajo countermeasures. A fire dance was ordered. Though it was deep winter and 10 degrees below zero, Roman donned the Navajo G-string dress and for nine days and nights was the subject of feasting, prayer, chanting and dance. Elaborate sand paintings were painstakingly constructed and he was placed on them. His body was anointed, he was baptized and he became, in the Navajo concept, not only pure, but Navajo!

By the ninth day, as the sing climbed to zenith intensity, hundreds of Indians arrived hourly at the ceremonial hogan —some after a 150-mile trip on horseback. Before evening 5,000 of them, the largest such crowd ever known, had gathered to participate in the united plea to let their beloved friend hear again. They sang, danced and feasted—at a cost to Roman of some $4,000—and

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with the sunrise, headed homeward, confident that they had accomplished their purpose.

Roman Hubbell is still deaf. But within a year of the sing a marvelous new hearing aid was developed and with it Roman enjoys almost normal hearing. There isn't a Navajo anywhere but knows—as does Hubbell—that the appearance of the device following the sing was more than coincidental.

Breaking the Great Drought

But in Hubbell's opinion Navajo magic met the supreme test when he was asked to break the great drought of 1936 by climbing the four sacred peaks that, legend says, bound the Navajo country. To the Navajo, water is as important as oxygen to a submarine crew. On the reservation, that was a summer of desperation. Sheep and cattle were dying, ever-running springs dried, corn wasted and the whole Navajo economy was threatened with extinction.

Then, as now, Roman weighed 200 pounds—not entirely bone and muscle

COLLIER'S "Don't touch the mustache" WILLIAM STEIG

—and he knew the trip in Navajo costume, including soft moccasins, would be a grueling ordeal. His gravest concern was Pelado Peak, 200 miles distant, which the Taos Indians, onetime Navajo enemies, considered *their* sacred peak, the home of clouds and thunder. The Taos refused him permission to climb it, so he slipped out of the village at midnight with three companions.

Roman's weight handicapped him. Exhausted after 10 miles of difficult climbing, he was forced to admit he could go no farther. His companions placed him on a ceremonial buckskin. While he rested, they prayed and chanted. His fatigue quickly vanished and he resumed the climb.

Nearing the top they saw armed Taos scouts. Detection meant death. They crawled the final mile on their bellies.

The trek up the other three peaks was no less arduous. Once they lost the trail and were waterless for 24 hours. During each climb, the exhausted Roman was revived by the buckskin. When, finally, signal fires were lighted to announce their return, Roman and the medicine men conducted the concluding two days of mystic ceremony. At the moment they finished, distant thunder rolled as if the sacred mountains were rumbling response. Then the rain began —the long, deep-soaking kind.

The story of this pilgrimage will live forever in Indian legend. It has been put into song and Navajo songs never die.

Hubbell's infinite capacity for enthusiasm never lessens in its intensity or honesty. When he drives 50 miles to buy a small herd of sheep—which he has done innumerable times—he is as full of bright anticipation as a firefly starting for the moon. Every rug he sells or buys gives him the vigorous pleasure that other men find in golf or gardening.

It was this quality which once enabled him to come back from a disaster which practically wiped him out. Winter storms and 50-below temperatures killed 8,500 of his sheep and hit the Indians equally hard. He and his Navajos faced disaster.

He called the leaders to council and told them he trusted them but he was nearly broke. He could no longer give them further credits. But, he said, any family with nothing to eat could always come to him and get a half sack of flour so long as there was any on his shelves. Hubbell's pride in his Indians swells when he relates that only a dozen or so took undue advantage of this chance for free flour.

Building up the business from this low point was evidence of the Hubbell enterprise, which at one time or another has embraced cattle buying and selling, a mail route, freight line, used-car business, garage, 30,000 acres of range land and wholesale dealing in semiprecious stones—he has garnets by the trunkful.

The newest Hubbell operation is Marble Canyon Lodge at the foot of the famed, 3,500-foot-high Vermilion Cliffs and at the entrance to the only automobile road to the bottom of the Colorado River canyon. Marble Canyon Lodge is a unique resort with its own 4,500-foot, P-51 landing runway. Last year more than 300 planes landed at the lodge.

This is also the starting point of the only annual buffalo hunt in the Southwest.

With almost perfect year-round flying conditions, and located in the center of the wonderland of color that includes Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon, Zion Park and the Painted Desert, Hubbell expects to make Marble Canyon the mecca of U.S. private-plane tourists.

There's No Money in Sheep

Fortunately his interest in Indians transcends profits, for Hubbell's business future in trading seems dim. The Navajo-Hopi economy, to which his prospects are pegged, is subject to Congressional appropriation and is therefore somewhat precarious. Today the average Navajo, Hubbell says, earns less than $50 a year from his sheep.

During the depression the WPA and the CCC provided salvation. The false, war years' prosperity, with allotment checks from 3,500 men in service and 15,000 war employees, renewed Navajo hope. But the war ended, the 52-20 checks ran out, and, with the government prohibiting building up of sheep flocks, Hubbell's impoverished Indians again experienced the reality of hunger.

But if such grim prospects worry Hubbell, it doesn't show through his energetic geniality. He goes blithely on buying blankets, providing credit and lending funds. Because his methods seem unbusinesslike and his charity unending, friends are constantly warning Roman to check his liberality and hang onto some money. "What would I do if I kept it?" he demands. "Being a sucker is the greatest pleasure of my life."

The Navajos understand their white brother's philosophy perfectly. "The Hubbell money is not in the pocketbook," they will tell you. "It is in the heart."

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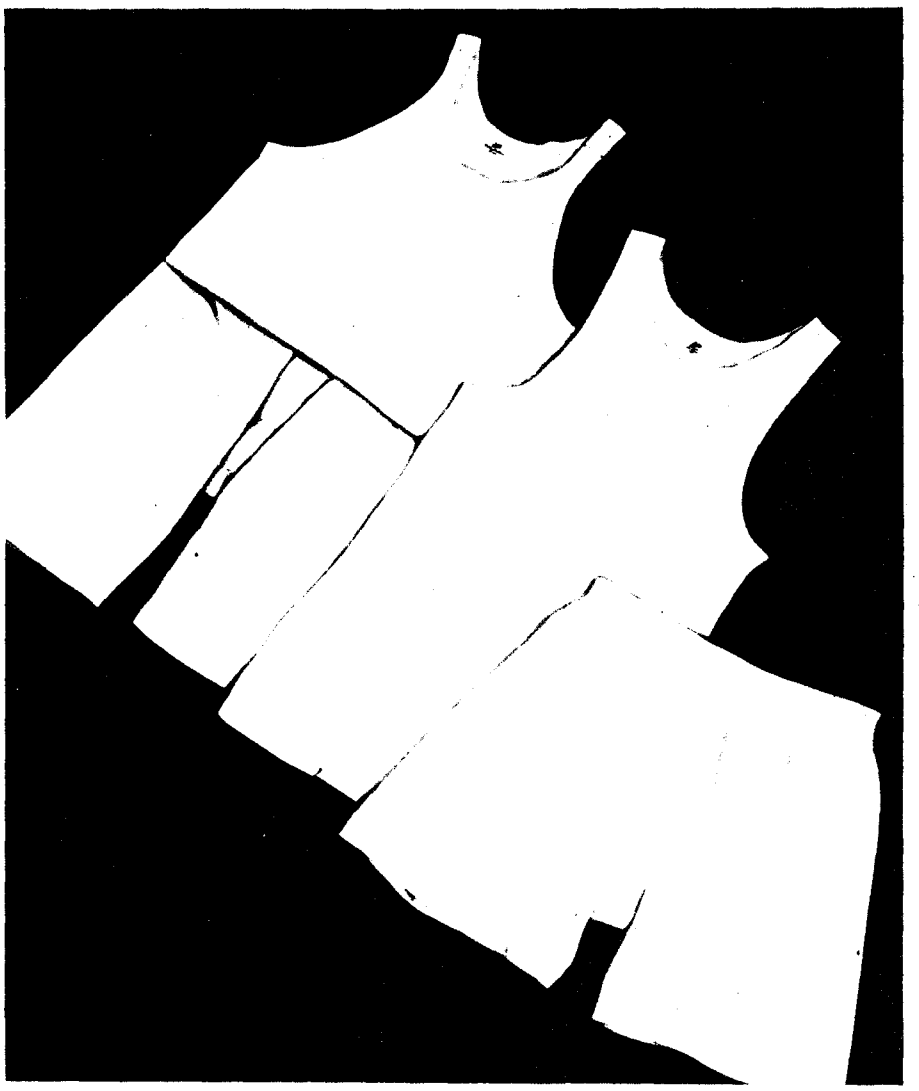

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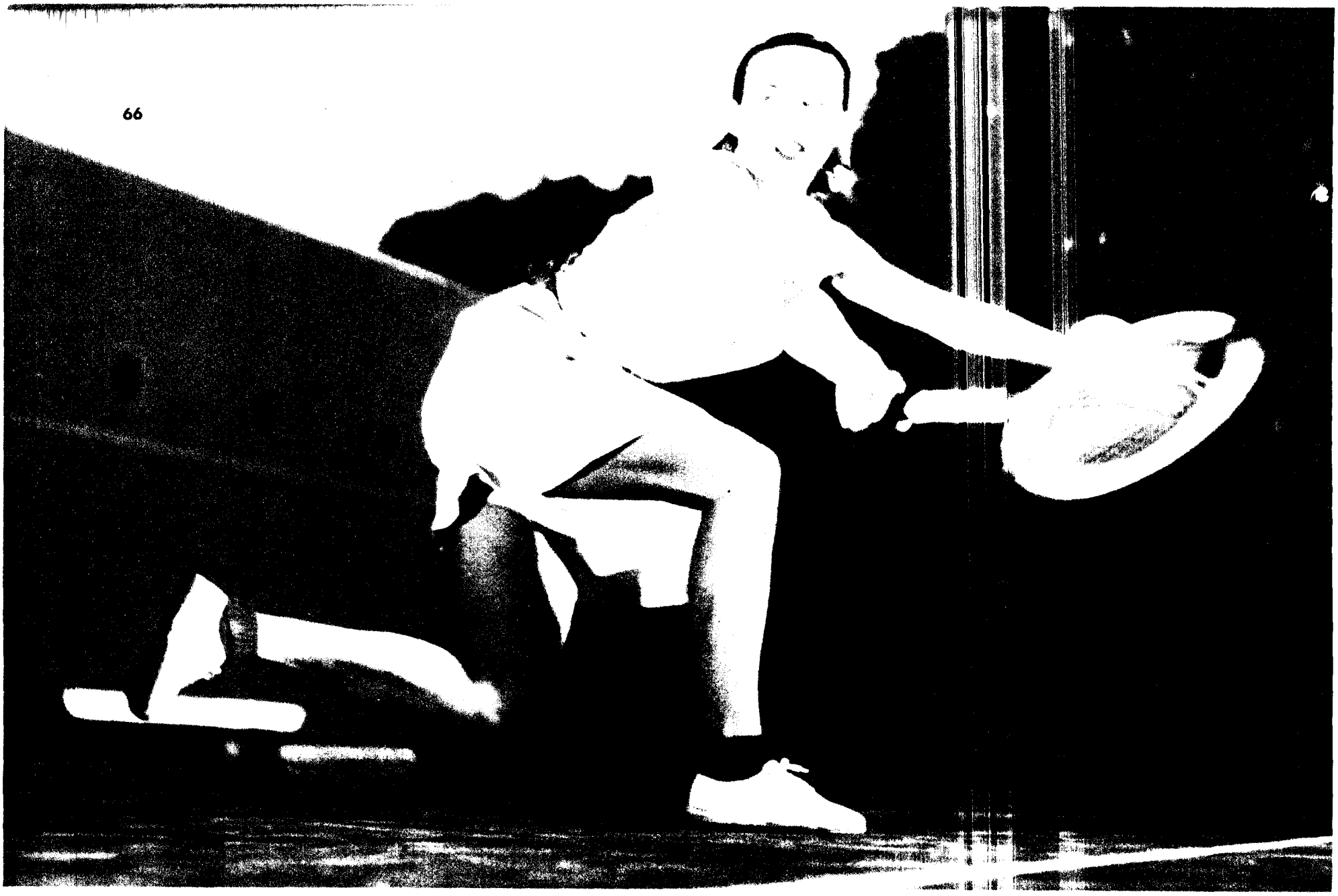

Beautiful Gertrude Moran couldn't escape the Santa Monica mania, so she quit the movies, became a top-ranking player and now she's headed for Wimbledon

Tennis Town Tempest

By KEITH MONROE

Life, liberty and the pursuit of a tennis game are all the citizens of Santa Monica, California, ask. For over half a century they have been following the tennis-happy lead of four lively old ladies—and producing champions by the courtful

FOR nearly 60 years now, a grand passion for tennis has been spreading and deepening, among the townspeople of Santa Monica, California. They like to call their city the tennis capital of the world—and they quote facts and figures by the bushel to back up their claim.

For example, the town's recreation supervisor, Frank Baker (who is also a notable tennis coach and the father of two girl tennis champs), will tell you that the annual Santa Monica tournament has drawn as many as 625 entries—which, he believes, makes it the largest ever held anywhere. It's a flop tournament in Santa Monica which doesn't attract at least 500 players.

They also point out that you'll almost always find at least one Santa Monican in the top ten in national rankings. The town hasn't missed since 1930. Its galaxy of currently rising stars includes Beverly Baker, national girls' champion; fifteen-year-old Allen Cleveland, national boys' doubles titlist; and Gertrude Moran, who left a niche as a movie starlet and was ranked fourth in the U.S. last season.

This never-ending cascade of young luminaries from Santa Monica is the despair of neighboring towns. A few miles away is Beverly Hills, whose high-school teams are the terror of the countryside in every sport except tennis, at which Santa Monica High School flattens them consistently. One of the coaches at Beverly Hills recently mused to a visitor, "I can't understand why we never beat Santa Monica at tennis. I bet there's someone over there catching kids as soon as they can toddle and feeding 'em tennis balls every day; that Samohi team always plays like anybody else's college team."

The coach was correct in his suspicion that somebody in Santa Monica is pushing tennis. Practically everybody is pushing it. Tennis instruction is part of the curriculum in the city's two junior high schools, but some children are already battle-wise campaigners by the time they reach junior high.

On Saturday mornings in the city's biggest park there is a shrill spectacle as dozens of small tennis players frisk over the courts like baby goats. This proceeding, called a tennis clinic, is paid for by the city recreation commission and is presided over by a big-name pro. After a lecture and demonstration by the name attraction, the kids start playing and get personal attention from the game's best.

The Junior Development Committee, a volunteer talent-scouting posse, keeps a sharp watch for likely-looking children at the clinic. Any twelve-year-old who shows a flair for the game will be kept supplied—free of charge if his family's means are modest—with the finest rackets, shoes and balls. He'll also get special training from a good coach.

Beginning youngsters are herded into the Novice Tournament sponsored each year by the Santa Monica Evening Outlook.

Then, after a year or two of this seasoning, boys and girls are ready to accept invitations to such glossy outside affairs as the La Jolla, Ojai Valley,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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Beverly Hills and Bakersfield tourneys. By high-school age they may be sent farther afield to tournaments in the Rockies or the Pacific Northwest, and at eighteen, if they're considered creditable enough, they'll get their first crack at Forest Hills. Bills are paid by donations from the townspeople or by the Southern California Tennis Association, in which this town is a major factor.

Among the kids elevated to stardom by the Santa Monica escalator have been John Hope Doeg, who upset Bill Tilden and Frank Shields for the national title in 1930; Elizabeth "Bunny" Ryan, who has no less than 19 Wimbledon doubles titles; Wightman Cup star Gracyn Wheeler Kelleher and Dorothy Bundy Cheney, who was in America's top ten for nine years.

Social life and family life revolve around a tennis court for countless Santa Monicans. On Saturdays and Sundays, the year round, there are free-and-easy garden parties going on beside many of the 24 private courts in or on the fringes of town.

Besides the private courts, there are 19 public courts, but Santa Monicans feel this isn't nearly enough. The town recently voted a $685,000 bond issue, of which $112,000 is to be spent on tennis.

A Newfangled Game for Miss Jones

Tennis got started in Santa Monica because a girl named Marion Jones was sick in 1890. Her father, John P. Jones, decided to move to the village of Santa Monica so she could get California sun and ocean breezes. He built a mansion near the sea, plus a tennis court so that Marion could take up the newfangled game.

Until the Joneses arrived, polo had been the thing in Santa Monica, but it faded fast as everyone flocked to the invitational tennis tournaments given by Marion's brother Roy. Soon the Southern California championship was being played in town, and Marion got lots of competition. But, happily for Santa Monica, she proved unbeatable.

Then a British sea captain named Sutton moved his family from Pasadena to Santa Monica so his four sturdy, round-faced daughters, who were frightfully keen on tennis, could live near their friend Marion. Thus began the Sutton dynasty, which rules to this day in Santa Monica.

For the next 17 years it took a Sutton to beat a Sutton. One or another of the sisters won the Southern California championship from 1899 to 1917, in singles, doubles and mixed doubles.

One of the Sutton girls, May, married another champion, Tom Bundy, in a tennis romance, and went on to win the American and British titles. May's sister, Violet, became Mrs. Hope Doeg and had six children, all redoubtable tennis players. Ethel Sutton taught tennis at UCLA for 23 years, meanwhile marrying Bert O. Bruce, who eventually, at sixty, became a tennis coach himself and is still hard at it at 77. Florence Sutton, once runner-up for the national crown, did not marry, but coached tennis at UCLA and still teaches it to school children.

These four lively old ladies continue to set the tone of the town. Their homes are always full of people and as frolicsome as a country fair. The phone rings incessantly. They preside vigorously over the turmoil by dint of much shouting up and down stairs and sporadic dashes into distant rooms. They'll sit down to chat in their clipped British accents, but they constantly bound from their chairs to re-enact some tennis play. Literally hundreds of Santa Monicans have learned the game from a Sutton, and still like to drop in and talk tennis.

Few Santa Monicans ever dare to suggest audibly that this game is overemphasized. Parents and teachers have seen it do too much for crop after crop of children. With nearly sixty years of tennis tradition in the town, there's nothing surprising now in the fact that large numbers of its residents step onto a court at least once weekly from childhood to the grave. Santa Monicans may be batty about tennis, but they enjoy life.

Tennis-mad Santa Monica's Frank Baker coaches his daughter Beverly, the national girls' champion

It is Allen Cleveland's civic duty as national boys' doubles champion to teach sprouts their strokes

Lendon Scott, Lincoln Junior High tennis coach, has started 33 national champions up the ladder

The unbeatable Santa Monica High School tennis team takes to the courts with a chorus of shouts

The town's tennis addiction began with and is still led by the Sutton sisters, as formidable a quartet as ever served a ball. Left to right are May Bundy, Ethel Bruce, Florence Sutton and Violet Hope Doeg

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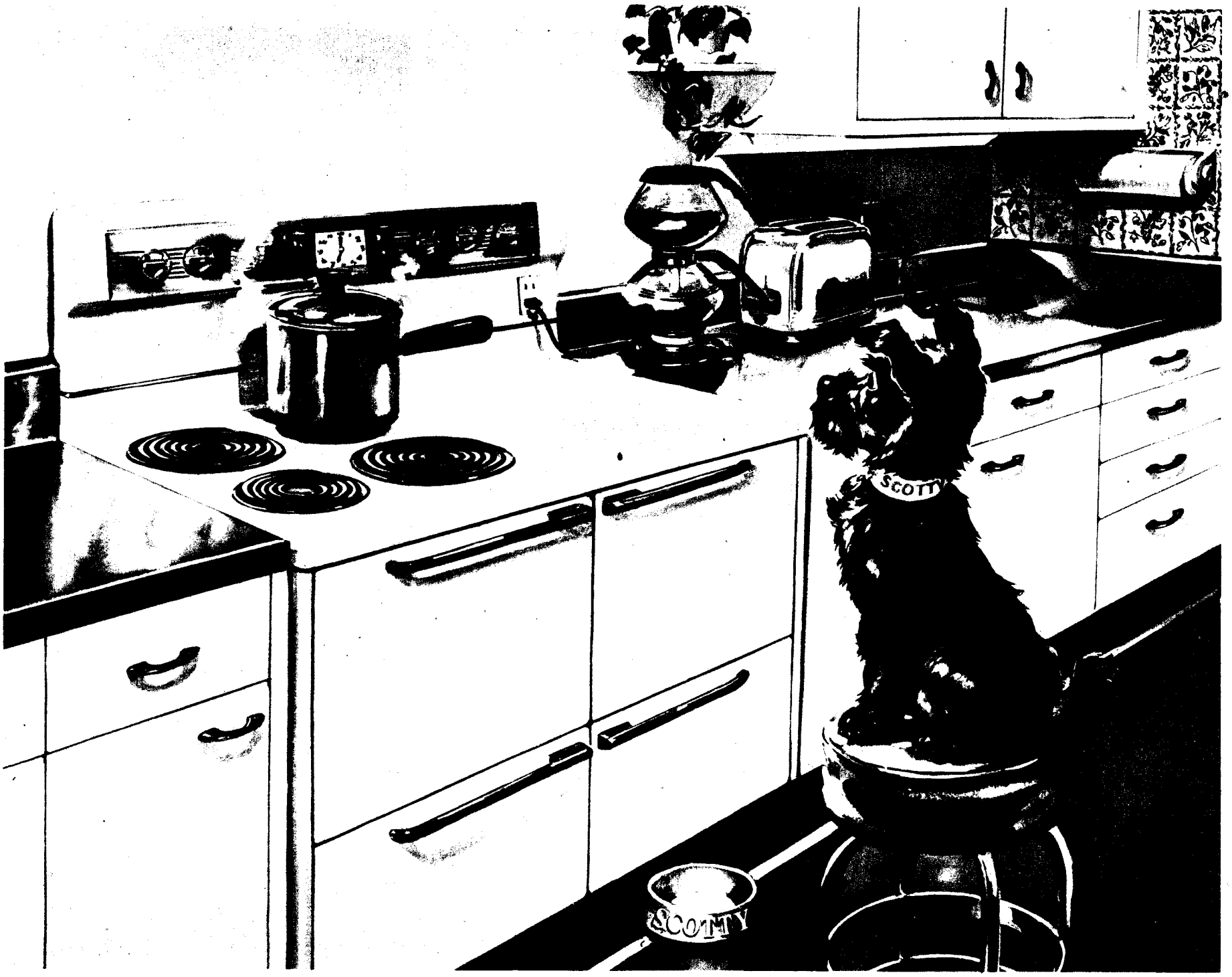

Don't worry, Scotty

. . . supper is in friendly hands

Dog: *Arf! Arf! . . . am I hungry!? Wish the Missus would get off the phone and on with cooking supper!*

Unseen Friend: Take it easy "Scotty," everything's under control...and supper's almost ready.

Dog: *Hey, who are you?*

Unseen Friend: I'm "Your Unseen Friend," Nickel. I'm in those Nickel Chromium heating coils...and that friendly red glow you see is from their protective covering of Inconel, another Nickel alloy.

Dog: *Well what are you doing there?*

Unseen Friend: I'm helping supply quick, clean heat, with no fuss . . . heat that seals flavors in fast. And I'll be around a long, long time.

Dog: *Okay...okay..."Friend"...so you're at home on the range. But what have you done with that beautiful roast?*

Unseen Friend: Now take it easy! I'm cooking it to a turn in this big, fast electric oven...storing up all those luscious juices.

Dog: *Woof! I'm drooling at the jowls...shut it off, will you "Friend"?*

Unseen Friend: All right! In a few seconds the electric oven timer will signal my little Nickel alloy springs in the automatic heat control to shut things off...and dinner will be ready! Cooked for pennies, too, because electric cooking costs so little!

Dog: *Hoot, Mon! Now you're appealing to my finer "Scotty" feelin's. Looks like you're going to make a real hit around here.*

Unseen Friend: I'm doing that already. I'm in your family's electric toaster, waffle iron, and coffee maker. I'm in the Monel water heater tank...and plenty of other places. But I'm the "Unseen" metal, that's usually combined with other metals to help them do special jobs.

Dog: *Okay...I get it...so that's why people call you their "Unseen Friend."*

* *

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...Your Unseen Friend

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ROBERT SHERWOOD—KING OF ENGLISH

Continued from page 14

"Tenterhooks," Sherwood replied, "are the upholstery of the anxious seat."

Sherwood is also absent-minded. He frequently fails to speak to old friends when he meets them on the street, and while his own explanation for this failing is that his line of vision extends above most people's heads, there are indications that he is not always thinking about what he appears to be thinking about.

During the war, on the night he was to sail for Europe to serve as overseas director of the Office of War Information, he had dinner at home with his wife, Madeline. His baggage was downstairs when an Army captain called to take him to the ship. Stepping into the elevator which opens into the Sherwood apartment, he turned to Mrs. Sherwood, graciously extended his hand, and, oblivious to the fact that he was leaving for at least eight months, said absently, "I really must be going. Thanks ever so much for dinner."

Having already won three Pulitzer prizes in drama, a great deal of credit for the late President Roosevelt's speeches, the Academy Award for his screen play, The Best Years of Our Lives, and many other honors, Sherwood could reasonably have been expected to lie down several years ago and rest. A long vacation was all the more indicated, inasmuch as he suffers blinding attacks of *tic douloureux,* a mysterious malady which produces searing pain in the sinus regions and for which he must keep constantly armed with three kinds of painkillers—depending on the viciousness of the attack.

Instead of resting, Sherwood plunged into the formidable task of assembling the voluminous notes left by the late Harry Hopkins into his now famous book, Roosevelt and Hopkins. Roosevelt and Hopkins has already won the Saturday Review of Literature's award for the "most important and significant book published in 1948."

Conferences With Churchill

In writing Roosevelt and Hopkins, Sherwood had a number of skirmishes with Winston Churchill, the author of many wartime memoranda which Sherwood felt had to be included in the book if it were to be an authentic review of the period. Sherwood made four trips to England to discuss with Churchill various parts of the manuscript and to get permission to use certain direct quotes. Churchill, according to his custom, held court in bed.

To Sherwood's surprise, Churchill raised very few objections to the first seven parts of the book which Sherwood showed him. Consequently, Sherwood simply mailed the last sections to Churchill, but Churchill meanwhile had completed arrangements for his own memoirs and was now inclined to be understandably peevish. Ultimately, the difficulties were ironed out by mail, but not before Churchill had made a number of futile transatlantic telephone calls in attempts to discuss things further.

Churchill knew only Sherwood's address; he did not have Sherwood's private, unlisted telephone number. Hence, he was reduced to calling Sherwood's apartment house. Quite regularly, at about nine o'clock in the evening, the porter in the building would come to Sherwood's apartment, bug-eyed. "Mr. Winston Churchill is calling from England," he would say.

"Tell him," Sherwood would say, just as regularly, "I am not in."

Ultimately, the astonished porter came to assume that Sherwood was taking some unusual liberties when he refused to talk with the distinguished Briton, but Sherwood explained later. "I happen to know that when it is nine o'clock in the evening in New York, it is one or two o'clock in the morning in England," he said. "It also occurred to me that Mr. Churchill, having had an entire evening in which to become wrathful over my book, would undoubtedly be much too ferocious at two o'clock in the morning for us to carry on a profitable conversation."

Sherwood has had his difficulties with other authors. At the age of eight, he attempted unsuccessfully to rewrite Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities because he didn't like the ending. Years later, during the recent war, when he wrote numerous speeches for President Roosevelt, in collaboration with Judge Samuel Rosenman, he found that the President frequently changed them to suit himself.

Once Sherwood, who is the author of Abe Lincoln in Illinois, discovered that the President had thrown out some Lincoln quotes that he had put in a speech. "Were you disappointed?" someone asked Sherwood.

"Not at all," he said happily. "The quotations he cut were from Sandburg's Lincoln, not mine."

Sherwood has been described by one of his friends—Sidney Hyman, who aided him in the preparation of Roosevelt and Hopkins—as an "aristocratic democrat," and this probably explains him best. Sherwood was born to the manner—on April 4, 1896, in New Rochelle, New York—the son of Arthur Murray Sherwood, a prominent investment broker and founder of the Harvard Lampoon, and Rosina Emmet Sherwood, a distinguished painter and illustrator.

Sherwood's mother, who died a little over a year ago, was, in common with the other Emmets and Sherwoods, a bluestocking Republican who could never reconcile her playwright-son's militant liberalism with his upbringing. When she realized in 1940 that he was not for Willkie but was supporting "that man" she was outraged, and later she warned him repeatedly that no good would come of his writing a book on Roosevelt and Hopkins.

Broadcast Draws a Rebuke

The first time Sherwood broadcast for Roosevelt, under the auspices of the Republicans For Roosevelt Committee, in the 1940 campaign, Mrs. Sherwood tuned in. After three or four sentences, she realized to her horror that her son was attacking Willkie, and she quickly shut off her radio, muttering, "My poor boy. My poor boy." Later, when she had recovered her aplomb, she sent him a telegram which read: "How dare you call yourself a Republican? Mother."

The other members of his family likewise felt that Sherwood was politically askew. On one occasion, his brother, Arthur Murray Sherwood, asked him if he would bring him a souvenir from the White House. Sherwood looked at him suspiciously. "What would you like?" he asked. "His scalp?"

At Harvard, where he established something of a record by being expelled three times, Sherwood was president of the Lampoon and was prominent in Hasty Pudding shows, for which he wrote his first play, Barnum Was Right. When the United States entered the World War, in 1917, he quit Harvard one jump ahead of the dean and, when the American Army rejected him because of his extreme height, enlisted in the famous Black Watch Regiment. "The American military authorities," he said later, "apparently felt that it would be too expensive to dig trenches for me."

The war was not kind to Sherwood. He was gassed at Arras, and when he returned to the front he was wounded in both legs. All told, he was in eleven hospitals until he was finally released from the last one, in England, in 1919.

After the war, Sherwood went to work on the old Vanity Fair, but quit with Robert Benchley in sympathy for Dorothy Parker when she was fired for writing unfavorable play reviews. From Vanity Fair he went to Boston briefly to supervise the production at Harvard of Barnum Was Right, which had been suspended because of the war.

Sherwood's father, meanwhile, had come upon difficult times, and Robert existed rather precariously on credit at the various university clubs to which he had once belonged. He also got a job as a feature writer on a Boston paper but lasted only two days before he was sacked for grievously misquoting the dean of women at Boston University on the subject of sex. Sherwood felt that the dean's views were dull and substituted his own in her name.

Back in New York and presumably chastened, he eventually rose to the editorship of the original Life, and became the foremost movie critic of the day. By 1926 he was $14,000 in debt and, in desperation, wrote his first Broadway play, Road to Rome. The actual writing

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WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Bengal Curry of Beef from East India Restaurant, New York, N.Y.

WHEN Mrs. Trudie Teele, who runs the East India Restaurant at 52 East Fifty-fifth Street in New York, told me that what she did was to interpret curries to the American palate, I knew I was in luck. Whether you're eating exotic, foreign foods or traveling in a country where you don't know the language, in either case an interpreter is an absolute necessity.

Don't think that "interpret" means you aren't getting an authentic dish. You are, but Mrs. Teele, who traveled and taught in India for many years, simply makes sure that you get an introduction to curries that will make you want to try more.

As Mrs. Teele explained, a curry is essentially a combination of spices, but it comes in a variety of bases: chicken, beef, lamb, shrimp, vegetable, egg, duck and lobster. Whatever your choice for the entree, I'd recommend that you start with cold Malay soup. For dessert the coconut cake is a perfect cooling windup to a curry dinner.

Menus are à la carte. Entrees at dinner range from $1.25 to $2.50. At lunch the smaller portions are from 90 cents to $1.75. No liquor is served.

BENGAL CURRY OF BEEF

1 pound beef, cubed
2 tablespoons oil or fat
½ tin tomato paste
1 medium onion, chopped
1 garlic clove, chopped
¼ teaspoon mustard seed
1 small piece cinnamon stick
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 teaspoon paprika
Salt to taste

Brown onion, garlic, mustard seed and cinnamon stick in oil. Add meat, curry powder and paprika. Cook ten minutes, stirring occasionally and being sure to scrape brown from pan. Add tomato paste and salt, cover with water, and cook until tender (about 20 minutes). Serve over heap of steaming yellow rice with condiments that include fresh grated coconut, peanuts, raisins. Serves 4.

If you wish to receive this Bengal Curry of Beef recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 14, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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took only three weeks, and Gilbert Miller, the Shuberts, and the Theatre Guild were among the many who refused to touch it. Nevertheless, it was a success under different auspices.

Subsequently, Sherwood wrote such hits as Reunion in Vienna, The Petrified Forest, Idiot's Delight, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, and There Shall Be No Night, the last three Pulitzer prize winners.

In 1931, when he wrote Reunion in Vienna, Sherwood had been denounced so regularly as a movie critic trying to be a playwright that he seriously considered putting a phony Austrian by-line on the play and taking credit only for "adapting" it. Honesty prevailed, however, and was rewarded. The play got rave notices.

Mein Kampf Inspires a Play

When, in 1933, Sherwood read Hitler's Mein Kampf he was so profoundly disturbed that he immediately wrote a play called Acropolis, in which he attempted to show the effect that the imposition of totalitarianism would have on a freethinking society. Acropolis was produced in London and flopped, but it was an honest attempt to warn the world of dire things to come.

In 1935, Sherwood saw an American cabaret troupe performing in a Budapest café and he realized suddenly that here was the genesis of an idea he had been carrying around in his head for two years. In what is probably a world's speed record for writing a play, he had finished Idiot's Delight in two weeks. It was an eloquent denunciation of the war which was to come three years later.

It is important that Sherwood himself still retains the faith given voice by Harry Van, the American hoofer in the play: "Now don't sneer at me, Doctor—but above everything else I've found Faith! Faith in peace on earth, and good will to men—and faith that Muma, the three-legged girl, really has got three legs."

For all his success, Sherwood has never written anything that completely satisfied him, although millions of others have been more than satisfied. The closest he ever came to assuming any sort of pre-eminence appears to have been when, in discussing the work of a foreign playwright with Behrman, Sherwood said, "I prefer the plays of Robert Emmet Sherwood. He hasn't got much to say, but at least he does not try to say anything else."

Sherwood's feeling for the theater is surpassed only by his feeling for humanity, and he actually has a great deal to say about both. When he retired several years ago as president of the Dramatists' Guild, he summed up a large part of his philosophy in his final report: "One of the greatest virtues of the American theater is that it has never been strictly national. Upholding the best principles of the people whom it represents, it is unlimited by the fetishes of chauvinism, sectionalism, racism. Here we are hospitable to all new ideas, whatever their source, to all points of view, however alien the tongue in which they were first expressed. This hospitality is not an evidence of our nobility—but of our health."

The theater, in return, has rewarded Sherwood handsomely. In addition to his stage royalties, which have been considerable, he sold The Petrified Forest to Hollywood for $110,000, Reunion in Vienna for $85,000, Idiot's Delight for $135,000 and Abe Lincoln in Illinois for $225,000.

Despite such dividends, which would suggest a certain amount of business acumen, Sherwood is not at ease in the world of commerce. In 1940, having entrusted his entire fortune of well over $300,000 to an investment counselor who had been a classmate of President Roosevelt's at Groton and Harvard, Sherwood awakened one black morning to find he had lost everything. What was worse, he was actually $100,000 in the hole; the investment counselor, among other derelictions, had neglected to set up a trust fund in that amount for Sherwood's first wife, according to the terms of their divorce settlement.

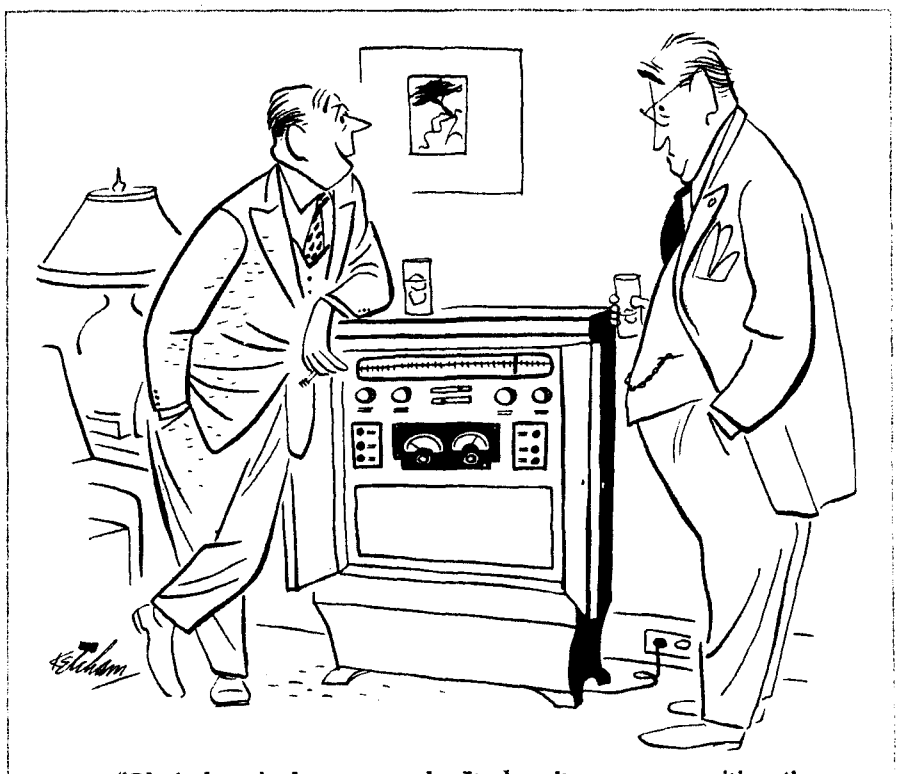
It later developed that Sherwood had visited the investment expert only once after handing over all his money to him. "You mean?" asked Sherwood's lawyer in astonishment, when the defalcation was discovered, "you never went back?"

"Well, no," Sherwood confessed.

"But why?" the lawyer asked.

"Well, frankly," Sherwood said, "it was such a damned bore."

Sherwood would have preferred to dismiss the entire incident, but President Roosevelt ribbed him unmercifully about it. The President frequently brought up the investment counselor's name and invariably added, "He's Bob's friend, you know." When Sherwood won his Pulitzer prize for There Shall Be No Night, Roosevelt asked Missy LeHand, his private secretary, if any money went with it.



"Oh, it doesn't change records. It plays its own compositions"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

THANK GOD FOR MY HEART ATTACK!

By CHARLES YALE HARRISON

Many who are suffering from some form of heart trouble live in mortal fear of what may happen to them. But a very large percentage of them are needlessly worried. Don't miss the experience of a man, now strong and well, who lived through a serious attack of the most deadly of all the heart ailments

In Collier's *next week*

"Oh, yes, a thousand dollars," Miss LeHand said.

"In that case," the President said, "write a letter to the Pulitzer people and have them send the money to the White House, where it will be safe. It would never do to trust Bob with it."

Although Sherwood always stood in awe of the President, they were fast friends, and Sherwood, while he was helping with the President's speeches, often stayed at the White House. Roosevelt is probably the only friend of Sherwood's who never kidded him about his height, probably because the President, too, suffered from a physical affliction. In talking to others about Sherwood, the President simply said, "Bob's a dear."

After 1940, when he was tapped for the palace guard, Sherwood was responsible for much of the dramatic emphasis in Roosevelt's speeches, but the actual language used was largely the President's own.

Sherwood thought of the "again—and again—and again" phrase used in F.D.R.'s final speech of the 1940 campaign, and he was the culprit who manipulated the names of isolationists Joe Martin, Hamilton Fish and Bruce Barton into "Martin, Barton and Fish." The "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" effect was so catching that crowds began chanting the names in unison with Roosevelt, and Willkie finally said, "When I heard the President hang the isolationist votes of Martin, Barton and Fish on me, and get away with it, I knew I was licked."

Nine Oscars for One Movie

After the war, Sherwood went to Hollywood to write the screen play, The Best Years of Our Lives, and it was an edifying experience, particularly since it demonstrated to him that he was not going to have a great deal of difficulty in readjusting himself to the literary life after his years of government service. It was even more edifying in that he has collected so far, in addition to his fee for writing the picture, more than $200,000 in bonus payments. The picture itself won nine Oscars and the Critics Award, further proof that the Sherwood pen had not been blunted by the war.

Sherwood now lives in a spacious New York apartment with his second wife, Madeline, whom he married in Budapest after his divorce from Mary Brandon, a niece of Booth Tarkington, in 1934. This second marriage, although it is a thoroughly happy one, nevertheless represents one of the most trying episodes of Sherwood's life.

Sherwood had been divorced in Reno, and the present Mrs. Sherwood had been divorced from Marc Connelly, the playwright, in Riga, Latvia. At the suggestion of Sir Alexander Korda, for whom Sherwood was working at the time, the two went to Budapest where, Korda assured them, the marriage could be facilitated with much less red tape than in England or France. This proved to be one of the most misleading statements ever uttered.

The red tape was frightful. The Hungarian government, for one thing, demanded that the United States government certify both divorces despite the fact that one was Latvian. In any case, the United States minister was out of town, and Hungary was not on friendly terms with Latvia, anyway. In desperation, Sherwood appealed to Lajos Zilahy, a prominent Budapest writer who recently wrote the novel, The Dukays, and who is now in the United States, to intervene with General Julius de Gömbös, the then Hungarian dictator.

High-Pressuring a General

What Zilahy told the general is not all on the record. He did say, however, that Sherwood wrote for both the New York and the London Times, a statement without a shred of truth in it. As anticipated, the general was impressed sufficiently to give his immediate blessing to the marriage.

Later, Zilahy told Sherwood, a little nervously, "I gather the general does not expect you to write untruthfully about Hungary, but I do not imagine he expects you to write disagreeably about Hungary, either."

"I will do better than that," Sherwood said. "I will not write *anything* about Hungary."

The Sherwoods, while anything but expatriates, spend as much of their summers as possible at their country home at Great Enton, Surrey, England, where Sherwood indulges his whims and otherwise finds surcease from the cares of New York. Sherwood is especially fond of and notably inexpert at betting on horses in England, although he does not bring this vice home with him, and he is known at his bookmaker's as "Old Savoy." He is also titular head of the Old Savoy Croquet Club, a group of Sherwood intimates who make their headquarters at Great Enton.

Each year, on the final week end in England, the Sherwoods hold an elaborate closing-up ceremony, which is featured by contests in poetry and drama. Last year's prize-winning poem was one entitled Ode to Sir Stafford Cripps, but it is not available for reproduction inasmuch as the Sherwoods hope to return to England.

Now in New York, Sherwood is at work on Miss Liberty, a musical comedy in collaboration with Irving Berlin and Moss Hart which is scheduled for spring production.

This project, which is set approximately 85 years ago, is notable already in that it has produced one of the few real guffaws ever heard to issue from the normally taciturn Sherwood.

This amazing episode took place recently in a New York restaurant, when a newspaper columnist approached Irving Berlin, with whom Sherwood was having lunch, and unwittingly asked:

"Will the election have any effect on your musical?"

"I don't think so," Berlin said. "Not unless something new has happened to Grover Cleveland."

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LITTLE LULU

by Marge

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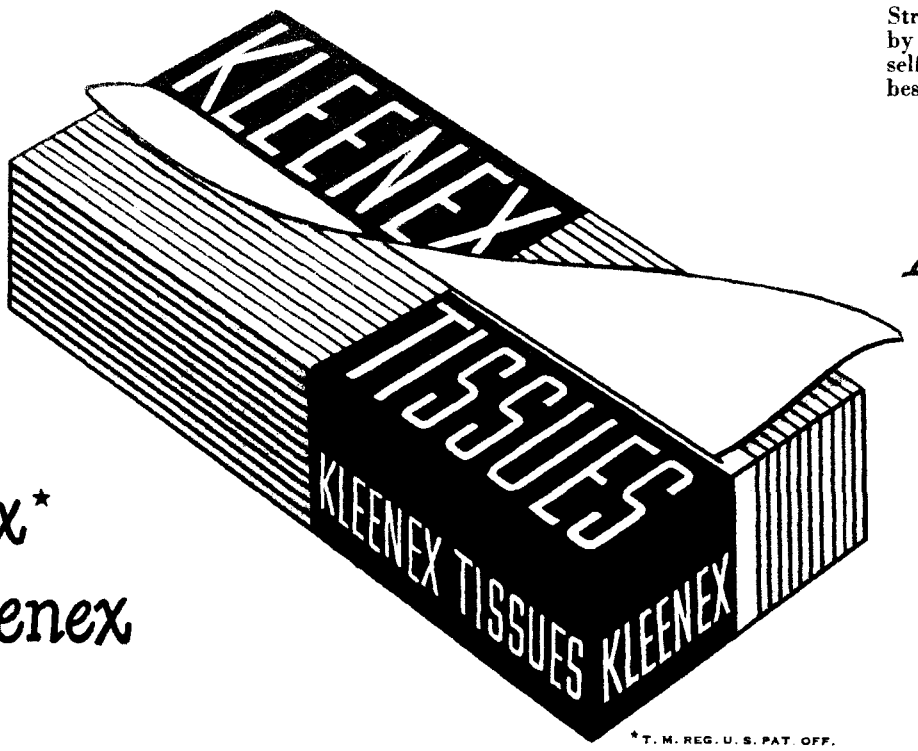

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I FLEW FOR ISRAEL

Continued from page 15

Rome as a passenger. I went to the Mediterraneo Hotel where Buzz and Lennie and I had stayed. For three days I brooded. Then one morning I woke up and my hands were no longer shaking, my head was clear, and I realized that I was all right again.

I called the Haganah man, told him I was ready for duty, and he said there would be a plane waiting for me the next morning. And from that time on I was a full-fledged member of the volunteer Israeli Air Force.

What makes a normal thirty-three-year-old American quit his job to travel 7,000 miles to a hunk of desert, and fly all sorts of broken-down crates under all sorts of conditions? There are those who think we did it for money. Money? My salary as an Israeli pilot was one hundred dollars a month. Was it a search for excitement, an escape from the boredom of routine everyday life? Not for me it wasn't. I was perfectly happy living in Los Angeles working as a salesman, going to the movies twice a week, going bowling on Saturday night, occasionally lifting a stein of beer with the gang and in the summer rooting for the Los Angeles Angels. I wasn't bored. Why did I enlist in the Israeli Air Force?

Why Pilots Joined Up

Often we'd sit in the ready room at an airport in Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia or at our Israel base at Aqir and we'd ask one another that question. Most of us were Americans but there were British, Canadian and South African pilots, also, in our volunteer group. Three of us had joined up together in Los Angeles: Bob Vickman, Stanley Andrews and myself. Bob and Stanley had been AAF pilots too, and they'd been doing all right as civilians. They didn't want any excitement either, but something within them impelled them to fight for Israel.

It was early in 1948 when I joined the volunteer group. For months I'd been reading about the fight the Jews of Palestine were making. During the war we knew what we were fighting for all right, and reading the newspapers out in L.A. I had got to thinking that the Jews were fighting for the same things that we had fought for. They wanted a democratic country of their own, the sort of country our forefathers had fought for.

The League of Nations had given them the world's blessing, but in recent years the world had turned against them, had repudiated the promises it had made. The world seemed more interested in power politics, in economic stability for well-entrenched Middle East interests, in maintaining the *status quo*. The world seemed more interested in oil beneath the ground than in people above the ground.

I'd been educated in the New York Public schools, and then I studied engineering at Cooper Union. You get an awfully good training in democracy in New York schools. I kept reading the papers and watching the United Nations evade its responsibilities toward struggling little Israel. I got madder and madder and one day a thought occurred to me. I too was a Jew.

I'd never thought much about that because it didn't seem to matter one way or another in school or college or in the Fifth Air Force. I had no kinship with the Jews of Europe beyond a historical relation. Back in 1921 a million or so Americans came to the sudden realization that although they owed allegiance only to this country they had Irish blood in them, and they poured forth their money and their efforts to help Ireland become a free state.

This in no way compromised their loyalty to America. Their only ties with Ireland were historical ties, but they arose in fierce anger to support and establish the De Valera regime. Now I felt as they had felt then.

It was that simple, and three weeks after I'd enlisted I found myself ferrying a bomber over Arab positions.

I felt very much at home in Israel, not because I was a Jew (non-Jewish members of our group felt the same way) but because the Israeli fighters of the Palmach and the Haganah and the civilians who were fighting in their own way were so much like men I'd trained with in the Air Force and had gone overseas with. The native-born Palestinian is called a Sabre. To my surprise the ordinary Sabre looked exactly like Hitler's definition of an Aryan. He was usually blond, regular-featured, blue-eyed and tall.

Sabre is the name given to the fruit of the cactus plant. This fruit is tough outside but sweet inside, and that about sums up the native Palestinian. In battle he was tough and he could embark on overnight marches carrying a pack and his gun and be fit to fight when he ended the march, and he could endure any degree of suffering.

They are definitely our kind of people, these Palestinians. That was the verdict of every one of the 300 volunteer members of the air force I knew. We were also surprised to find that the majority spoke English.

The military victory won by Israel contradicted every textbook ever written by the experts. On paper they had no right to win against the strength of five sovereign Arab nations. On May 15, 1948, Palestine became Israel, and immediately the fury of the Arab attack broke. On that date Israel didn't have a single fighter plane to defend her cities from air attack; she had no antiaircraft weapons—just machine guns, Bren guns and small-caliber stuff. Every day the Egyptian Spitfires and Dakotas came over to drop their bombs on defenseless cities, towns and villages.

Eventually, though, we had an air force of a sort. At its very greatest strength it consisted of three B-17s (flown "illegally" from America); 25 single-engined Norsemen (flown "illegally" from Canada); 15 Messerschmitts (bought in Czechoslovakia); 30 Spitfires (given to Czechoslovakia by the British as a gift and sold by the Czechs to Israel); two Mosquitoes (bought by an English film producer ostensibly to use in the making of a picture but smuggled out of England to Israel); six Osts (two-engined British training planes smuggled out of England); two C-54s (flown "illegally" from the United States); ten C-46s (flown from America) and a fleet of Piper Cubs, which, so help me, were used for bombing.

That was our air force. It was this tiny group of planes that cleared the skies, gave air cover to ground troops, and in the final analysis turned the tide of history.

I returned from Israel a short time ago, and already I've been shocked at some of the ideas people have of how the Israel army managed to get arms. A great many people have the idea that Russia backed the fight made by Israel, supplying arms and planes through Czechoslovakia. Here's how that deal was worked: There was an air base at Žatec, about 60 miles from Prague, and we would fly our C-46s there, pick up a load of guns, ammo and Messerschmitts and head for Israel.

Israel had tried desperately in the world market to buy guns and planes, but following the policy of the British Foreign Office, the world had declared an arms embargo against Israel. Only Czechoslovakia and Switzerland would sell to Israel, and Switzerland didn't have much to sell. The Czechs were in a nice spot. They had a virtual monopoly of the market and could name their own price. They agreed to sell Israel 15 Messerschmitts, and we crated these up and flew them to Israel in our C-46s. Czechoslovakia had acquired these Messerschmitts for practically nothing as part of Germany's war-surplus stocks left in Czechoslovakia. She sold them to Israel for $40,000 each.

Ben-Gurion was so desperate for fighter planes to protect his civilian population from bombing that he had to submit to the holdup. These were very old, tired Messerschmitts. The guns were poorly synchronized and more than half the time they jammed.

The Egyptian air force had plenty of Spitfires and Fiats (a pretty good fighter sold to them by Italy) and dozens of C-47s given to them by the British. But the Gyppos were clumsy pilots, and even with their enormous advantage in aircraft they couldn't do any real damage to Israel.

One afternoon one of our lads was stooging along in his Spit when he saw seven Gyppo fighters (five Spits and two Fiats) below him. He dived at the formation and got one Spit, which went down in flames. Two of the Gyppo Spitfires lit right out for home, leaving four to battle it out. Our boy made another pass and hit two of them. They fell out of formation. The remaining two planes lit out for the south. Our pilot was about out of gas so he had to come back to the base.

Now no pilot, no matter how good, has any right to disperse a squadron of seven fighters. This happened time after time, and we couldn't figure it out. I suppose the answer was that the Arab pilots really didn't have anything to fight for. They were just going through the motions.

Once the B-17s and the C-46s began to arrive we were able to do a little bombing of our own. We used to laugh at the pretty blue uniforms the crews of the American ships arrived in. They were like the ordinary uniforms worn by transport pilots at home, but they had the letters L.A.P.S.A. on their caps. That meant Líneas Aéreas de Panama Société Anonyme, which was a Panama air line chartered for Central American trips.

Larger Planes from the U.S.

This was a dummy company and it bought ten C-46s in the United States. American volunteers donned the pretty, official-looking uniforms and flew the planes to Mexico City and then to Panama. They stayed in Panama, too—long enough to refuel. Then they headed for Israel via Natal (Brazil), Dakar and Catania (Sicily).

Not all of them arrived. One C-46 crashed at Mexico City because of overloading, killing its crew of four. Another B-17 stopped at the Azores, and State Department officials requested the Portuguese authorities to impound the plane and return the crew to the United States.

Israel's chief enemy was always the combination of the British Foreign Office and our State Department. The Arabs were easy enough to handle, but it was hard to understand or cope with the hatred displayed toward Israel. It was also a mystery to us why the world jumped through a hoop when our State Department cracked the whip.

If it hadn't been for the State Depart-

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Viewpoint

By DAVE GERARD

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"He kicked all the four tires, slammed the doors a dozen times and shelled out on the first price the salesman quoted!"

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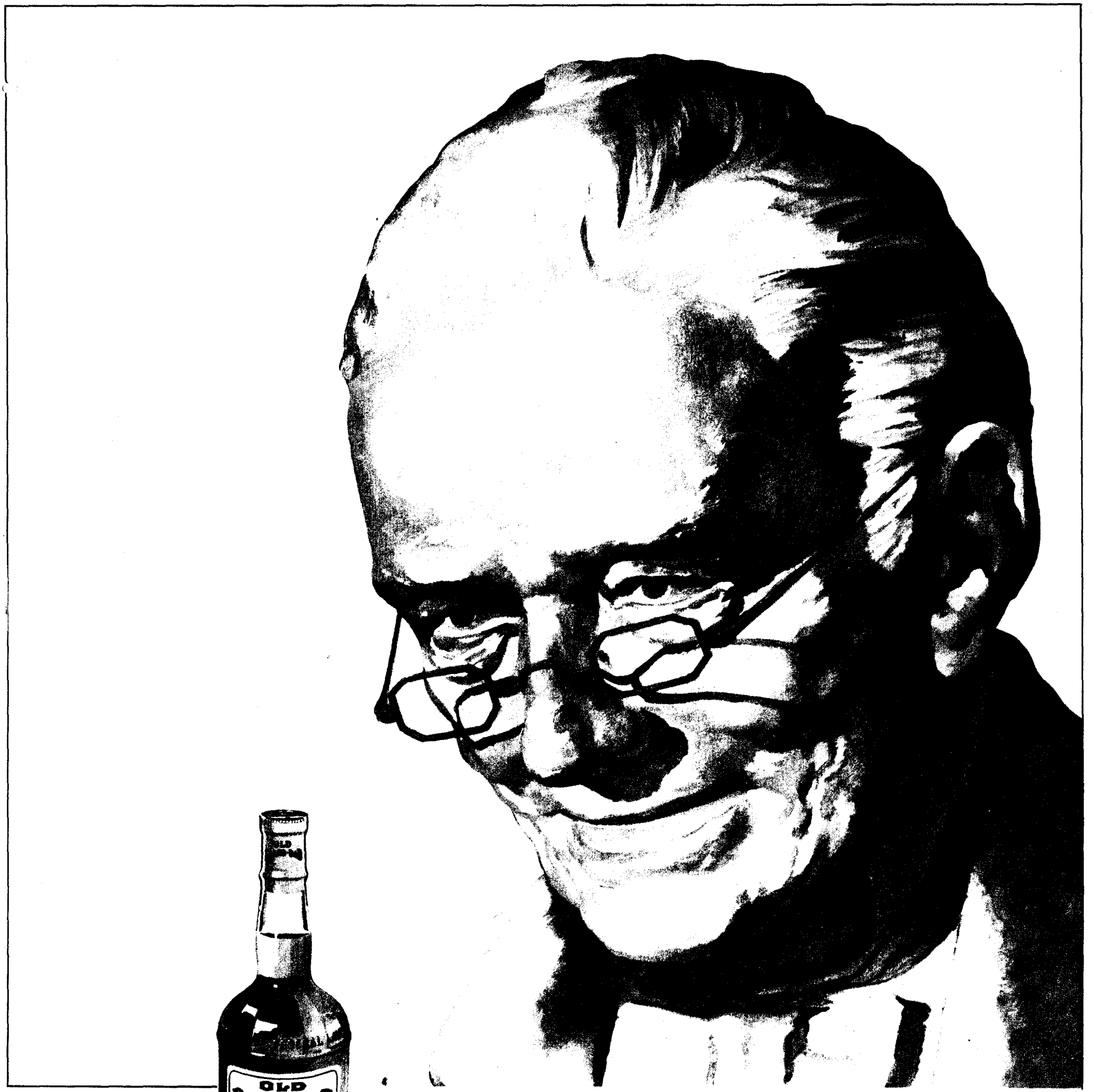

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ment, the fighting in Israel would have ended long before it did, and hundreds of lives would have been saved. Let me explain that one. Last summer Israel needed ammunition desperately. We shuttled back and forth from Czechoslovakia to Israel as fast as our planes would fly. When we'd reach the limit of our endurance we'd often collapse into bed and sleep for 24 hours.

There was one man, though, who never collapsed, an iron man, Raymond Kurtz, who had been a B-17 pilot during the war. Ray, a New York policeman before he joined the Israeli Air Force, became a legend in the Israeli Air Force. While the rest of us were dropping from exhaustion he kept right on flying. During one stretch of ten days last September, Kurtz flew exactly 200 hours. Figure that out.

And the stuff that Kurtz and the rest of us were bringing in from Czechoslovakia was the only thing that kept the Palmach and the Haganah fighting there in the Negeb. Then it came to an end.

A Visitor from Prague

One day we were all sitting around our shack at the Žatec airport playing bridge. Our planes were all loaded with those wooden boxes marked "Glass" or "Fragile," and we were waiting for a weather clearance. A pleasant sort of chap—an American—walked into the room and started to talk to us. He said his name was MacDonald and that he was from the U.S. embassy in Prague.

We dropped our cards and felt sick. Obviously he'd come to investigate this airport. He knew that most of us were American citizens and he knew what we were doing.

"I guess we've had it," I said, and MacDonald smiled almost apologetically. It seemed awfully funny to us that he was fighting on one side and we other Americans were fighting on the opposite side. Anyhow, the next day the Czech government got a strong request from our State Department to close up Žatec. And the Czech government meekly obeyed.

Occasionally a plane did make a quick trip into Czechoslovakia and return with a load of supplies, but as a main artery of supply the route no longer existed and we confined our activities to bombing Arab military positions at Gaza, Rafah, El Majdal and Falujja.

We usually bombed at night. The Arabs for some reason or other seemed afraid to fly in the dark. The nights were usually clear and our heavily loaded transport planes would have been sitting ducks for their Spitfires, but they never bothered us. They depended entirely on flak and sometimes that was pretty good, because they had fine anti-aircraft weapons which they had obtained from the British.

A few days after Bob Vickman had got it—he was killed when a defective Messerschmitt he was piloting crashed—my other Los Angeles pal, Stanley Andrews, was killed when flak brought down the Mosquito he was flying.

It was the Pacific all over again. You'd come back from a mission, go in the mess hall to have some coffee and look around rather surreptitiously to see who was missing. There were plenty who didn't come back, and we always hoped they had died quickly. This was after we found out what Arabs occasionally did to prisoners. Two of our men didn't return one night—we found their horribly mutilated bodies a week later.

The bombing we did was hardly in the American Air Force tradition. To begin with, we had no bomb racks. When we got over the target the pilot would yell and the bomb chuckers (that's what we called them) would roll the bombs out of the open door. We usually had to make three runs over the target.

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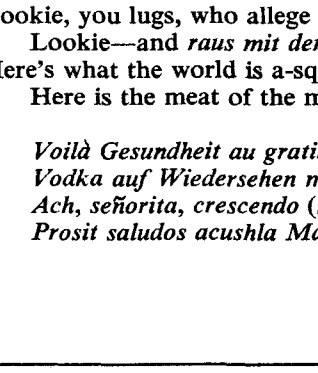

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on the European Situation

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Here is the meat of the matter:

Voilà Gesundheit au gratin cum bravo;
Vodka auf Wiedersehen multum in parvo;
Ach, señorita, crescendo (mais oui!)
Prosit saludos acushla Machree!

—AL GRAHAM

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We didn't use bomb sights or the usual aids to accurate bombing we had during the war. When our instruments went haywire we couldn't replace them. Our fleet of bombing planes would have shocked an American Air Force C.O.

In addition to a few heavies we used single-engined Norsemen and Piper Cubs. It was quite a sight to see a little Cub stagger off the runway under the weight of three bombs and a pilot, but they did it every night.

And the war was won. Israel not only had to fight the whole world on the diplomatic front and the five Arab nations on the military front; she had to fight broken-down, inferior equipment. Colonel David Marcus, the West Point officer whose memory is now revered in Israel, once explained to me that there never had been a war like this.

"Before we can start a real offensive," he told me, "we have to go out and capture the weapons we need. We start off with Sten guns and two-inch mortars, machine guns, Bren guns and some ammo. Then we are ready to make a real attack. These boys I command can do more with fewer weapons than any fighters I've ever seen. And they never know when they've had enough."

War Won by Men—Not Weapons

David Marcus never knew when he had enough either. A few days after I talked to him he was killed. Marcus was right; the war was not won by weapons but by people. Everyone you met in Tel Aviv or Haifa was doing a war job. One night they put a new bomb chucker on my plane. He laughed when I recognized him. I'd seen him the week before behind the desk of a hotel on Hayarkon Street in Tel Aviv.

One day a high-ranking Haganah military commander came to our air base. I asked him the size of the Israel army. He said, "We have an army of 750,000."

"But that's the entire population of Israel," I said, puzzled.

"That's right," he said calmly.

This was a war for survival and it was too important to be fought only by military men. Everybody old enough to walk was old enough to fight in one way or another. I was with the Israeli Air Force for nine months, and my admiration for the people of the country grew greater and greater the longer I stayed in the country. They had the same spirit of independence that our pioneers had. They were wise, too, and were not to be fooled by smooth promises.

Russia made a big point of supporting Israel at United Nations meetings, but the Israeli people only chuckled at the transparent attempt by the Communists to show friendship for the new country.

The people of Israel are the most democratic people in the world. They know what Fascism did to millions of their brothers in Europe. They know that thousands had fled Communism in Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary because they wanted to live the life of true democracy which they could find only in Israel. Israel is the only bulwark of democracy in the whole Middle East, and it is our kind of democracy.

The Israel Cabinet includes a Minister of Minorities, whose job is to safeguard the rights of Arabs and other minority groups in the country. As citizens they are guaranteed the same political and economic freedoms given to Jewish citizens of the country. Employers by law must pay Arab workers the same wages paid to Jewish workers. The Cabinet also includes a Minister for Religious Affairs, whose job is to see to it that no one of a minority faith is discriminated against.

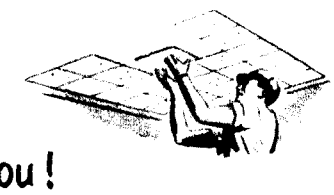
Now I'm back home ready to go to work again. Friends of mine say, "You wasted nine months of your life flying for Israel." I laugh at them. I learned an awful lot in those nine months. I saw Communism in action in Czechoslovakia and did not like what I saw. I saw democracy in its finest form working in Israel and I couldn't help being thrilled at that. I read the Israeli Declaration of Independence which made the country a sovereign nation last May, and the wording of it seemed familiar to me. Then I realized that it was closely patterned after our own Declaration of Independence.

The Communist propagandists like to rant about the decadent democracies and the virtues of the totalitarian state. They forget that Thomas Jefferson wrote the basic rules for a democratic state more than 170 years ago and the rules are still working today. They've worked pretty well for us here at home and they're working well for the newest democracy on earth. This is what I learned in Israel and it had made me a better American and a more fervent believer in democracy than ever. No, those nine months were not wasted.

How Hard Can You Work... to Get Fired?

"I'm the Chap who wants to know

"Night after night I come back to the office after dinner... to finish up odds and ends I can't manage during the day. I'm just as efficient as the next guy, but *no one* can do a good day's work in a noisy office. I can't concentrate, get jumpy and nervous and keep making 'careless' mistakes. And here's the payoff! Now I get told that I'm costing the company far too much overtime, to cut it out...'or else'!"



"I'm the Fellow who can tell you!

"Keep your job, Mister, and do a day's work *without* overtime! Tell your boss that spending a *little* to quiet the office will save him a *lot* on overtime pay. Tell him Sound Conditioning work can be done without interrupting office routine. By calling *me* in, he'll cut personnel turnover and get greater efficiency from his entire staff. Why *me?*

"I'm a member of the largest and most experienced Sound Conditioning organization in the country. Acousti-Celotex has completed over 200,000 ceiling installations... more than any other company in the business. We have the correct materials for *every* kind of Sound Conditioning job. If you are interested in increasing production efficiency, I'd like to give you a free analysis."

GUARANTEED

Offices, stores, schools, banks, churches, and factories from coast to coast are already enjoying the benefits of modern Sound Conditioning. Acousti-Celotex Tile, for example, can immediately increase personnel efficiency up to 10%, cut employee turnover, save time and money... daily! And you can paint Acousti-Celotex Tile repeatedly, *without reducing its superior sound absorbing efficiency!*

Celotex has back of it the years of scientific research, the nationwide organization and quality-proved products which enable your distributor to *guarantee* his work, his materials, his Sound Conditioning techniques. For the name of your local Acousti-Celotex distributor in the U.S. or Canada and a FREE copy of the informative booklet "25 Questions and Answers on Sound Conditioning," write to The Celotex Corporation, 120 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.

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STORES · HOTELS · AND HOSPITALS

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3 STRIKES TO THE GOOD!

CHOOSE THE ONE BLENDED WHISKEY THAT GIVES YOU ALL 3

FLEISCHMANN'S PREFERRED

* THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 65% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. BLENDED WHISKEY. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MAIL-ORDER MARRIAGE

Continued from page 21

Ivan Adams of Atlanta to help you select your mate. And in case you are illiterate, the Belpan system, operated by William D. Spanos of New York City, includes a cardboard application blank with holes to be punctured against your qualifications.

Lonely hearts who have answered ads, but aren't sufficiently lonesome to want to pay the usual $3 fee, receive an avalanche of follow-up letters. Usually the circulars come flooding in with such melancholy warnings that most people send in the money just to be rid of them.

Many, however, are inclined to apply for membership right away because the listings are so sensationally provocative.

Young, Beautiful and Rich

In a recent catalogue Jane Fuller of Thorpe, Wisconsin, offers this tidbit:

"Annapolis, Md. This beautiful, 18-year-old girl is unable to meet the type of gentleman she would like for a husband. She is 5 ft., 3 in., 104 lbs. She has chestnut hair and hazel eyes. Is vivacious. SHE WAS THE SOLE HEIR OF HER FATHER'S ESTATE, WHICH LEFT HER A TRUST FUND OF $60,000. HAS HER OWN CAR AND APARTMENT. But is unselfish and lonely despite her financial assets."

"A bundle of pep made into the right proportions for some gent who likes small packages," states another ad.

While another club says in an ad: "Very handsome, German descent, age 26, 66 in. tall, weight 125 lbs., light brown wavy hair, blue eyes, very pleasing and lovable disposition, college education, artist, has good income. At present worth $50,000 and she will inherit TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS ($25,000,000). Anxious to marry soon."

Evan Moore, who calls his Jacksonville, Florida, agency "the foremost select social correspondence society in the world," and who has enrolled more than 62,000 men and women, over half of whom, he claims, have found their mates, compiles the most tantalizing prospectuses. In the trade, his lists contain what is known as the "Moore touch," which means they are a little more lushly written than others.

His current list is enough to make any bachelor's eyes pop. A twenty-eight-year-old heiress of French-Italian descent has "kissable lips, velvet complexion" and is "very affectionate, superbly formed."

"Boys, she's a dream," is the come-on appended to an eighteen-year-old college girl with a "big warm heart full of love."

An eighteen-year-old Houston, Texas, divorcée is described as a "peppery señorita, has lovely flashing eyes, jet-black hair, wants rancher but not the bossy type, because she has high temper when bossed."

"My pillow is wet with tears of loneliness," mourns a forty-seven-year-old widow from Live Oak, Florida, who plays the guitar and wants "respectable man."

After you have sent in the magical membership fee, you receive the even more magical list of 150-odd names *plus* addresses, plus suggestions that you buy other profit-making items. Most clubs ask from 10 to 50 cents for every mimeographed list. Some sell additional lonely heart monthly newspapers. Others propose to make miniature snapshots, 25 for $1, to send to your new-found love.

For 25 cents Moore sends along a 31-page pamphlet, Courtship by Mail. With an edition for each sex, it proposes to tell the novice the art of Selecting a Suitable Correspondent, Writing Love Letters, Asking Questions, Exchanging Photos, Telling Past Love Affairs and Combining Love, Money and Marriage.

Generally, members need little help in conducting their postage-stamp romance. Even the shyest, club operators say, find letters an open-sesame to usually closed lips. The medium furnishes secrecy from the prying eyes of neighbors who might laugh; it provides invisibility against the embarrassment of an immediate meeting. And because everybody knows well that everybody else is in the same predicament, nobody has to be self-conscious.

Those few who are somewhat hesitant about joining the clubs are finally bowled over by testimonials. Dwight Hildebrant, manager of a club in Omaha, Nebraska, is more elegant than most operators and puts out a foot-long,

COLLIER'S

"I finally got fed up reading best sellers. Now I'm reading your books"

DAN KOERNER

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● Sportsman Shave Lotion really makes your face feel *clean*, refreshed and invigorated. Antiseptic in action and mildly astringent, it closes pores, and takes care of razor nicks. You'll like Sportsman's pleasing aroma, too, as have millions of other men—and their friends. Sportsman Shaving Lotion, in its new "Every Day Use" bottle, 4 ounces for only $1. *plus tax*

At Better Stores Everywhere

Sportsman
SHAVING LOTION
Also in Deluxe Bottles at $1.00, $2.50 and $4.50

slick-paper job. It is packed with corroborative letters swooning with undying gratitude.

A typical testimonial comes from a Houston, Texas, stenographer:

"I expect to be married in June to a Fine Man I met through your Club. Sure owe you a world of thanks to your kindness to me. Please take my name off lists."

Occasionally, however, the ex-members are not so pleased by the wonders of communing through the mails. This huffy note came from a Middle Western apartment-house manager who came East to marry a Bronx millinery designer:

"This is the second time I am requesting you to please remove the name of my wife, Doris, from your list completely as she is no longer Miss — —. We were married here in June, and since then have been annoyed frequently by letters from other members to my wife. This must stop! So please get busy at once and remove this name from your list."

A curious truism about the lonely hearts clubs is that while members think nothing of glossing their own biographies, they usually swallow whole the veracity of what they read in the lists. Deceits sometimes lead to bitter disillusion, as in the touching romance between a forty-three-year-old Dallas, Texas, divorcée and a forty-five-year-old Omaha, Nebraska, widower. The divorcée fell in love with the handsome photo of the widower, and went into raptures when he described the wealth of his ranch. The widower sent her a bus ticket, and they met at the station.

For his part, he was surprised to find her older-looking than her photo. But she was dismayed at his working clothes, dumfounded at his small farm, and aghast when introduced to his four hitherto unannounced children. She returned in a huff to the lonely mesas of Texas.

Inspector L. A. Hiller, of the U.S. Postal Inspection Service, New York Division, reports that the correspondence clubs themselves are mostly aboveboard, because postal authorities keep such a tight check on their operations. Nowadays it's the dishonest correspondent—the crook who wants to bleed a sucker, the phony who begs for cash to stave off a mortgage foreclosure, the married man after an easy love affair—who provides the trouble.

Racket Yields Nice Income

One New York woman has made a tidy living from the lonely hearts clubs. She writes the same letter to about 20 men, includes the same bewitching photo, then gets palpitating love letters and train fare from most of the 20. Money in pocket, she moves to another lodging under an assumed name, and starts her game again.

Her versatility has moved Evan Moore to warn his male members in his recent circulars about this "black sheep in our flock." He still recalls bitterly the celebrated Pollie Jones, a barefooted hillbilly hag, who extracted several thousand dollars from many correspondents before she was locked up.

In order to get a clear picture of the type of people who join matrimonial clubs, this writer interviewed Beatrice Gray, manager of the International Correspondence Bureau of Miami, Florida. Her club is probably typical of the many small clubs now springing up at post-office box numbers across the nation.

Miss Gray, a small, energetic, black-haired woman in her early forties, with a smattering of free-lance writing experience, started her club in November, 1947. She has since received 5,000 letters from coast to coast—hamlets, towns, R.F.D. routes—and Canada, England, Switzerland, Germany, Africa, Palestine and the Philippine Islands; and she is now thinking of marrying one of her correspondents herself.

"I never thought there could ever be so many lonely people in the world," she said. "Hundreds of them, when mailing me their application forms, include with it pages baring their whole life story."

The majority of her members are forty or over—middle-aged people who seek security rather than romance. Women by far exceed men in seeking mates. Most of the lonesome females are farmers' widows, teachers, nurses, divorced housewives. Her mail is currently clogged with letters from women in Germany and Italy who want husbands who'll Americanize them.

Most of the men are farmers, small-town merchants, recent immigrants, elderly businessmen, retired soldiers and sailors. A great many live in Northwestern ranch districts and mining and lumber towns, where women are scarce, though Miss Gray maintains New York City is the loneliest center in the world.

Illusions of the Elderly

Women over fifty present the greatest problem; they never seem to realize they've lost the charm many men seek. Equally troublesome are men over sixty, who nurse the illusion they can be rejuvenated by marrying 18-year-old girls.

Many other managers have launched their clubs for an idealistic rather than a profit-making motive. Sympathy for the lonely impelled the Reverend John L. Jones of Kansas City, Missouri, to start his popular Get Together Club. A native Welshman, he immigrated to New York City. He found it lonesome, moved to Kansas City, but still found it lonesome, even though he was pastor of a church.

In 1926 he organized his club as an extracurricular activity, on the theory that there were thousands as lonely as he. He was not wrong, and the club thrived. Three years later he married a club member, Miss Helen Marie Hull.

Since his death, in 1944, the club has been continued by his daughter, Mrs. Phyllis Cornell, a cheerful housewife and mother of two teen-age children. Though she has helped hundreds marry, as did her father, not all the club's romances have ended in wedded bliss. This story, passed on by her father, illustrates:

"A woman from Georgia, fifty-five years old, met a fine man from Alabama through an introduction given by our club. He visited her several times, they liked each other, became engaged, and set the date for the wedding. He had a nice new car, a steady life income and bought a beautiful home, that both of them might spend the evening of life together.

"He, however, according to her, turned out to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. One evening, after a most enjoyable day, they were sitting together in the twilight when, suddenly, without warning, he threw his arms around her and kissed her. She never was so shocked in her life. She wrote me bitterly reproaching the Get Together Club for having such members."

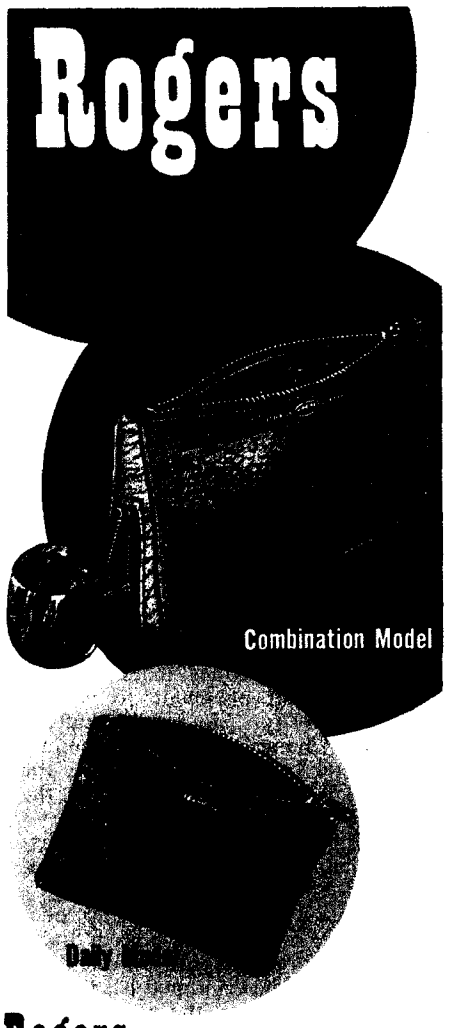
Hundreds of correspondence clubs maintain that the United States, with the highest divorce rate in the world resulting from orthodox courtships, could learn from postage-stamp romances.

New York police are not entirely sold on the lonely hearts idea.

They still recall the Pennsylvania coal miner who sought their aid in finding his correspondence-club bride. She had failed to keep her appointment at Grand Central Station after he had sent her money to buy a trousseau and join him for the wedding. In fact, he had this gorgeous snapshot of her to prove it.

Police examined the photo, recognized it, and sadly suggested that he return to the coal mines. It was a photo of Mae West.

Time for a new tobacco pouch?



Rogers air-tite* Enjoy a pouchful of fresh tobacco with a Rogers Air-tite tobacco pouch—with its patented† inner pouch of seamless rubber that "seals as it closes"... The largest selling tobacco pouch made. Exquisitely created in many styles and leathers.

Above: Combination Model pouch of Brazilian Peccary $10 (Rogers Rarity Pipe $5). Other models, $1.50 to $20. At left: Daily Model holds one day's supply compactly. Beaver Calfskin, illustrated $2.50. Other leathers, and other models for full pack of tobacco, $1.50 to $15.

●The latest in cigarette cases

A precision made flat cigarette case that really stays closed, thanks to its ingenious slide-track lock. Holds 22 regular or 18 king size cigarettes without crushing. Frame in gleaming jeweler's finish.

Case illustrated: genuine leather, assorted colors, $5; in Pigskin and Calfskin, $7.50; Watermark Sealskin, $10; Ostrich, $12.50.

Rogers *Majestic*

with the patented sliding-track. Just slide lock on track to open. No springs to work loose.

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FREE TO PIPE LOVERS! Write for booklet "Your Finest Pipe and its Proper Care", 28 pages crammed full of valuable hints. Be sure to address Dept. C-A.

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JOHN BULL IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE

Continued from page 27

from the market, and all the ham and eggs for breakfast I could eat and kidney pie for lunch and a roast for dinner."

What has happened to these amenities of professional-class life? Gone with the wind of austerity, helped by a push from Socialist leveling policies.

Since England is the most sensitive democracy in the world and since its citizens could sweep away rationing and restrictions overnight, the visitor wonders why Englishmen put up with their roles of self-sacrifice. Casual conversations in barber chair, corner pub or local union hall soon tell him why. An astonishing number of Englishmen know the economic facts of life—facts that must be known if 50,000,000 people squeezed into a tiny island are to survive.

Austerity's Standard Bearer

Proof of this is shown in their choice of a leader. England, which in the past has conveniently produced a Shakespeare to mirror the explosive vigor of the Elizabethan age, and a Churchill to breathe defiance during its finest hour, has now sprung a leader, made to order for a new kind of need: to survive through austerity. He is Sir Stafford Cripps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Minister of Economics—or as the English call him, Mr. Misery or the Minister of Perspiration.

Quite simply, here is the story of England's dilemma, which Cripps has got across to the English people:

The United Kingdom is only one-thirtieth the size of the United States yet has to support a population one third of America's. The crammed island supplies only one third of the meat its people eat, one half of the iron ore for its steel mills and none of the cotton for its textile plants.

Although poor in resources England has been a great power because of the power-driven factory which Englishmen invented. As the workshop of the world for 40 unchallenged years, England turned other people's ore and cotton into locomotives, bicycles and sweaters, and traded these for food it couldn't grow itself. When the mother workshop spawned workshops all over the world, and commonwealths like Canada and Australia became competitors, England's future was in danger. And when England let others beat her at the production game she had invented, she headed for disaster. The war gave England the last shove into poverty.

With half her merchant fleet sunk, income from foreign investments gone, factories run down, England could no longer earn enough overseas to support herself at Western living standards or to rebuild the factories that could ultimately support her. In fact her prospects were as terrifying as the buzz bombs she had just survived. Lacking cash with which to buy raw materials abroad, it looked as if England would have to cope with 2,000,000 unemployed, slash rations one third below the wartime level and even sell her machinery and plants to raise dollars to repay current debts and buy food.

America's Marshall aid dollars helped England save her factories. But even with this help she could survive only if she turned herself into a nation-wide Pittsburgh, with efficient factories, jammed smokestack to smokestack, producing the goods which, sold abroad, would keep Western living standards for Englishmen.

"First," said Cripps, "we must produce more goods to sell abroad. Then we must build new factories. The needs, comforts and amenities of the family must come last." Hard lines for the English people. However, this is the role that Mr. Misery is directing them to play.

By March the English had played this role so well that Thomas Finletter, hard-bitten Wall Street lawyer who administers Marshall aid in London, described the recovery to date as "fantastic." And a jubilant British Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs blurted out before the United Nations that it was "time to stop talking about Britain's recovery. We have long passed that stage." Aid from America, some listeners concluded, was no longer necessary.

This independence from American help Cripps promptly denied. Britain was almost, but not quite, out of the woods. True, in 1948, England had whittled her trade deficit to less than $1,000,000,000—meaning that she bought that much more from foreigners than she could pay for with sales and services abroad. But in the same year Britain could not have managed without a billion and a quarter of American dollars, and in 1949 England would still need some $900,000,000 in Marshall aid to cover the difference between what she bought in North and South America and what she could sell there.

England faced three more lean years, Cripps said. By then, if the present rate of recovery continued, England would be self-supporting. England would not have to go through a wringer of mass emigration, unemployment and hunger. England would become a top dog, a great world power again. As the keystone country in the Marshall Plan, she would help pull western Europe to its feet.

To get an idea of what the English must go through to reach this goal, let's look in on three typical English families.

Robert Acutt, a London stockbroker's clerk, fought in Greece and the North African desert, sweated out three years in a war prisoners' cage, then returned to his teacher wife to resume the pattern of English lower-middle-class life. This pattern, in low-cost prewar England, provided a modest but comfortable life on about four pounds, ten shillings ($20) weekly. A man in this bracket could purchase a government-subsidized home with a down payment of $200; he could afford a tailor-made suit yearly, meat for lunch and dinner, a subscription to one of the monthly book clubs, a week's vacation in the country.

But this pattern has been sidetracked until England can build a new design for living for the country as a whole.

Acutt's dream house? The war destroyed about 500,000 English dwellings, and in Southgate Borough, where Acutt lives, the queue for council (government-subsidized) homes, the only kind Acutt could afford, is 4,000 families deep. So he lives with his wife and two children in a two-room flat, all four sleeping in one room.

When Acutt's wife goes shopping, with ration book in hand, for a week's provisions for her family of four, she brings back 12 ounces of butter, four ounces of cooking fat, 16 ounces of margarine, two slices of bacon, six ounces of cheese, three eggs for her two children (but none for the rest of the family), two pounds of sugar and three shillings' (60 cents) worth of meat. This is supplemented by fish, an occasional rabbit, vegetables and potatoes, and makes for the Acutts just about two American-sized meals apiece for the week. Acutt ekes out his ration with 46 cents' worth of lunch at a chain restaurant near his office in the bomb-pocked "City" (London's Wall Street). When his wife is hungry, she has another slice of bread.

With cigarettes at 72 cents a pack, Acutt can't afford to smoke. Neither can he afford the $8.80 yearly book-club membership he once had. Last year he allowed himself one suit. Since it was tailor-made the government classed it as a luxury and imposed a 100 per cent tax, which raised its price from $36 to $72.

The Acutt nest egg, which Mrs. Acutt accumulated faithfully week by week during the three long years her husband was a war prisoner, is dwindling because every month the Acutts dip into it to keep up their meager standard of living.

The Acutts' role in the English drama of recovery is a pathetic one, but they play it so bravely that, looking in on them, you have the feeling that somehow it will have a happy ending.

But let's take a look at Richard Joyce, automotive engineer and executive. (Joyce is not his real name.) He has a feeling that his role as a member of the upper middle class is being written out of the postwar script.

As an engineer, Joyce is a member of the managerial or expert class, so vital in the running of a modern country. Before the war England rewarded this key group with incomes ranging between $2,400 and $8,000 yearly, which (at prewar British prices) bought not only bread but a generous helping of jam.

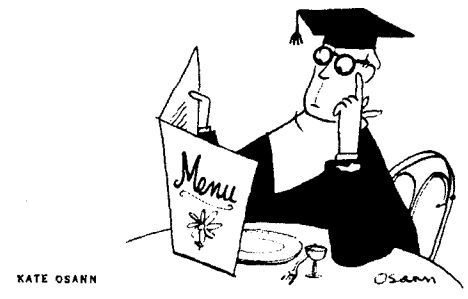
Comfortable Prewar Living

On 1,000 pounds ($4,000) yearly, Joyce had a house in the London suburbs and two amenities of life which spell freedom: a car to take a week-end jaunt to the seashore, and a maid to care for the younger children so that he and his wife could have an occasional dinner-and-theater date in town. Joyce also paid $440 a year to maintain a teen-age son at boarding school, a must for an upper-middle-class family in a country where a man's accent is still a badge of caste, and where bad speech habits, picked up in the free schools (public schools), handicap a boy for life.

Joyce played golf and took for granted a daily table garnished with sweet butter from Denmark, eggs from Ireland, bacon from Canada and "the mighty roast beef of old England."

On this prewar fare Joyce was beginning to acquire a paunchy, fortyish silhouette. But now, on his savorless meals he is a lean figure rattling around in the clothes he bought a decade ago. England is full of Joyces, and you look in vain for a fat man.

Joyce knows that the belt tightening is



Linguistic Note

The menu, it's true, may be written in French
And translatable only by scholars,
But off to the right
For the somewhat less bright
Is the price—in American dollars!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

COLLIER'S

"You must have peace and quiet. I'd advise your going back to work as soon as possible"

JACK MARKOW

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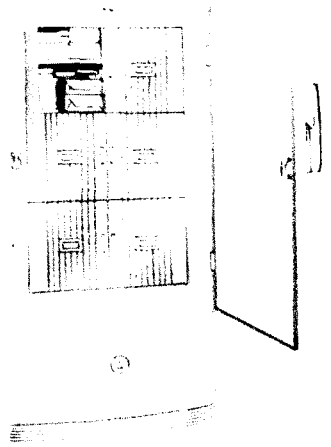
Inside the NORGE Home Freezer . . .



Inside the famous Self-D-Frosting NORGE Refrigerator . . .

more and more REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

Examples: NORGE's deep, full-width "Hydrovoir" is now ⅔ lighter, rust proof and chip-proof . . . fabricated by Reynolds, of Reynolds *Lifetime* Aluminum. Entire interior of the NORGE vertical freezer is Reynolds *Lifetime* Aluminum . . . shelves and liner. Higher conductivity . . . speeds freezing.

Surveys show that 4 out of 5 housewives prefer aluminum to porcelain-enamel for *cooking* foods . . . so it's natural that they want aluminum for *keeping* foods. That's why the trend in refrigerators and freezers is toward all-aluminum interiors . . . shelves, compartments, complete liners. Even the refrigerating coils are now practical in aluminum!

● NORGE engineers have long known the premium advantages of aluminum . . . its freedom from rust, lighter weight, lifetime durability, and the *chip-proof* white finish it can take.

● But only since Reynolds entered the field has aluminum production expanded to meet such volume requirements as NORGE's. Now NORGE engineers are designing *to* aluminum.

● And Reynolds is one of NORGE's important suppliers, of both prime metal and finished parts. Result: better products to serve *you!*

● See the new Self-D-Frosting NORGE Refrigerator and the NORGE Home Freezer . . . in any of the thousands of NORGE dealer showrooms. See Reynolds Aluminum in action!

● ***Memo to Manufacturers:*** *Besides its greater sales appeal, aluminum means longer life for dies and tools, no chipping rejects, full scrap salvage, freight and labor savings. All factors considered, cost is competitive. Write or call* ***Reynolds Metals Company****, Louisville 1, Kentucky; Richmond 19, Virginia, and all principal cities.*

REYNOLDS METALS

REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

OUT OF THE GROUND INTO YOUR LIFE

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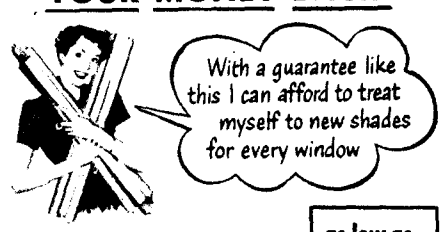

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a necessary evil, and so, perhaps, is the pinpricked life in which he can't buy anything, shift to another job, build a new house or travel out of the country without bumping into some government regulation. The thing that bothers him is that he, an upper-middle-class professional, may never regain, and his children may never even have, the amenities that were once the professional man's reward.

His fear is well founded. Taxes are so severe that in all England only 250 persons are now left with net incomes above $20,000 (after taxes). Before the war there were 11,000 in this class.

The winds of austerity that blow so cold on professional men like Joyce are somewhat tempered for the wage earner. His daily life, though drab and hard under the recovery drive, is—in certain respects—better than prewar. The postwar leveling, which is pushing the professional and middle classes down, is raising the wage earner up.

Take the case of Bill Davis, a wiry man with sad eyes who digs coal in the Sherwood Forest country near Nottingham.

As a miner, Davis is the pampered prima donna of England's recovery drama, because of the country's desperate need for coal. He gets extra rations of cheese and meat, and a bonus to induce him to put in five days' work a week.

Davis, his wife and four children live in a red-brick, six-room bungalow, comfortable quarters for a miner even by American standards. Set on a plot 100 feet deep, there's room in the back yard for a generous vegetable garden and a chicken coop housing seven hens which give three precious eggs daily. (Davis gives up ration points for the chicken feed.) The house was built between the wars with the help of a government subsidy. The rent: $2.12 a week.

Breakfast for Davis and his family consists chiefly of bread and margarine or jam. But each child gets a third of a pint of milk on the ration and an additional third of a pint with his free, hot school lunches. The children also get cod-liver oil, furnished free by the government, and concentrated orange juice, bought by the quart for several pence, at the near-by health center.

Davis sets out for the colliery after breakfast, feeling full but not quite satisfied. In his lunch kit are four slices of bread, a pat of butter and several slices of cheese. He will munch on these and drink water during his seven hours' trick in the pit. But he longs for lard.

"What a miner needs is lard," says Davis. "We used to spread it on bread and eat it at work. Helped settle the coal dust." Lack of fat is every Englishman's chief complaint.

At his locker in the three-story miners' quarters, Davis takes off the clothes in which he came to work and gets into his sooty dungarees. When he emerges from the pit, he'll scrub away all traces of his dingy calling in the pit baths, built some years before under a law sponsored by a Conservative government. Davis' father, walking home from work with a grimy face, looked and felt like a chimney sweep. But Davis walks home scrubbed and spruce like a white-collar man. It makes a difference.

There have been other changes since his father's time. Biggest one is unlearning the dole-day lesson: "Go slow. Do you want to work yourself out of a job?" With it went, "Machinery? Fight it. It'll take your job away." Now, to the amazement of the older hands, union leaders plead with the boys (just as the boss used to do) to turn out more work, and they lecture the dues payers on productivity and efficiency.

The same union leaders, who would have fought machinery with strikes a few years back, now throw their hats into the air as the government begins to pour $600,000,000 of labor-saving machinery into the mines. The union leaders have even agreed to a drastic peacetime law that prevents Davis and 725,000 other miners from leaving the pits to seek jobs elsewhere (unless ordered by a doctor).

As a miner, Davis earns $33 a week, double what he earned before the war. (The average English factory worker earns $23.10 weekly as against $13 prewar.) In contrast to the old days when Davis could get only two or three days' work a week, he can now work seven days a week if he wants to and get paid double time for week ends. Davis' wage increases have kept him ahead of the game even though prices have gone up, and, with the contributing factor of rationing, he can't spend all the money he earns. Since miners generally are not savings-minded, many see no use for all this money. When they think they have enough, they stay away from work, and despite exhortations from the government and their union leaders, absenteeism is still a number one mine problem.

In spite of the drab and monotonous diet, Davis and his family are better off than they were before the war, and this is true of many wage-earning families. You have only to take a quick look at what England, per person, eats to realize this. You find, to your astonishment, that England is drinking 50 per cent more milk than before the war. Because of rationing and reduced purchasing power, the higher-income groups are getting less than they used to, but wage earners—who had little before the war—are getting more now.

Davis' lot is better in other respects. He now gets six holidays a year and a week's vacation with pay. To many miners who once vowed, "My son will never ride the rope (go down into the pit)," the miner's life doesn't seem so bad now. And—which was seldom possible before—they can choose another for their sons. Davis has saved up some $1,200, mostly in dividends from his community co-operative, to achieve an ambition which tells a lot about the change that is coming over England.

"I want my boy Anthony to go to college," he says.

But for all his greater purchasing ability, the worker is paying a high price for England's recovery. He cannot move from job to job without government approval. His diet, lacking meat and fat, has so hurt his output that it now takes three men instead of one to load a car, one steel manager told me.

And if the worker is pinched, his wife is even

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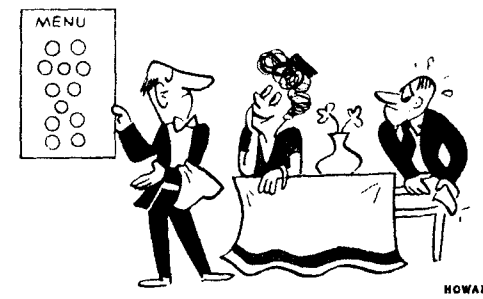

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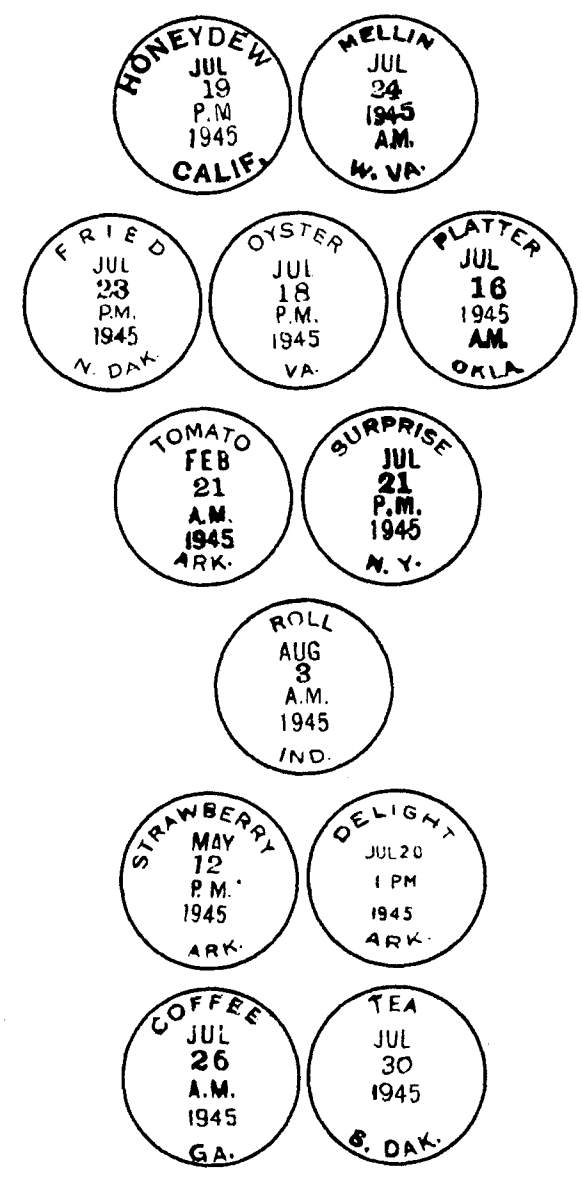
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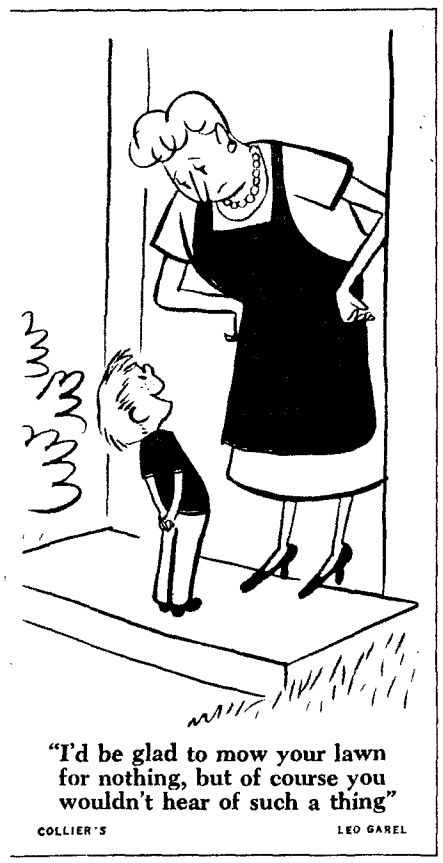
more deprived. She must stand for hours in queues, scurry from one end of town to the other on rumors of unrationed sausage, and try to cook meals for her family without fat, without eggs and with just a dribble of meat. In the drama of England's struggle for a new future, everybody plays some role of sacrifice.

I clumped through the cheerless, dimly lighted and unheated halls of the Treasury in Great George Street, London, to call on Sir Stafford Cripps, the director of this drama.

It was 7:00 P.M., and in the raw London murk outside Sir Stafford's window the red, double-decker busses were taking Londoners to the movies, theaters and pubs in Piccadilly and Soho.

A fire was laid in the grate in Sir Stafford's office, but it remained austerely unlit. The chancellor's pinched nose seemed blue with cold, but perhaps



"I'd be glad to mow your lawn for nothing, but of course you wouldn't hear of such a thing"

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this was an illusion created by the smudge of ink across it. An angular figure of a man with ascetic habits, Cripps has been likened to the late Mahatma Gandhi. But, for all the lateness of the hour and the bleakness of his office, he turned out to be a warm human being with fine sensitive lips that curled readily into a smile and with puckish eyes that glanced behind quarter-moon rimless spectacles.

"This is a fine hour to be asking you serious economic questions," I said.

"Been going since 4:00 A.M.," the Minister of Perspiration said happily.

Because Cripps has done so well in winning his case for austerity, Marshall Aid boss Paul Hoffman looks on him as England's biggest factor for recovery.

Thanks to Cripps's drive to have Englishmen produce more but use up less, England could show these solid accomplishments at the turn of the year:

Seven hundred new factories built since the war's end.

Industrial production up 20 per cent over prewar.

Farm crops also are up 25 per cent.

Sales abroad up 60 per cent.

Purchases from overseas down 20 per cent.

With these achievements England had halved her yearly trade deficit. She was within hailing distance of becoming a balanced economy. She fell short of balancing her books only by the amount of American help under the Marshall Plan.

Cripps explains England's position with this simple allegory:

"At the moment we aren't living within our own means. In 1948 we received under Marshall aid about $24 per person—or, say $96 for a family of four.

"Imagine the family of four—mother, father, son and daughter—unable to live on the father's earnings to the extent of that $96 a year. What can they do about it?

"They must earn more, or spend less. And so it is with our country. We must earn money by our exports and the services we perform for other countries. Until then we can no more afford luxuries than the family I've spoken of. Nor can we afford the higher standards of food and comfort we would like.

"If, in our family, the father were a craftsman who knew that by buying some new tool he could increase his earnings, all the family would agree at once that they must go without something to let the father buy the new saw or plane.

"We need as a nation a great deal of industrial equipment of all kinds. The people of all countries have gone without things they would like, houses for instance, in order to build factories. And as long as *we* are poor, our own consumption requirements must be last in the priorities list."

That is why England is pouring $8,000,000,000 yearly—about one fifth of its entire income—into new factories and equipment and electric power stations. English industrialists are shedding the old Rolls Royce mentality of making few things for high prices and are striking out for more efficient production.

Foes Back Socialist Program

While great feats of production and self-denial are being accomplished under a Labor government which calls itself Socialist, the achievements are by no means triumphs of Socialism. The Conservative opposition has backed the program of austerity as loyally as if it were a coalition rather than a partisan policy. The industrialist has played a big part in his country's comeback, and industry in England, although restricted by government controls of wartime severity, is almost wholly in private hands. In fact, in "Socialist England" there is actually less public ownership than in America with its federal TVA and Bonneville enterprises.

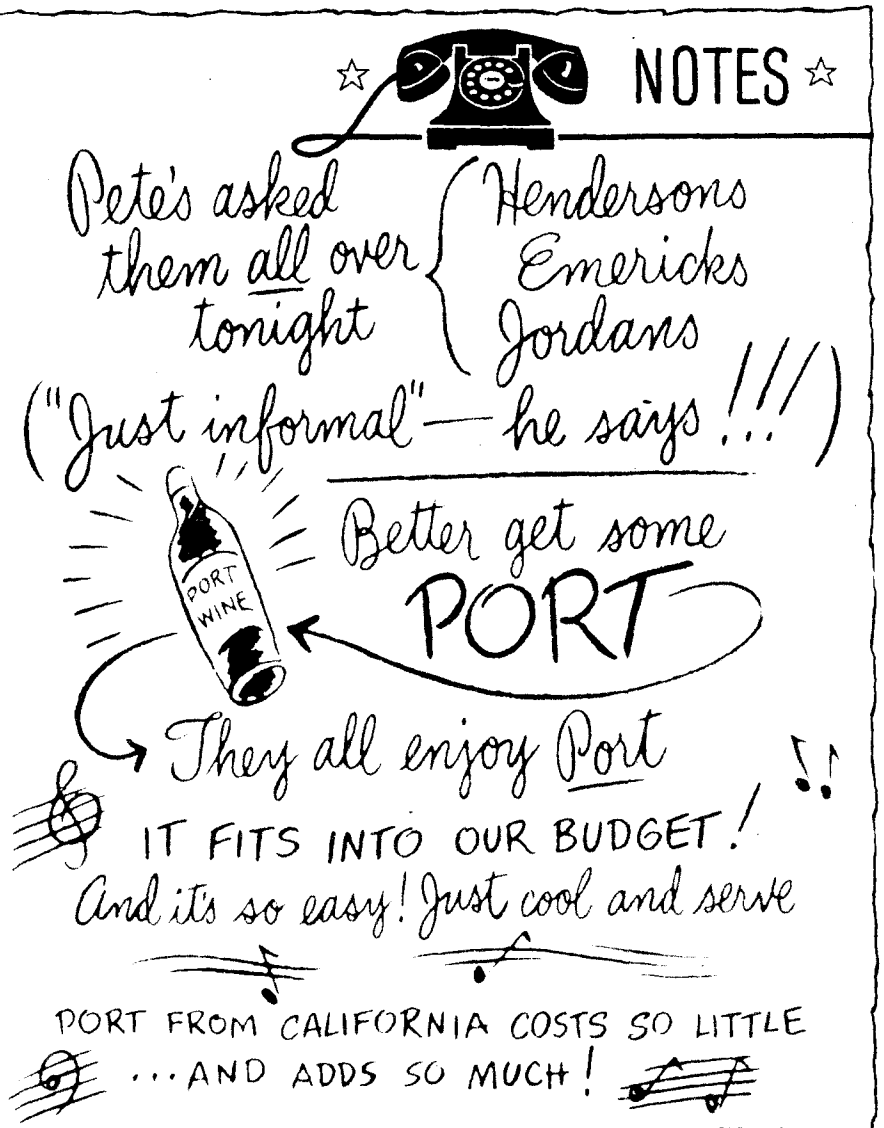
But the stars of the show are the English people. The recovery miracle has been a labor of love and sacrifice in which a whole nation has voluntarily taken part.

Other miracles, too, await to be performed. By 1952, the Marshall aid funds with which England is balancing her books will come to an end. Can Britain win her independence from the United States by then?

Yes, say our Marshall aid experts in London, *if* the result depends on British effort. But if an arms race forces Britain to divert men and steel from tooling up and producing goods that could be traded abroad for food—then the burden would be too great.

Meanwhile, Sir Stafford Cripps has launched the country on a sort of do-or-die backstretch dash for the tape. This final spurt is a four-year plan which calls for more output, more huge sums plowed back into British industry to bring it up to date, continued food rationing and control which is already so severe that it would have unleashed a voters' uprising in any other democracy.

To the American watching this English drama of survival and rebirth, the next few acts will look uneventful on the surface, because hard work and plain diets always do. But the outcome will be the most dramatic of all—the emergence of a strong and valorous ally in time of need. Our English cousins, no longer poor relations, will help tip the balance again in favor of the democracies.



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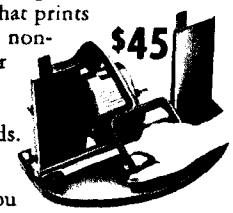

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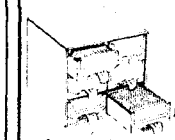

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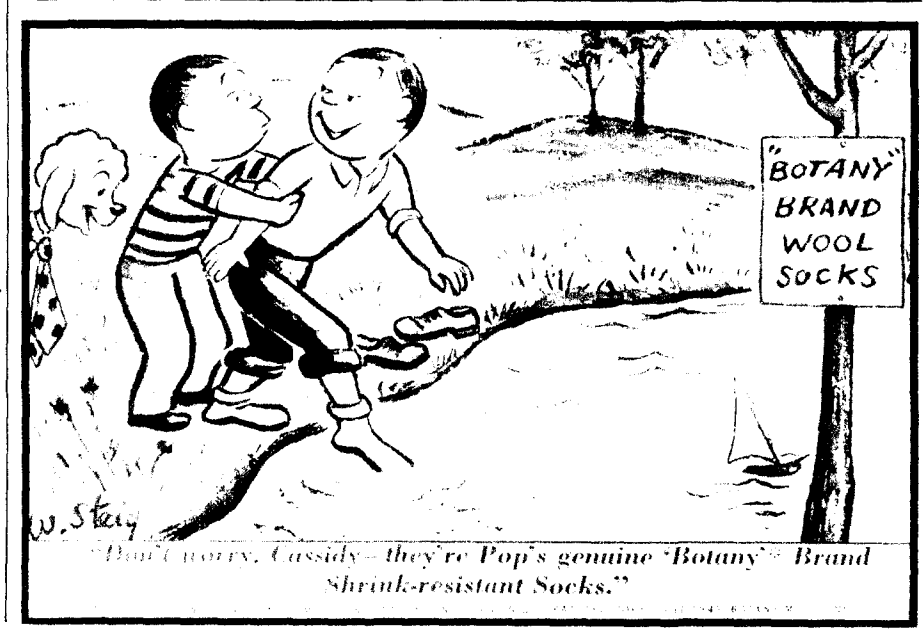

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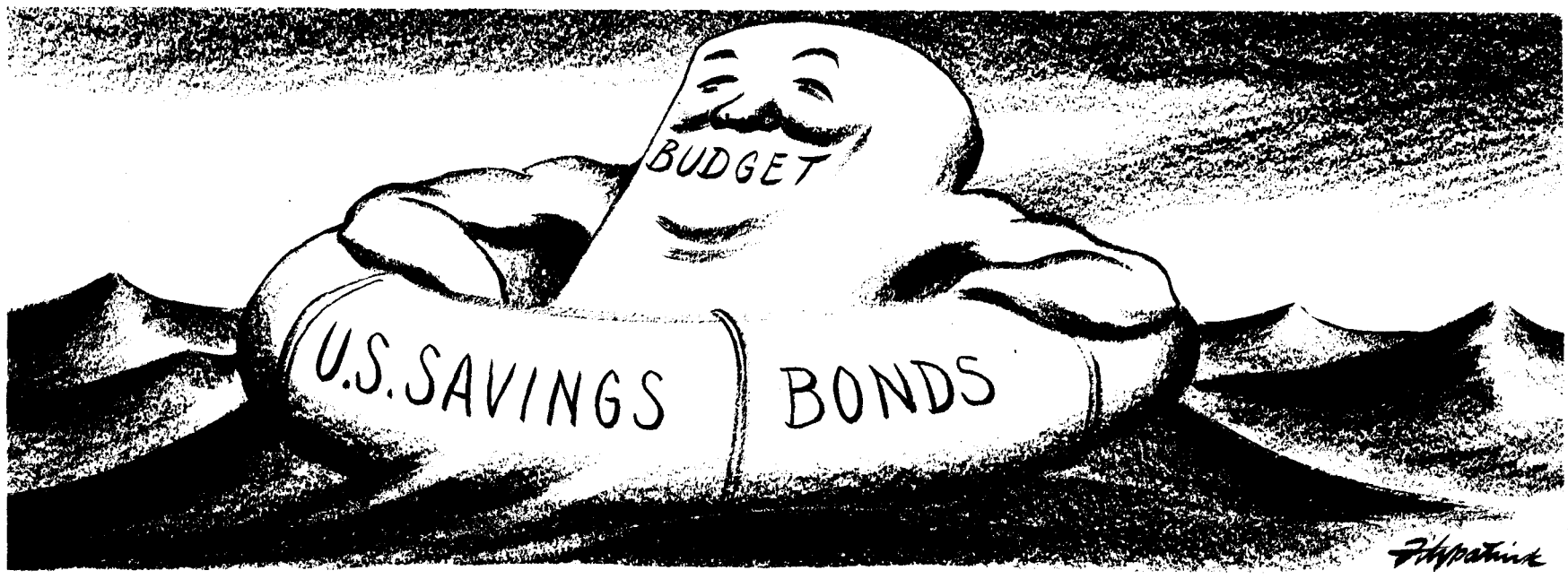

More Taxes Or More Savings Bonds

Beardsley Ruml is the man who made it practical for the individual income taxpayer to get out of debt to his government. It was his suggestion that made it possible for us to get over on to the basis of paying our income taxes currently.

Mr. Ruml is a former university professor and dean, a retailer, a director of several companies and one of the group that organized the Committee for Economic Development. In this editorial he speaks only for himself, and not as a representative of any of the numerous organizations with which he is connected. We think he makes sense.

NO CONVINCING case has been made for an increase in federal tax rates. Indeed, there is room for some adjustment downward, particularly of many excise taxes that are inequitable and bear unevenly on business enterprise. These taxes are a harmful and unnecessary legacy of the war taxation of five years ago.

Today the question of war or peace underlies all questions of tax policy. A shooting war in the near future appears unlikely. The aggressors probably think their long-time objectives can be gained without war; and the risks of losing a war started by aggression become greater from day to day. A settled peace in the near future is, unfortunately, even more unlikely than war.

If we are not going to have peace for many years to come, then we are going to have defense programs far into the future. Most of us agree that an adequate defense is both necessary and desirable. And an adequate defense program has economic consequences—inescapable costs. These costs are partly for armament and partly for keeping the home front free and strong.

I do not question the aggregate sums that have been suggested by the President for the coming federal budget, 1949–1950. Adoption of efficiency measures, such as those suggested by the Hoover Commission, might make the total somewhat less; on the other hand, new net expenditures arising out of the North Atlantic Pact might make them somewhat more.

So I do not quarrel with the totals that have been suggested as a basis for expenditure, although prudence and efficiency must be high goals when the public's money is drawn upon for public purposes.

On the other hand, I do disagree with the proposals that have been made by the executive branch to finance these expenditures. Let me explain why.

The time has come when statements about deficit and surplus, income and expenditure should be made in terms of the consolidated cash budget. The consolidated cash budget differs from the conventional budget in that it includes *all* the transactions between the government and the people. It is a *cash* budget. It shows all the intake and all the outgo on a cash basis in the year in which the transaction takes place.

If we examine the federal budget as it has been presented—the consolidated cash budget—we note the extraordinary fact that, even after anticipating heavy expenses ahead, a surplus of $1,475,000,000 is indicated for the fiscal year 1950. This surplus assumes the increase projected for Social Security benefits, as well as higher rates of Social Security taxes which should be imposed from now on.

If the tax rates should be increased, as has been recommended, to provide an additional $4,000,000,000, the excess of receipts over expenditures would be some $5,500,000,000. There is no need at the present time for a surplus of this magnitude. In view of the uncertainty as to the business outlook and the level of employment, such a surplus is positively dangerous. Fortunately, we have an alternative to an increase in taxation. It is effective as a deflationary measure. It is much more flexible and much more appropriate than a tax increase to the present situation.

That alternative is the sale of U.S. government savings bonds to the public. The sale of savings bonds picks up purchasing power that might have to be withdrawn by taxation. It has a great advantage over taxation in that it is selective. It does not impose on those who cannot afford it the nonrecurring costs of government.

During the war we knew that the sale of War Bonds to private individuals was an alternative to taxation. We do not seem to have carried this idea over to the problem of financing present necessities.

In days such as these, when we are uncertain as to whether we are facing inflation or deflation, we need in our fiscal planning the kind of flexibility that a well-organized savings bond program would provide.

To sum up, the budget as presented by the President already projects a *surplus* in the consolidated cash budget without imposing any increase in the rate of taxation (except for Social Security). If we need to protect ourselves against possible new and unforeseen inflationary pressures we can do so by stepping up the sale of savings bonds to the public; in case of deflation, the sale of savings bonds can be curtailed.

If we make realistic plans to sell $4,000,000,000 of savings bonds net to the public, we shall have accomplished all that is necessary in the Administration's tax proposals. We shall then have the flexibility that is so essential at the present time when we do not know whether inflation or deflation lies ahead. . . . BEARDSLEY RUML

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